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SEPTEMBER, 1940
BACK-TO-SCHOOL ISSUE

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
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On the Campus... in the Office

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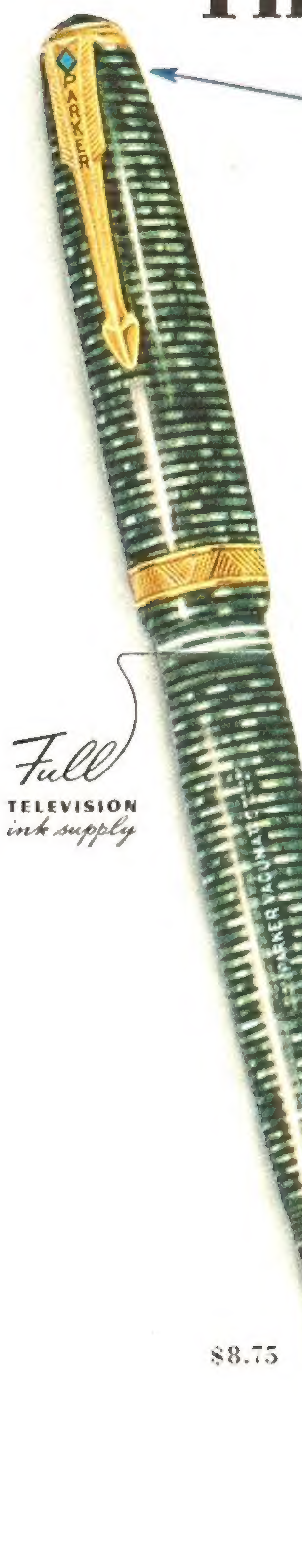

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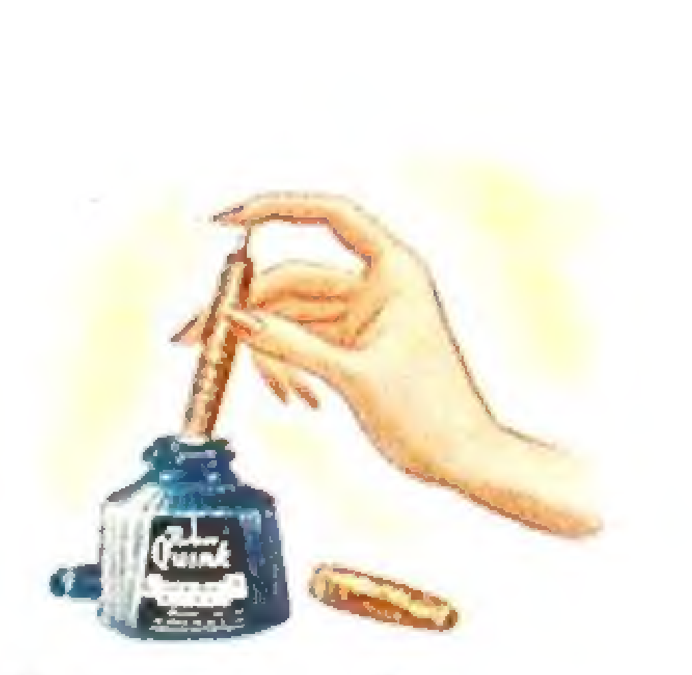

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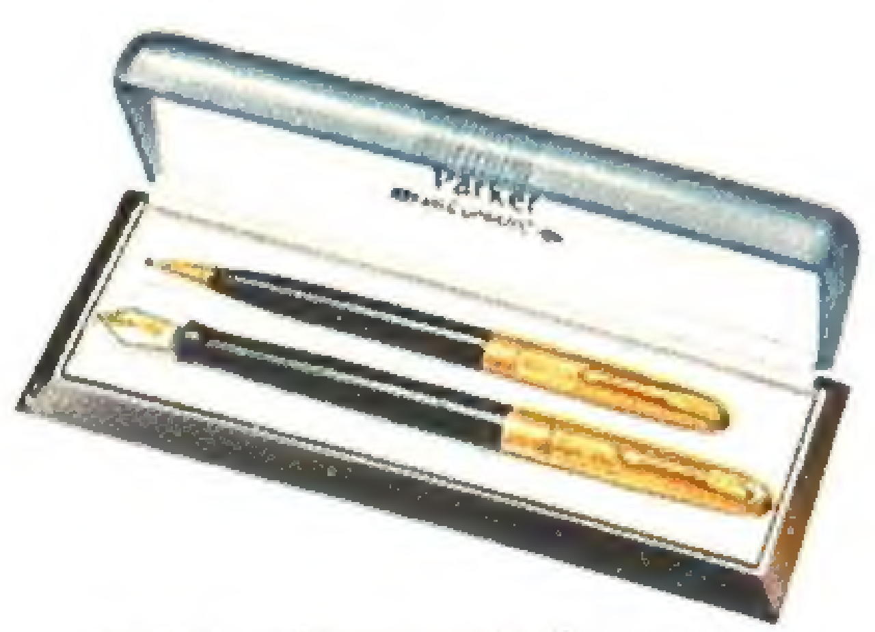

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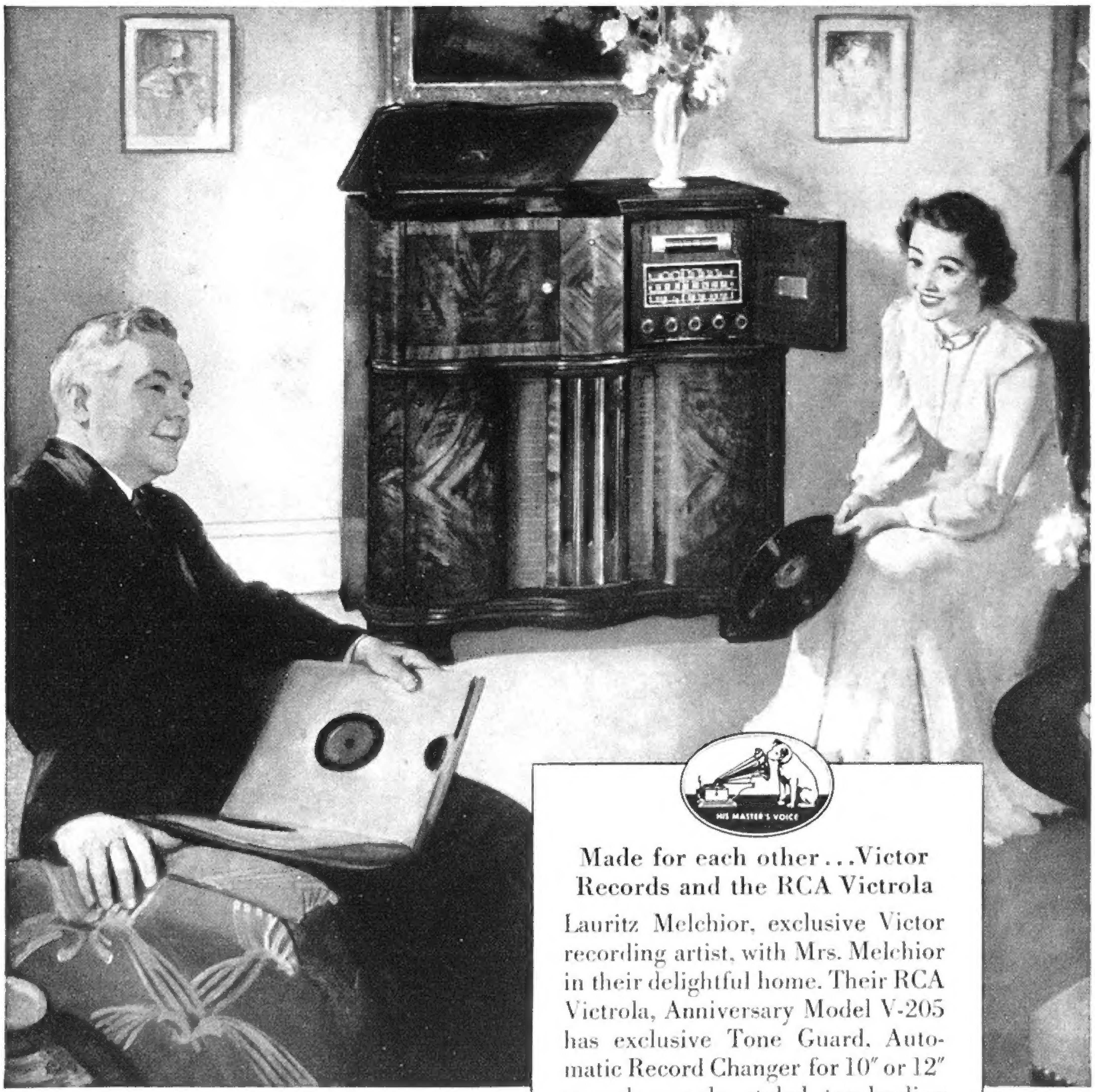

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FIRST QUIZ

OF THE NEW SEMESTER

. . . AND THE MAN WHO KNOWS ALL THE ANSWERS

Q. What is the leading campus shoe style?

A. *The stitched-tip, Norwegian-front Florsheim Coaster. (Shown below, left.)*

Q. What leathers will be worn the most?

A. *Plump grained, hand-boarded calfskins. (See Florsheim Essex, below center.)*

Q. What new lasts will be favored for Fall?

A. *Heavy, wider toe lasts. (See Florsheim Highland, below right.)*

Q. What will be the biggest Fall color?

A. *BROWN—natural, hand-stained, or Cordovan shades. (See all three Florsheim styles shown below.)*

Q. Where can you find the best variety of new fall styles?

A. *AT ANY FLORSHEIM DEALER'S STORE.*

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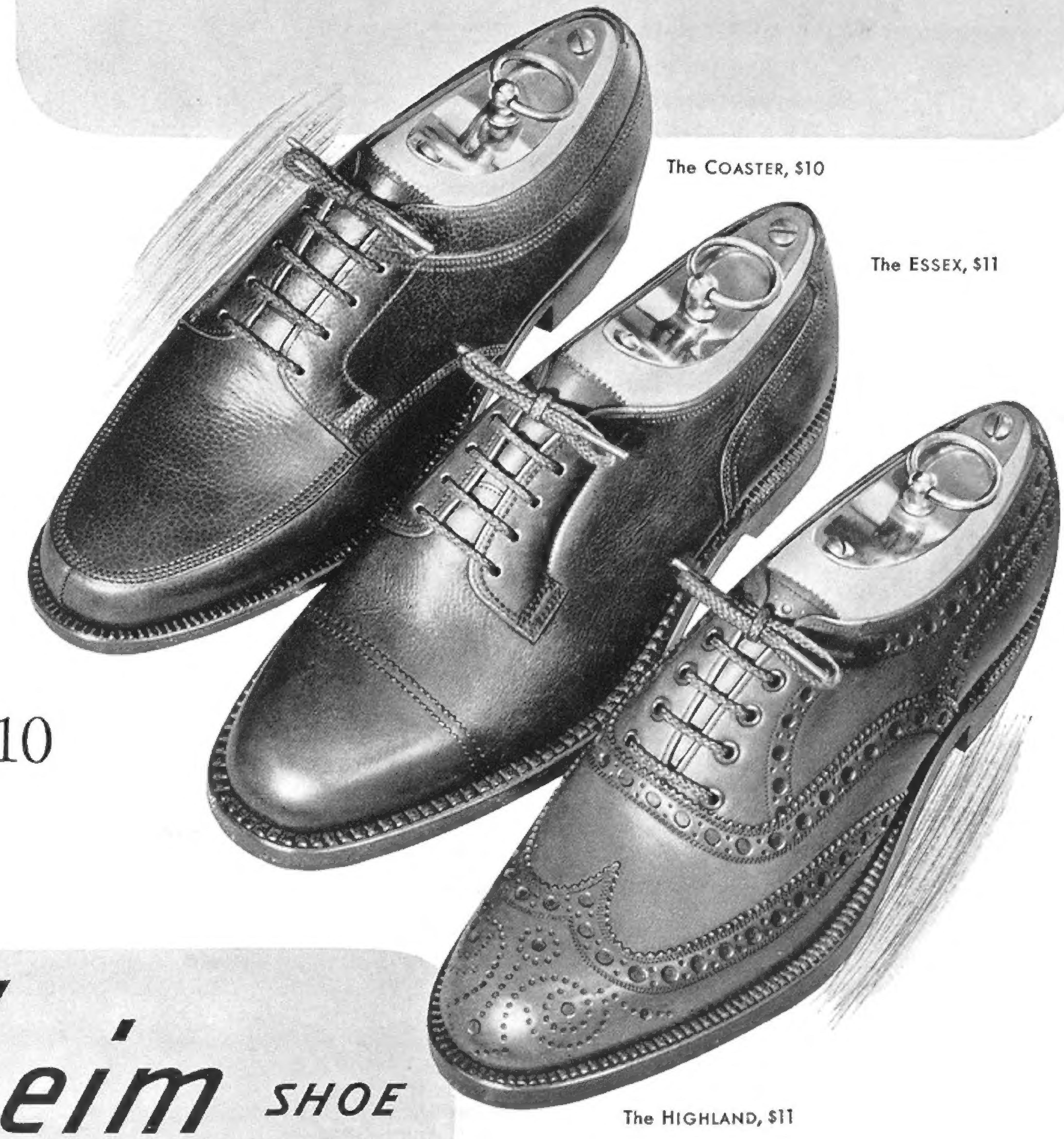

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The ESSEX, $11

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Edited
by
Arnold Gingrich

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
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Picturing the New Clothes and Accessories in Sketches.....
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Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

Plan for political power and light

By the time this sees the light of print the Democratic Convention in Chicago will occupy that middle distance in the public memory where an event is neither remote enough to be history nor near enough to be news. But as this is written the Republican Convention in Philadelphia is still classifiable as a news event, and the Democratic Convention is still to be convened.

There could hardly be a more awkward vantage point from which to attempt to write about the Democratic nomination than this one, where anything we now set down in the future tense will age into the past tense before ever being read. Nothing could be more futile than speculation about something that will have crystallized into hard fact before an attempted airy fancy can be expressed concerning it.

This, then, deliberately sets out to be a flight into futility. For we are now about to hatch a marvelous plan of political strategy for the Democratic Convention, and the marvelous part of this plot is that we aren't saying a word about it to anyone but you, and we're not even mentioning it to you until, as you see, the Convention itself is long since over. (Thus we earn the right to be political as we please, just this once, without endangering Esq's amateur standing as a resolutely non-political magazine.)

Come back with us, then, from your reading point past mid-August to our writing point before mid-July. Where are we? Well, we're on the eve of the Democratic Convention and from where we sit, completely unhampered by any inside information whatsoever, it looks very much as if Mr. Willkie had the pants somewhat more than half scared off the Donkey. At this moment the Great White Father in Washington is still sticking imperturbably to his impersonation of the Great Stone Face, nary a word of his intentions having so far broken the more-than-Mona-Lisa-like inscrutability of his smiling silence. Nobody knows at this moment whether he will or whether he won't, and with the single exception of Mr. Willkie everybody seems pretty much worried about it. Meanwhile there is hourly increase in the talk about Drafting him for a third term. (To us this talk of Drafting seems like wilful misuse of a perfectly good verb, hitherto reserved to indicate the act of making someone do something that he wouldn't do of his own free will. And just as you can't fire a guy who quits it is hard for us to see how you can draft anybody who won't refuse to volunteer.) And in all this talk of drafting Mr. Roosevelt the belief is implicit, whether or not expressed, that if the rank and file of the Republican party couldn't stop Mr. Willkie then the mine-run Democrats can't hope to stop him either. Clearly this is a job that calls for the Chief. And what will the Chief do about it? We don't know. But we have a suggestion. In fact it's more than a suggestion. It's a sure cure for the Democratic dilemma. (They wouldn't have used it, anyway, so we need feel no qualms about having withheld it, but you can see for yourself how well it would have worked.)

Do the Democrats want to win this election? Do they fear that at this late date nobody but Mr. Roosevelt could match Mr. Willkie's political sex-appeal and box-office charm? Very well; here's their one sure way to win this election in a walk. Let them draft Mr. Roosevelt. Let them nominate him by acclaim. Then, at long last, he will have to get up and break his silence on this ticklish subject of a third term. And here's a perfectly logical way for him to do it. It's the way to cinch the election for the Democratic party, and it's something that nobody but Mr. Roosevelt could do.

He could, when called upon to accept nomination by acclaim for a third term, begin his speech by saying that in this period of emergency he has tried to rise above partisan politics to the level of patriotic statesmanship. (He could neatly document that assertion by citing his appointment of the Republicans Stimson and Knox to key positions in his cabinet.) He could then proceed to point out that our greatest need, at this crucial moment, is some tangible evidence of the feasibility of his favorite tenet, that a democracy can present a solid front, in the face of danger, without abandonment of the democratic processes. He could rightly refuse to depart from the democratic process to the extent of accepting a third term as President, yet he could not refuse to continue to serve his country in its hour of need. Accordingly he could, with perfect propriety and scrupulous respect for our government's traditions, accept the nomination for Vice-President. Thereupon he could, as head of the Democratic party, place in nomination before the convention any name he might care to utter. And at that moment, by uttering one name, he could make history. (Purely incidentally he could also cinch the election for the Democrats.) For he could nominate, as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, Wendell Willkie. In doing so, he could point out that the Democratic claim to Willkie is at least as great as Willkie's claim on the Republicans (and certainly of longer standing).

With Roosevelt's power over his party, an overwhelming majority would be assured for his candidate on the very first ballot. Thus the Democratic ticket of Willkie and Roosevelt would be formed. And who, including McNary, can possibly doubt that the Willkie-Roosevelt ticket of the Democrats, with a platform that both men honestly stand for, would be incomparably stronger than the Willkie-McNary ticket of the Republicans, with a platform that nobody likes?

Thus would our democratic processes be meticulously observed, while assuring a presidential vote of near-totalitarian proportions, for a more convincing showing of political unity than Stalin, Hitler, or Mussolini has yet been able to muster. By contrast, the 1936 "landslide" would seem like a photo-finish.

Yet this would be strictly a two-party campaign, with all the pleasures, but none of the perils, of hearty name-calling on both sides. And it wouldn't be a mock election, on the totalitarian pattern, where the voter's choice lies only between voting Yes and Yes. This would be a free choice, on the new world pattern, comparable to having a choice between, say, apple pie with ice cream and apple pie with cheese. What could be more American than that? And the result would be virtual unanimity—practically a "mobilized" vote.

If anything could scare the totalitarians more than either Roosevelt or Willkie, it would certainly be Roosevelt and Willkie together. And the Roosevelt itch for breaking precedents could find ample outlet, in making the Vice-Presidency really mean something. As Vice-President he could be in closer touch with the Senate than he has ever been in these past seven years. Hence he would be in the ideal position to wield a real follow-through pressure on the defense program that he began as President. And that, as you and he and Willkie all know, is the biggest job there is in this country today.

Well, anyway, it seemed like a good idea at the time which, if we may remind you of it again, was just before the Democratic Convention in Chicago.

By now you know what happened there.

ESQUIRE
September, 1940
T. M.
Reg.

Esquire is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Depts., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., Dec. 15th, 1933, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. Subscriptions for one year payable in advance, in the United States and possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Central America (except British Honduras) and South America (except the Guianas), $5.00; in Canada, $5.50; elsewhere, $7.50. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

Vol. XIV, No. 3
Whole No. 82
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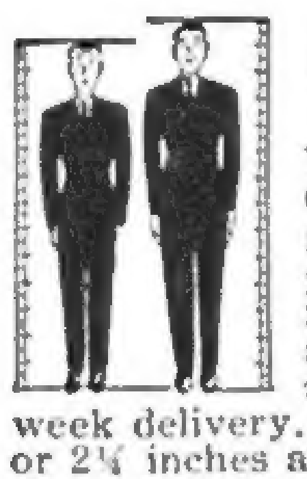

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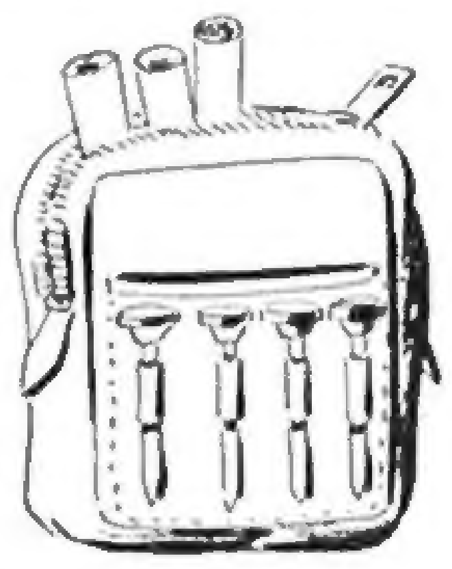
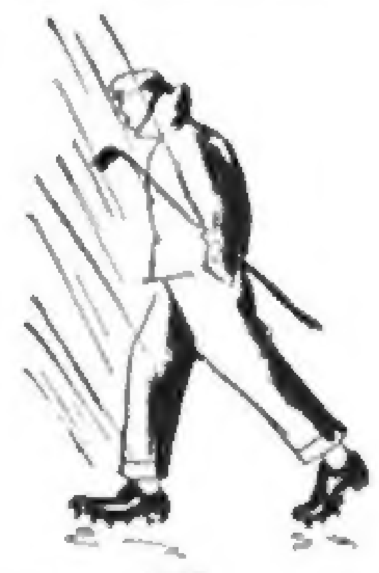
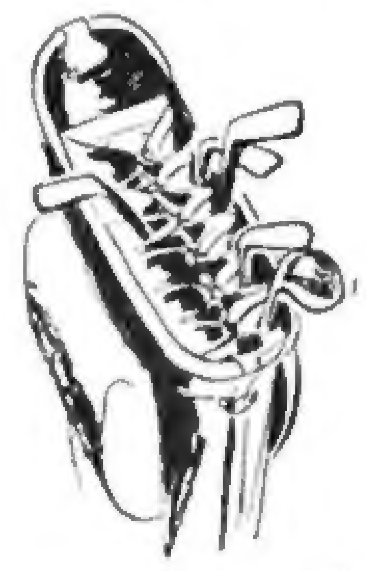
HEAD DOWN. Everything, it seems, is custom-tailored for the golfer's comfort these days except the final addition that turns up on his score card. Number one fairway accessory we've recently come across is a golf tee-cigarette pouch that ties into belt. It has a zipper top, is made to hold a complete cigarette pack. There's also a small side pocket for a match book and four tees already attached to its outside. Saves a good deal of rummaging time.

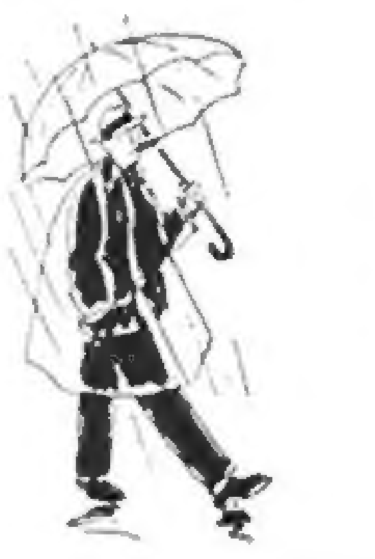




GOLF AGAIN. Number two is a highly practical, new golf rubber that fits over spiked golf shoes. It's designed to cope with the dew that always accompanies early morning playing and to take care of your leather if the rain catches you halfway home. Holes in the soles and heels of the rubber correspond to the position of the spikes on your shoes. They roll up easily, conveniently fit in your golf bag pocket.

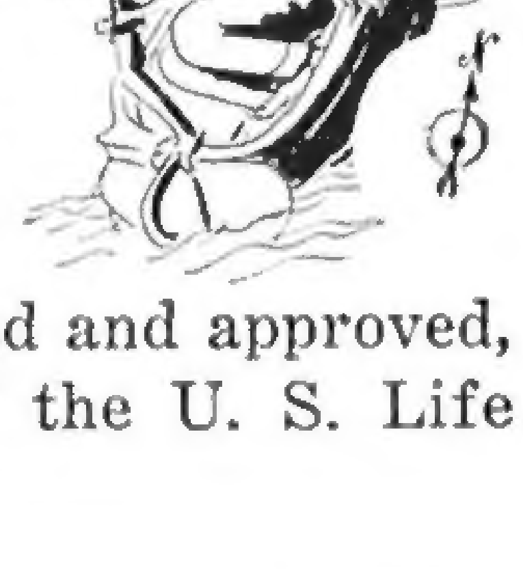
AND AGAIN. Number three is a golf bag that makes you wonder how and why it wasn't shown up before. This bag has partitions which run its full length and make the selection of clubs a very simple procedure. Both woods and irons are individually housed and no tangling is possible. Clubs keep in good shape because the partitions keep them from banging against and scratching each other. All the bags are made of fine aniline leathers in good, modern designs.



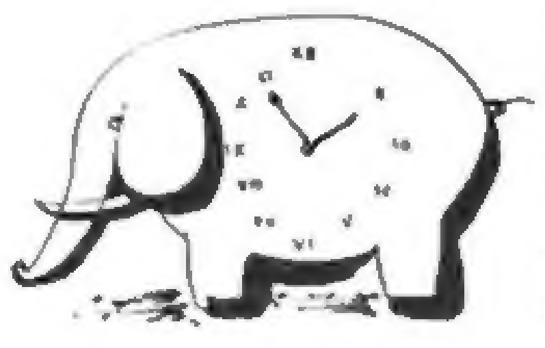


THE DRYS HAVE IT. Sometime ago elastic-glass suspenders and garters showed up in the male marts of the country and were more than cordially received. Now appears a new elastic-glass product, a rain coat that utilizes all the more or less unbelievable properties of fabric-glass to keep you dropless dry. The coat won't dry or rot with age and is unusually light in weight. It also can't crack and is stitched with nylon thread so you can present it to your grandchildren in the condition you purchased it. It's on hand in three clear transparent colors, green, brown and black and has been carefully designed and tailored.

DOWN TO THE SEA. Small boat owners will be glad to hear, we hope, of a new compass the possession of which doesn't mean the customary parting with a goodly amount of coin of the realm. It's evidently the only small marine compass of its kind and sells, we mean it, for under two bucks. It's a precision instrument with a perfectly balanced full floating dial and a genuine sapphire bearing. The finish is either polished brass or chrome. It's tested and approved, incidentally, by the Research Bureau of the U. S. Life Saving Service.



PINK ELEPHANTS. Talking politics to the frailer sex is sometimes a thankless task. We've a decidedly better plan if you're after the feminine vote for the GOP (Democratic solution next month). It's a small, pink elephant pin with a fund of personality not usually possessed by such gadgets. And this pink elephant has more than personality. He's the frame around a fine watch that would please even if totally unconnected with politics. The pin is backed with chrome and enamelled in front, including the black silk hat. She'll like it.



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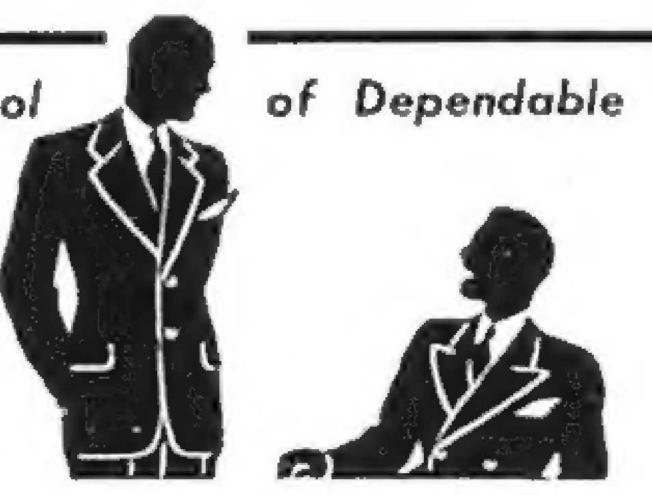

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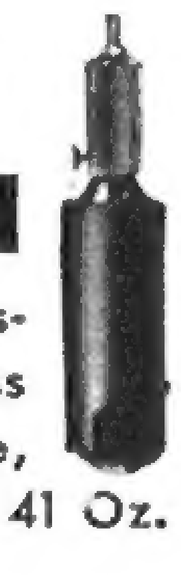

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Principles of Aircraft Engines
Engine Types and Specifications
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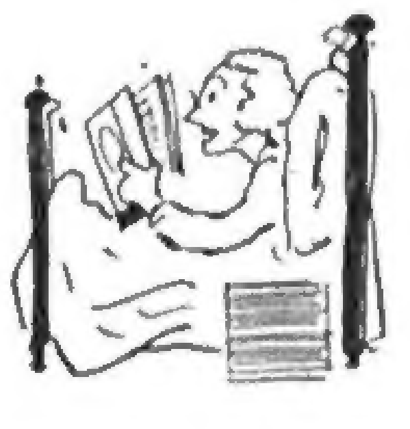
THE SOUND AND THE FURY

ESQ PRESERVER OF THE HEARTH

I have just spent a week and a half in single wretchedness, but thanks to Esquire, it was not as bad as it very well might have been. With a stack of about twenty Esquires, from January 1935-February 1937 (a few missing) I managed to stay reasonably content.



The one feature that particularly delighted me was (you'll never guess) *Sound and Fury*. The reason—every time that I got hot and bothered about some article (more than once—or a dozen times) and that my fingers started twitching for a pen, and I realized that I was four years too late in my reaction, I merely turned to *S. & F.* in the next issue and found my thoughts beautifully expressed. This may argue a little lack of originality in my reflexes. However, by reading thus three or four years late, think how many, many three cent stamps and sheets of notepaper I saved, to say nothing of wear and tear on your departmental nerves.

The moral of all this, if moral it be, is that any man going on a trip, leaving his wife with a supply of Esquires plus a modicum of housework, is reasonably sure of finding her all there upon his return!

Gratefully yours,

Summit, N. J. Betty Barndollar

RIBBING THE ROAST WITH NED ALVORD

Tipping his mitt on his standing as an epicure, the cartographer responsible for the cuisine map on Page 82 of your July issue, should stick to his drawing board. A man with addiction for barbecue is not competent to pass on the peaks and hollows of gastronomic topography or geography.

In the first place, New York, played across the board, is the lousiest place to eat in the World . . . except Japan. The leading steak joint serves a sirloin and calls it porterhouse. And the towners don't lynch the proprietor. They know no better. Much of the beef, even in the better spots, is whittled from the carcasses of superannuated dairy critters from Orleans County and advertised with much gusto as City Dressed Beef.

Hogs are from the swill troughs of Secaucus. No hog or steer ever was fit for victuals that had not undergone a post-graduate course on a curriculum of corn. The vast majority of culinary artisans are Greeks or greaseballs. Try to get a meal of U. S. food between Spuyten Duyvil and the Battery.

It is harder to get a bad meal in San Francisco than a good one in New York. Next to the Phony-on-the-Subway, Los Angeles can boast more hicks per capita and serve-yourself eateries per square mile, than any other town in the country. In San Francisco a yokel is a rarity and cafeterias and chain joints fold pronto and permanent.

Mr. Mapmaker was veracious regarding Texas. He erred on the side of understatement. Finest folks on earth and the worst food that was ever offered for the consumption of human kind.

Next to S. F., New Orleans U. S.'s best. Not the tourist places. Fact, tourists will gum any hotel or eating house anywhere and all the time.

Best meats in Chicago. Old South worse than ever. Forty years ago mostly Negro cooks dishing out such specialties as sow belly and grits. Now ninety percent of the restaurants . . . best hotels as well as the Liberty Lunch down by the depot . . . are run by Greeks.

The government insists that manufacturers of proprietary medicines set forth the ingredients and weight on the label. There oughta be a law compelling the restaurant proprietor to blazon in box car letters on the window of his joint, the names and nationality of his kitchen staff.

After forty years on the high iron, recalling the Lucullan gorges of the Harvey House at Hutchison or the Palmer House at Chicago or the Queens Hotel at Toronto, one must but deplore the degeneration in the appreciation of good food, typified withall by a Chief Magistrate who eats hot-dogs and feeds 'em to kings.

New York, N. Y. Ned Alvord

CURIOUS VERSE

This is a criticism of a woman reader. It is poetic form as was the 'Sandune' page to which I refer.

On page one hundred, Esquire July,
A bathing beauty in white,
Is followed by a 'Sanduned' man,
Who views this lovely sight
With fascinated mien.

But I've discovered that why he looks,
Is not a romantic lapse,
He's interested in how this dame
Keeps up her shoulder straps—
And so am I.

So he and I (tho' I'm just a fem)
Do share this mysterious sight,
For from the front this gal
Has straps that really seem all right.
And that ain't all.

The back view's strange, there
Are no straps at all.
Does she use adhesive or tacks?
Or will the darn front fall?
Please tell me quick.

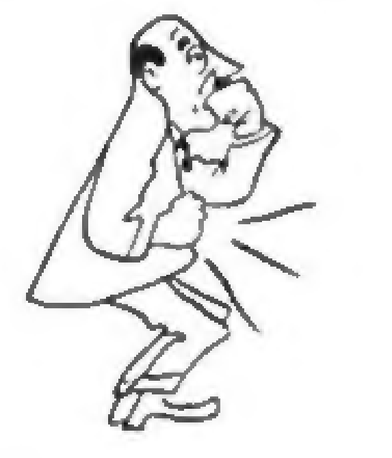
Questioningly,

Pauline R. Jones
(Miss)

Brookings, So. Dak.

BLACK-EYED TED SHANE

It was with great pleasure that I started the article *Eating Round the Map* in your July issue and with greater disgust that I finished. At first glance at the title it seemed to cover my favorite subject, eating, but I soon found it to be based on my pet peeve which is criticism without knowledge of the subject.



Having spent most of my life in the South, which period covers more than half of the often referred to three score and ten years, I have yet to hear a person refer to black eyed "beans." After observing this reference upon the map shown on page 82 it seemed that something must be wrong. After finding it repeated in the article and along with it a reference to cold grits I could come to but one decision, this being that when Mr. Shane makes reference to "Creole brains which I go for like a Scotchman snaps at porridge," he has let the cat out of the bag. He is really a Scotchman and selects his food from the prices shown on the windows rather than from the variety as shown on the menu. In other words he has a few widely scattered friends who serve him well, at other times he enjoys a hunt for cheap food, the small saving and large complaint.

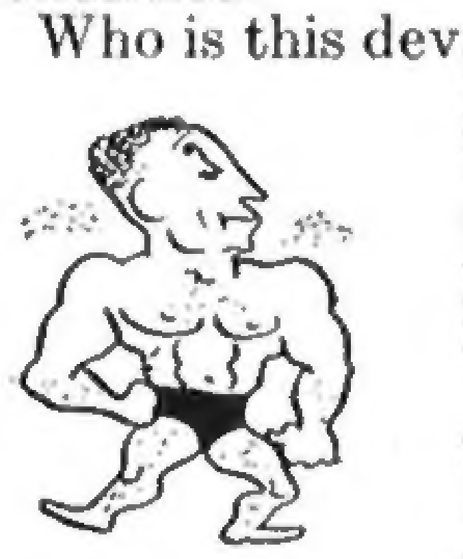
Really Esquire, has he ever been out of the small town in which he first started life? Sounds like he lives in a small town, does his own cooking and has chronic indigestion.

Very truly yours,

Washington, D. C. J. G. Wilbourne

INVITATION TO A CATACLYSM

On page 126—June issue you show "he lives, he breathes"—and the result is almost cataclysmic, as far as I am concerned.



Who is this devastatingly handsome lad—and for the benefit of your women readers—can't you give us this man in bathing trunks?

Nothing quickens the rapid beating of a lady's heart—so much as a broad expanse of chest—he man style and I might add that leg art—should not always be for the benefit of the men.

Yours for some physique poses, and just tell your masculine audience that women have a weakness for big shoulders—I know! !

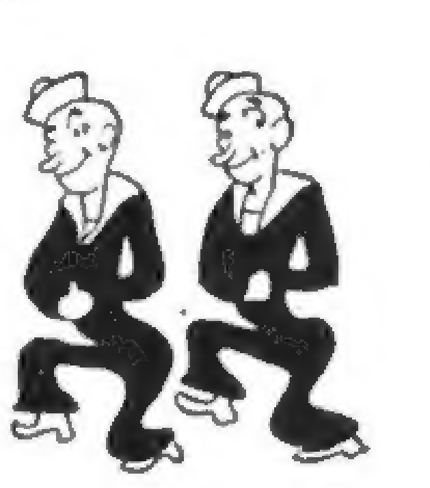
Should I ever meet—"he lives, he breathes," or his counterpart—the result might *also* be cataclysmic—as I'm done up in the best Lillian Russell manner.

A regular reader,

Wheeling, W. Va. Josephine V. B.

INDIGNATION OVER "INDIGNANT"

In due course of digesting the June issue of Esquire we came across the letter in your *S. & F.* by "Indignant." Not being college grads, or post-graduates (unless high school) this will probably arouse a storm of letters telling us to "pipe down."



However, we've "collaborated" in a letter to answer "Indignant" in defense of "Nostradamus." There are so many vague points brought forth in Dame Indignant's tirade that it would take several reams and a corps of stenographers to tabulate them. Consequently we will confine ourselves to two or three at the most.

Primarily we noted the distinct feminine touch of striking at the doctor thru his wife. This of course is ridiculous and resembles so much howling in the wilderness. She evidently did not get a great deal out of her education if she takes the doctor's comments as typical—he is merely stating facts as seen thru a professional eye. To quote Esquire:—"It should be borne in mind that while 'Nostradamus' has made the above reading of the anatomy in the light of *his* experience and judgment *as a man of science*, against the countless case histories studied in the clinic which he conducts in Manhattan, he nevertheless made his analysis *purely as a lay interpretation of a work of art.*"

Interlineations in the above are made by ourselves for the benefit of "Indignant" as we doubt very much if she has read the article.

Secondly, we consider the figure proposition. Here perhaps we could add that we are both in the Navy and consider ourselves more or less experts on figures from Bar Harbor to Diamond Head. (This will undoubtedly bring a storm about our ears.) Personally we don't think the lady should pat herself on the back for that figure (due apologies to Mr. Nagy and the model). We have always drawn the line on anything over two ax-handles across the beam. Maybe the "men that come around" are doing a little snooting of their own.

Delightful that "Indignant" is doing well without make-up and is a fine mother. But what was this paragon of womanhood doing with her nose in Esquire—theoretically a man's magazine? Evidently just looking at the pictures and skimming over the print.

In conclusion, may we say that although the lady seemed to get her idea across, her method of attack resembles that of a well known feline. Then, with apologies to Venus, how would "Indignant" stack up with the Metropolitan Museum? Also will she please read the article by "Nostradamus" *and* Esquire in commenting on Mr. Nagy's work *in its entirety* before making any more rash statements.

Let's have more of "Nostradamus" so we can get the data on the distaff side—but we draw the line on "femmes fatales" that are built like milk bottles.

We remain,

J. W. Spooner and R. B. Abbott
U.S.S. Tennessee, Bremerton, Wash.

A LONE STAR EATALOGUE

I am a native Texan, so I know that this won't be the only letter you will receive in answer to Ted Shane's *Eating 'Round the Map* in your July issue. It made me so damned mad, that I am writing this before I have even read the entire article. The first paragraph was more than enough for me.

So you can't get a good beefsteak in Texas? Has Mr. Shane ever *been* to Texas? If so, how did he miss those enormous steaks at the Adolphus Hotel . . . or the original Sizzling Steaks for the Club Cafe? The old boy just doesn't know where to look. After all . . . we eat in Texas! And I do mean—eat! ! !

My best answer to Shane would be a few examples. After reading the following list, I challenge Mr. Shane to duplicate them in any other of the 48 states, colonies, or possessions.

Fried chicken: Fried crisp in deep batter at the famous Chicken Shacks in Austin, Waco, and Dallas. "Chicken in the Rough" . . . "Chicken in the Straw" . . . and many other variations all served without silverware. (You eat it with your fingers.)

Mexican food: The Little Palace, Mexico City, and El Fenix Cafes serve Mexican dishes that are far better than those you will find in Mexico itself. (These are all Dallas Cafes.)

Barbecue: Where else can you find it like we have it in Texas? There are too, too many places to enumerate . . . so if Mr. Shane will come visiting I'll personally see that he is well fed. This also goes for E. Simms Campbell who PS-ingly expressed a craving for Bar-B-Q.

American spaghetti: (We no longer serve that other kind—not since the Muss's stab-in-the-back!) Almost any drive-in stand can supply you with a dish of spaghetti that is superior to any you'll find in any part of the country. Pop's famous Spaghetti House is the hangout of visiting opera stars and the local newspaper boys (which proves it's good!).

I could go on for pages like this . . . but I won't waste time because I know that this will never reach your pages —none of my others have.

It's still a swell magazine,

Dallas, Texas Clyde Melton, Jr.

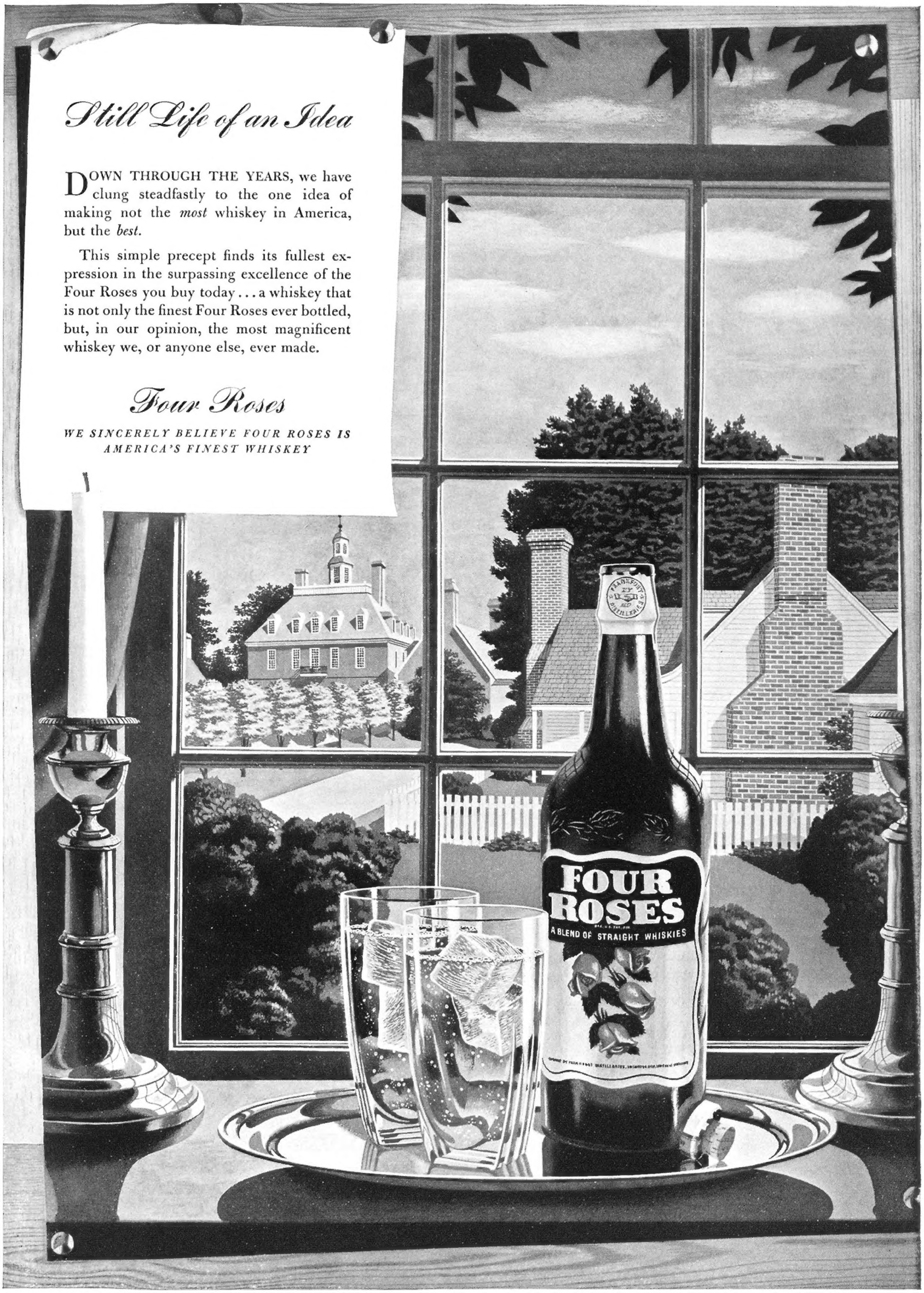
JUST LOOKING

In order to settle an argument and a wager of no mean proportion among several of your subscribers and devoted readers in the wilds of India, it will be appreciated if you will kindly inform me what your blessed pop-eyed runt, Monsieur Esky, is doing to cause that young angelic flaxen-haired Easter choir singer such astonishment as portrayed on the cover of your April 1940 issue.

Yours very truly,

Calcutta, India Y. J. Johnson, Jr.

Continued on page 10


FOUR ROSES
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES

Still Life of an Idea

DOWN THROUGH THE YEARS, we have clung steadfastly to the one idea of making not the *most* whiskey in America, but the *best.*

This simple precept finds its fullest expression in the surpassing excellence of the Four Roses you buy today . . . a whiskey that is not only the finest Four Roses ever bottled, but, in our opinion, the most magnificent whiskey we, or anyone else, ever made.

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

ESQ'S TIME IS SHORT

Esquire is going under.

You and I know it.

I will give it until October.

I gave Ken six months the day it came out. It lasted a little longer. Before *Stage* began its death-rattle I had obtained an interview with Mr. Hanrahan and began working out a format and policy that would take it out of the hybrid class where it had foundered, and restore it to the Theatre where it belonged. But it was too late, there wasn't a breath left in the old girl and she kicked over in the traces.

Now, what is wrong with Esquire?

Esquire started out as a sort of Harper's Bazaar for men, something offering choice literary bits as well as a little of the good old-fashioned sex with an accent on clever cartoons—besides the latest wrinkles in men's fashions.

Where is sex in the modern Esquire?

Relegated to a few Campbell, Petty and Shermund cartoons—but completely edited out of the copy—WHICH IS THE *BACKBONE* OF THE MAGAZINE.

If a party wants to look at hot cartoons, *Pic* or *Click* will do the job and a half-dozen other lurids whose names I cannot at the moment recall.

But leaving Sex for a moment. THE MOST IMPORTANT FACTOR IN THE PRESENT DOWNSLIDE IS THE FACT THAT THE BULK OF COPY APPEARING IN THE MAGAZINE HAS BEEN MUCH TOO DEPRESSING! In a few words, stories that have appeared in Esquire do not seem like accurate SLICE-OF-LIFE stuff but rather as the gloamings of sorrowful souls who have lived in Ghettos or on the other side of the tracks and do not believe in their fellow-men or in the gaiety of life.

If I were Mr. Gingrich—

—I would present my staff with copies of the Complete Short Stories of Guy de Maupassant, Chekov and H. H. Munro and tell them to go off for a week and not come back until they had completely digested the contents of the aforesaid. Then when they returned, I would gather them all into the Conference Room—

AND ADDRESS THEM AS FOLLOWS—

"Gentlemen and ladies! You have all read the complete short works of Maupassant, Chekov and Munro. Now go back to your desks and clean off *Roget's Thesaurus*, the book of *Antonyms and Synonyms*, *Bartlett's Quotations*, the *World Almanac* and *Webster's Collegiate Dictionary* and send them all down to the Morgue. Now take these three volumes and let them serve as your Bibles henceforth. They give accurate picturizations of English life, French life and Russian life. Edit all FUTURE COPY WITH REGARD TO ACCURATE PICTURIZATIONS OF AMERICAN LIFE!

Sawney Beane is quite obviously not my real name but it will serve the purpose, I think. I offer these suggestions to you with the hope that they may give you some ideas. Oftentimes small things can save large projects—and vice versa. Tragedy, I believe, is never long popular with the Public unless it has a theme of sacrifice or renunciation, in neither case ordinary. People also read, it seems to me, to escape from harsh reality. REality without ROmance is TRagedy! And that is what Esquire has been giving us!

Brighten it up! Reduce the ethereal vaporings of Komroff and that chronic complainer Cummings! Perhaps it wouldn't hurt to have an occasional change of type-face! Put some more dynamite in the leads—some more joie-de-vivre in the stories and do not forget that every man that reads Esquire does not own a car nor belong to the book-of-the-month club!

You will thank me for this letter if you pay heed to my suggestions, you will curse yourself if you don't!

Most respectfully,

New York, N. Y. Sawney Beane

MURDER, MIXED

It is our duty, following in the true spirit of American scientific research, to report a gross and utter failure in your Ranger's ("Manhattan Round-Up") formula for blissful oblivion from the cares and trials of conscious life, —the "Jersey Cyclone" suggested in the column as the erstwhile superior to the "Zombie," which we know to be a weak, impotent, belly-wash.

Looking for trouble, we ran across the recipe after dinner, B&B, and two scotch and sodas. We went to particular trouble to get some corn, but as we are a simple, unpretentious people, we didn't decorate the glass with mint, and since we didn't give a damn, we didn't call a doctor. After two "Cyclones," even the women in the party think that "Big" Jim Colosimo (whoever *he* is) better stick to Razzberry Cokes.

Let the escapists try this:

2 Oz. Jamaica Rum
2 " Cuban Rum
1 " Apricot Brandy
1 " Applejack

Add ice and fill 10 oz. glass with beer.

If that doesn't send you, we have more.

Sincerely,
M. S., G. S., F. V., & J. C.
West New York, N. J.

IN DEFENSE OF DISCRETION

Answering the complaint of Mr. E. S. Ford, via *The Sound and Fury*, about the elimination of certain detail in my series *Types of American Beauty*, let me say that the elimination practiced in the making of nude figures is not a convention, but rather a time honored tradition of the mystery of sculpture of lands blessed with what we know as the western civilization. Suetonius was amused by it and many people since.

In Hindustan and Africa the artistic statement of sculpture ran emphatically in the other direction. Brave spirits under the protection of powerful social forces and their own artistic reputations here and there essayed a slight slit in the armor of organized morality, which delighted the populace on the sidelines, but ended invariably in their defeat.

Clodion in France at the beginning of the 19th century got away with it, but that happened in France and a long time ago. In recent years Gaston Lachaise made a very impressive exhibition, but unfortunately died shortly afterwards. It came to pass on the precincts of the Museum of Modern Art in N.Y.C. safely out of reach of the powers of darkness. What the popular reaction to this great artist would have been had he lived and worked another 20 years is not hard to imagine.

Eric Gill the greatest ecclesiastical sculptor of modern times, a man of world reputation as a writer and lecturer also published last year a few woodcuts in the Studio. The magazine was promptly denied postal transportation in the U.S. Being a reasonable man I figure the Esquire would not like that. Besides our efforts are centered upon a scientific thesis: BEAUTY AND CONFORMATION. We are not so much concerned about the utilitarian function of the procreative process in toto or in detail as about the intangible eroto-esthetic . . . (umph, in the vernacular). Apple blossoms inspire more poets than the wormy fruit, which keeps the doctor away . . . It is the divine order of things to have one blossomtime in our life, or maybe two . . .

Progeny is brought into this world for no good purpose, as recent events conclusively show, by the stork and through the chimney flue Mr. Ford. On this issue I shall commit myself no further . . . If it amuses anybody, the male figures in recent sculpture are handled in the manner Mr. Ford finds so howlingly funny. Hardboiled eggs hidden under chaste fig leaves, sly hints are thrown via discreet bulges in stylized codpieces or pants. The hiatus pointed out in my work does not, I believe, seriously hinder the clarity of illustrative exposition. King Solomon an artist of considerable capacity in his day, dealt with the subject matter and like all artists before and since in a state of erotic intoxication, a condition I do not find propitious for the purpose of creative work.

We either must presuppose certain elementary acquaintance with our subject, or (for above reasons) leave some room for the imagination. This will explain my prudishness, the charge of being oldfashioned I accept with resignation. I am ethically bound to defend my profession of the charge of immorality in our work and this is all I can do about it.

New York, N. Y. Frank Nagy

SHANE ON THE RANGE

Rising gorge of regional pride—rising blood pressure (990° in the shade)—and a rising voice of protest (Hi-yo Silver and a couple of gusty burps) upon reading velvet-tummied Shane's *Eating 'Round the Map*.

Too long has the fallacy existed that Lone Star infants are weaned on goats' milk flavored with a dash of water from Mud Gulch and teethe on the whitened bones of long departed buffalo, while their parents munch on such delectables as cactus greens, armadillo steak, and acorn pie.

Could it be that Mr. Shane, in his national beanery tour, overlooked Houston's Empire Room, Kelly's, San Jacinto Inn—the Mural and Century Rooms in Dallas—and a few other *semi*-civilized spots where one can not only order and GET a thick, sizzling, planked steak accompanied by a crisp, man-sized salad and even real McCoy French frieds (if one likes)—but where the management obligingly disarms all guests after more than three murders in one night—just to keep the party from getting too rough.

Furthermore, be it known that many a stalwart Texan exists who never heard a coyote's howl outside of a forty-buckets-of-blood-shoot-'em-up at the local cinema . . . and any native lovely who interspersed her *ruin*dition of the latest popular ditty with a mournful git-along-little-dogie trill between choruses, as a salute to her home-on-the-range ancestors, is doomed to "blush and bloom unseen"—specifically speaking, Specie Wallflower.

Perhaps it would surprise Mr. Shane to learn that ten gallon hats and brightly hued shirts are reserved strictly for conventions (and worn only then to humor the visitors); and were a shimmy dessert to be caught Gypsy-roseleeing outside a literary club or bridge party refreshment course, it would be consigned—and promptly—to the garbage.

It is with upturned nose that I note the cream-puff spelling of Bar-B-Q . . . a spelling which would indicate roast Pekingese or humming bird on macaroons. We take prize beef by the *head* here and barbecue (b-a-r-b-e-c-u-e) them to a turn . . . not within an inch of but on the exact mark—Flavor Paradise.

As for fresh vegetables, they are the budget balancer of the grocery bill, and if Teddy Boy will only come down and help me weed out my bean patch—I'll give him a sample of home-canned legumes far too luscious to be catsup-floated for consumption.

We girls all had our brass knucks melted into snoods Christmas, so being a defenseless critter, I shan't ask T. S. to take his glasses off, but any howls that greet his peptic-pansied ears from the jumbo state are mine—from mental indigestion over the "few giant paragraphs" he so MISINFORMEDLY devoted to The Care and Feeding of Texans.

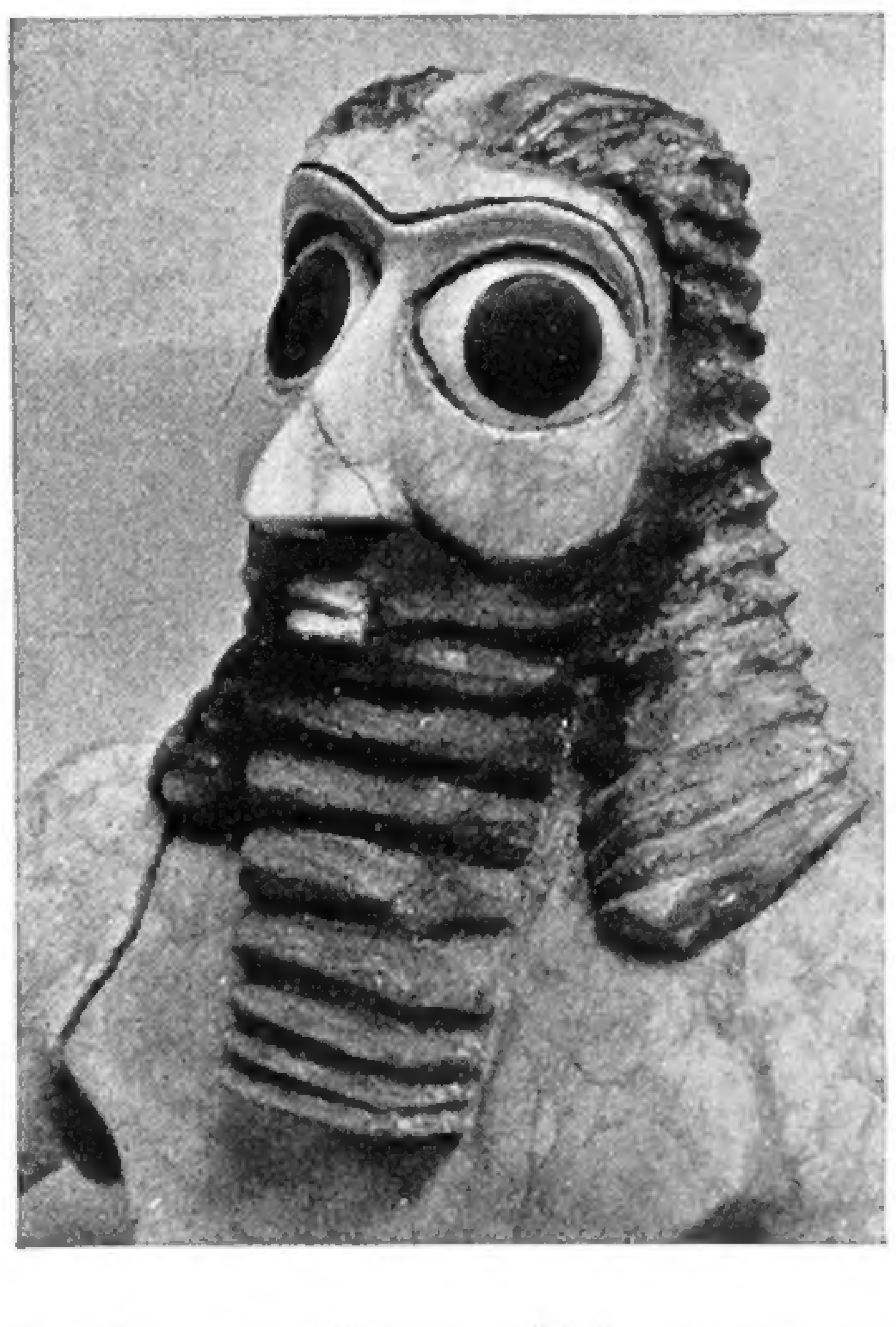
Gastronomically,
Ruby Nelson Ivey
Nacogdoches (population 7,000), Texas

INTIMATION OF ESQ'S IMMORTALITY

I believe you will be interested in the enclosed close-up view of a piece of sculpture found by the University of Chicago's Oriental Institute Iraq expedition in a temple in what once was Akkad.

The picture is reproduced in research professor Henri Frankfort's recently published "Sculpture of the Third Millennium B.C. from Tell Asmar and Khafajah."

The sculpture represents the head of a god named—appropriately enough in view of his eyes—Abu. I am sure you have already perceived the strong family resemblance which your own Esky bears to Abu; perhaps you have already suspected that Esky was no mere mortal. A further interesting coincidence is that to the Akkadians, Abu was the god of fertility, which may explain the wild gleam in your own Esky's exoptics.



Yours truly,
University of Chicago J. B. Lundy

ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT

Thanks for your July issue's *Flight Into Egypt*, by Komroff. No matter *how* dark the night one can always light a candle.

Charlotte, N. C. T. F. Maguire

Continued in center of page 158

ESQUIRE INTRODUCES

THE Varga GIRL

Every once in a while a new girl is born, fully grown and partially clothed, like Venus fresh risen from the sea. She becomes a legend; and she disturbs men's sleep.

To the sinuous and faintly-perfumed ranks of such women, whose bodies have had nowhere any flaw, whose pictures have stirred men to deeds of derring-do, and whose names have been magic symbols conjuring away dullness, melancholy, and all hope of contentment, Esquire introduces the Varga girl.

With the October issue, her name joins those which over the centuries have made men stir uneasily in their beds, look critically at their wives, and wander to distant parts—pretending to seek a Golden Fleece, a Holy Grail, a Fountain of Youth, or a Northwest Passage.

This girl may well do to you what the image of the Goddess Vishnu did to a certain Hindu lute player. Strumming a passionate ode while in front of her picture, he made the unfortunate mistake of burning himself up . . .

Perhaps we are playing with dynamite. Perhaps the curves, the fullness, the finely-drawn voluptuousness of the Varga Girl, like the head of the Medusa, should be looked at only on the reflecting surface of a polished shield—and perhaps we ought to pass out polished shields with each forthcoming copy of Esquire.

These are technical points we can't go into, now. If shields, polaroid glasses, or sedatives are going to be necessary—Selah! If work is disrupted throughout the country, and a disproportionate number of men set sail on the evanescent quest of the Absolute   Salaam!

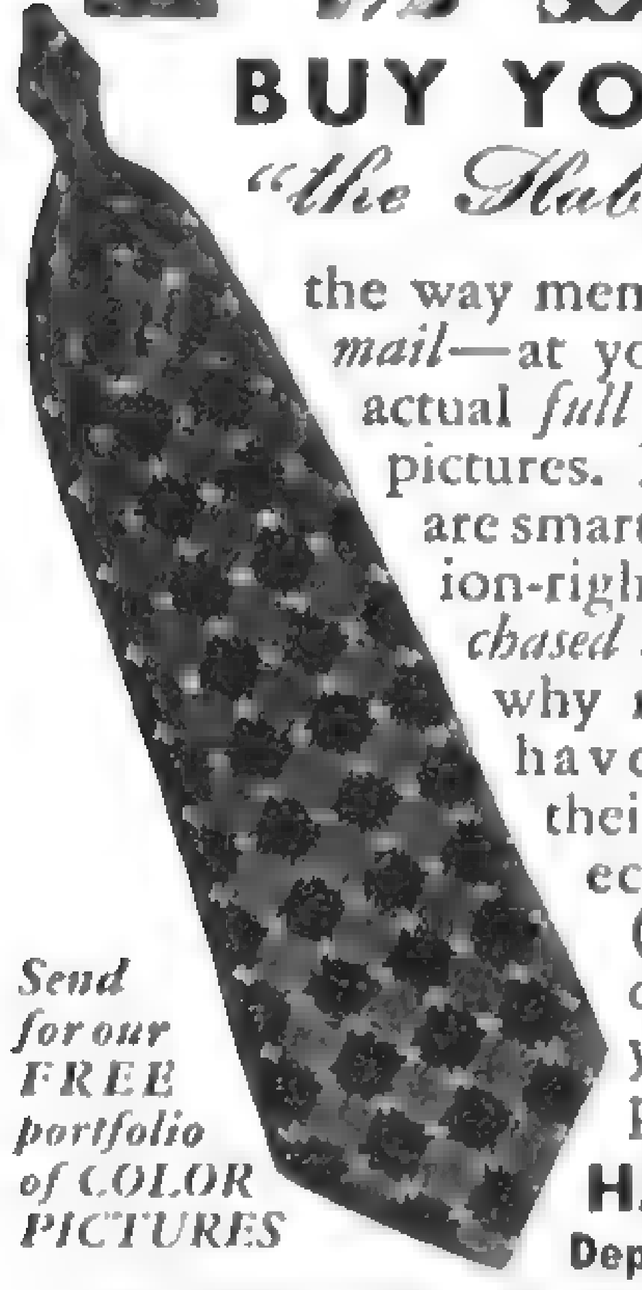
Meanwhile, we invite you to plant both feet hard on the ground, take a firm grip on your *raison d'être*, and raise high your glass to the lush and succulent delights which will first unfold before you in the pages of the October issue.

We guarantee you a new superlative for your vocabulary, a new yardstick for your phantasies. and much singing in the sails that is not of the wind

IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

TIES



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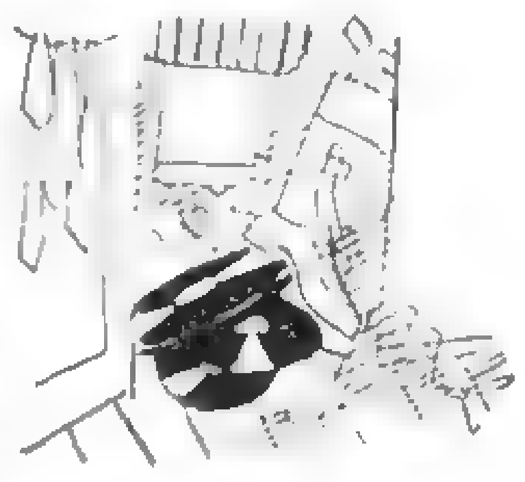
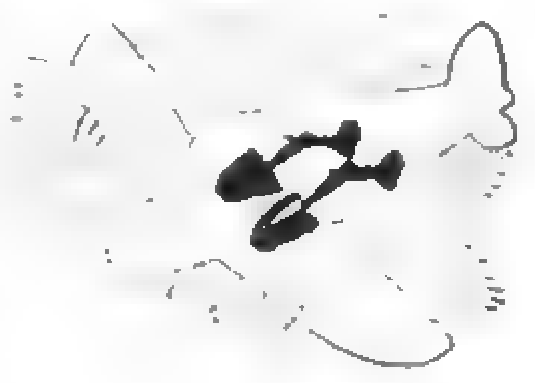
THE RECORD HOLDER. A large collection of records can create a fine, big storage and filing problem that usually ends up in stacks of records on a dusty closet floor. Decidedly more satisfactory and in line with the tenets of good housekeeping and record preservation is the new record "bookcase" which holds them carefully yet securely, top and bottom, in inclined grooves which engage only the outer rim. The playing surface is never touched and it's not possible for the discs to roll out unassisted. The cases come in units that hold sixty records, each with a removable index card so that locating the 1929 tune you're after takes no time at all. Additional units and base can be added, as they're all built to fit on top of each other. Separate units can be locked up and taken with you on your travels. They're made of selected gumwood and conservatively finished to pair off with the finest of your furniture.



FOR BACHELORS AND BENEDICTS . . . the latter to present to his bride . . . a slick, fat spiral-bound book labeled Menu-Master which takes all the work out of menu-planning. Has sixty-three practical and varied menus culled from twenty years of research and experiment that can be adapted for any household. Opposite each day's menu is space for changes, notes, instructions to the cook, quantities, etc. Really a system in book form, it takes all the work out of organizing domestic cuisine by daily supplying original, gourmet-wise and healthful eating plans. And it seems to be the best remote control system yet devised for keeping the cook's imagination in line.

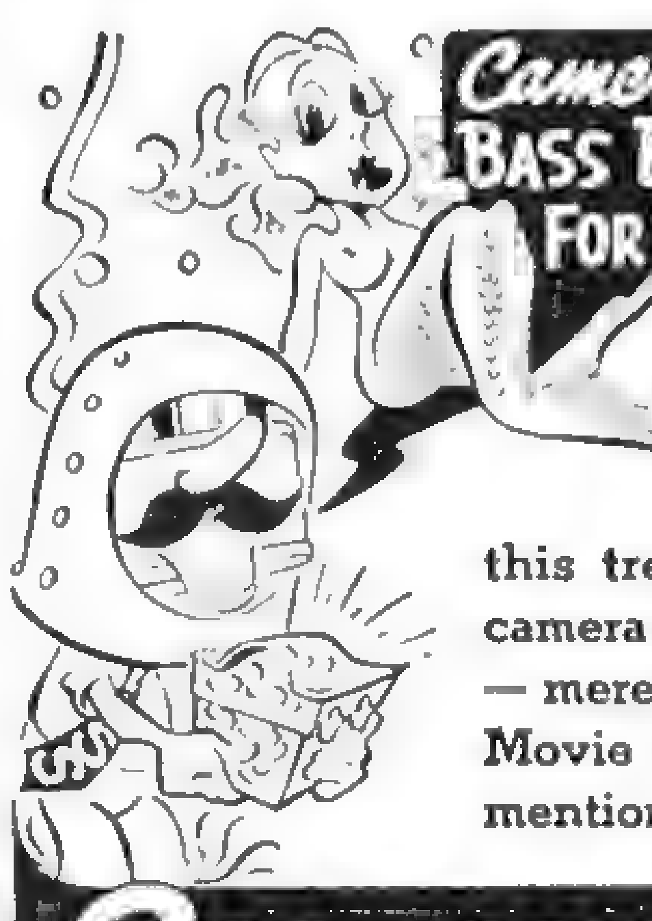
FLYING TREES. Shoe trees, prosaic but important accessories of any well-tended wardrobe, are cumbersome and awkward implements to lug about if you go in for a lot of traveling, especially travel via the airplanes where amount and weight of luggage is limited. Comes a new type of tree to solve the problem—it folds flat, fits into its own envelope and weighs no more than a couple pairs of handkerchiefs. Unfolded, you shove it into the toe of your shoe and it holds the leather taut, minimizing the development of wrinkles and creases. They're easy to handle and insert, and because of their open construction, allow the air to circulate so the leather dries out completely.



YEAR-ROUND MURDER. There seems to be a misguided notion prevalent at the moment that moths should be murdered only during the spring. Such, we're informed by experts, is definitely wrong as the wool-grazers eat day and night, 365 days the year. But there's a trap designed to stop this activity; has a slotted opening, moth enters because of lure, eats specially treated wool and dies a sudden death. It also kills off eggs so families have not time to develop. They're inexpensive and should be spread liberally around the house. That frock coat which spends most of its time in the closet is safe from destruction for now and ever more.

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

Ranger



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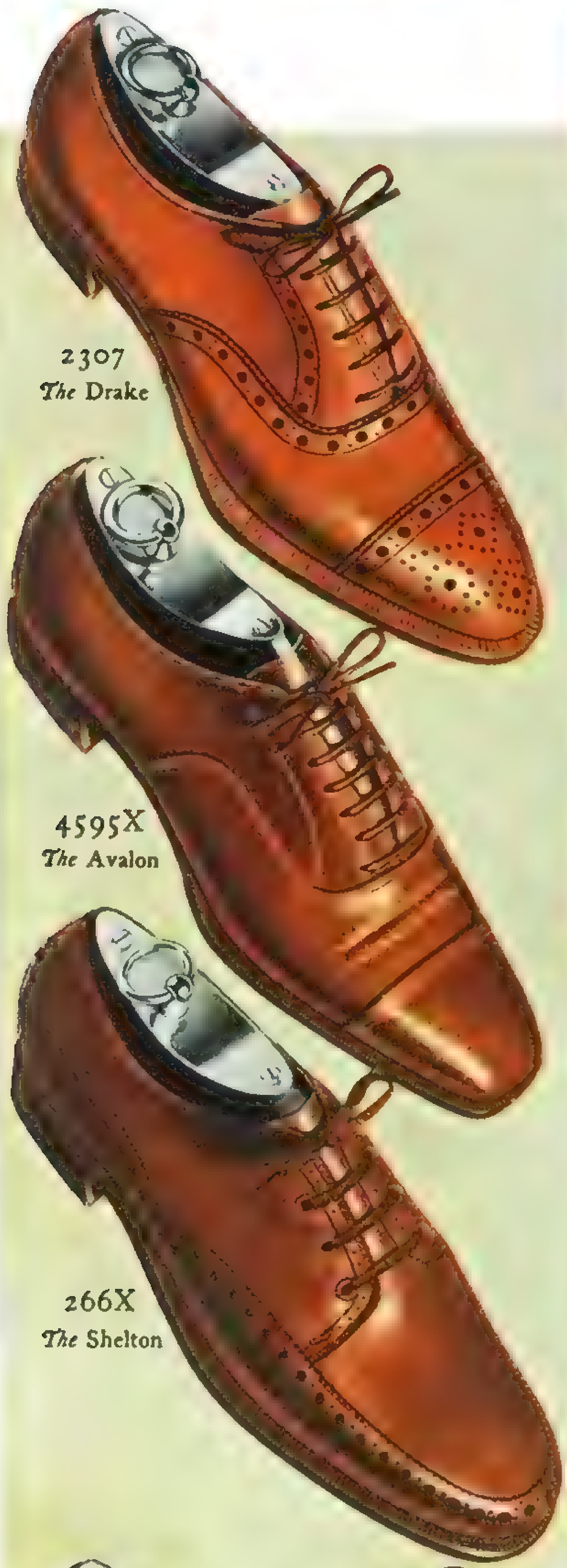

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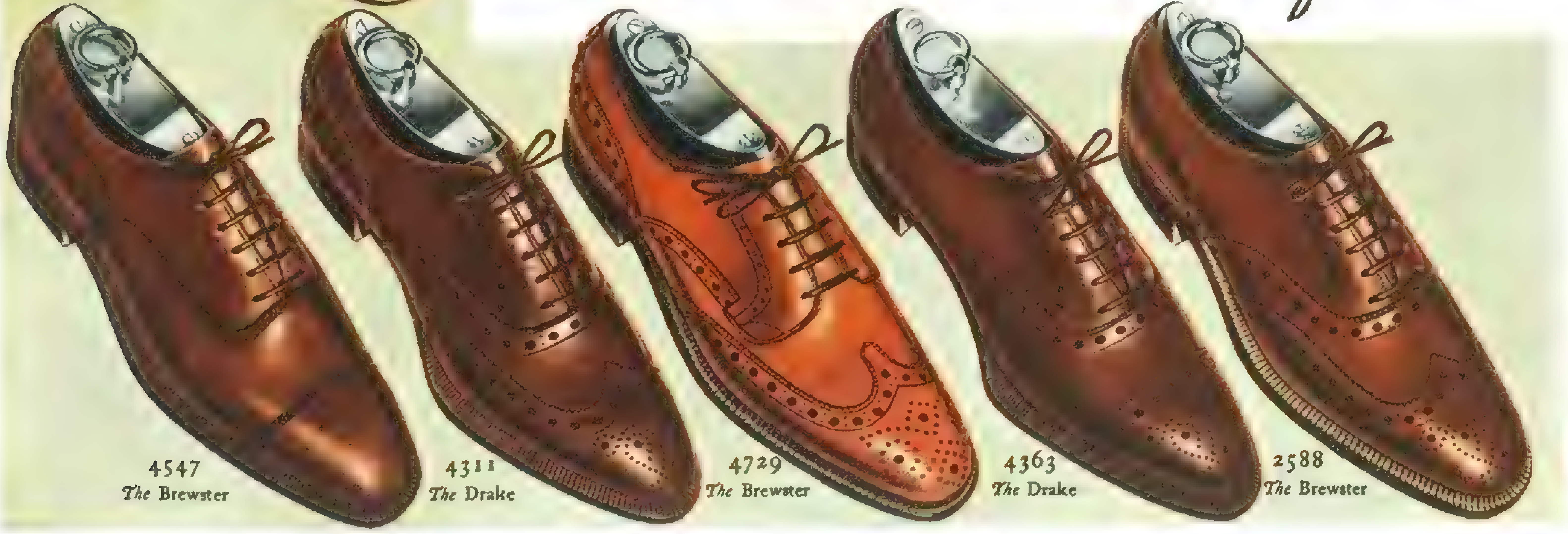

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PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

Will you be "ON TOP OF THE WORLD"
TOMORROW
If you're "ON TOP OF THE WORLD"
TODAY?
★
Avoid that "MORNING AFTER" with
THE WORLD'S
PICK ... ME ... UP
FERNET
BRANCA
SINCE 1845
A jigger today—helps make tomorrow O.K.
Served by the best Hotels, Restaurants, Bars of nearly every country in the world. Keep a bottle at home—drug and grocery stores have it.
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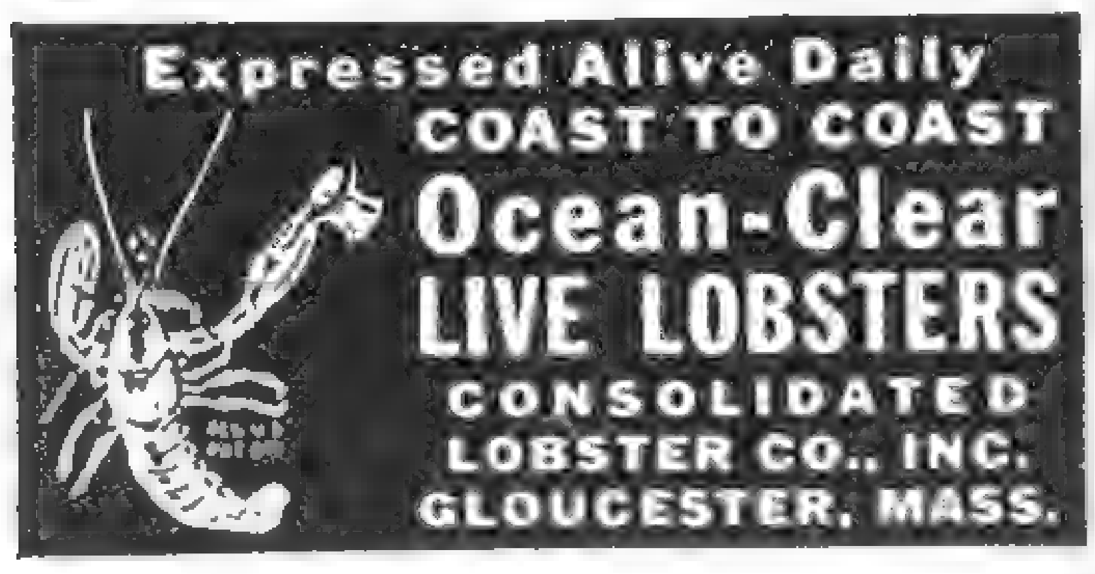
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COAST TO COAST
Ocean-Clear
LIVE LOBSTERS
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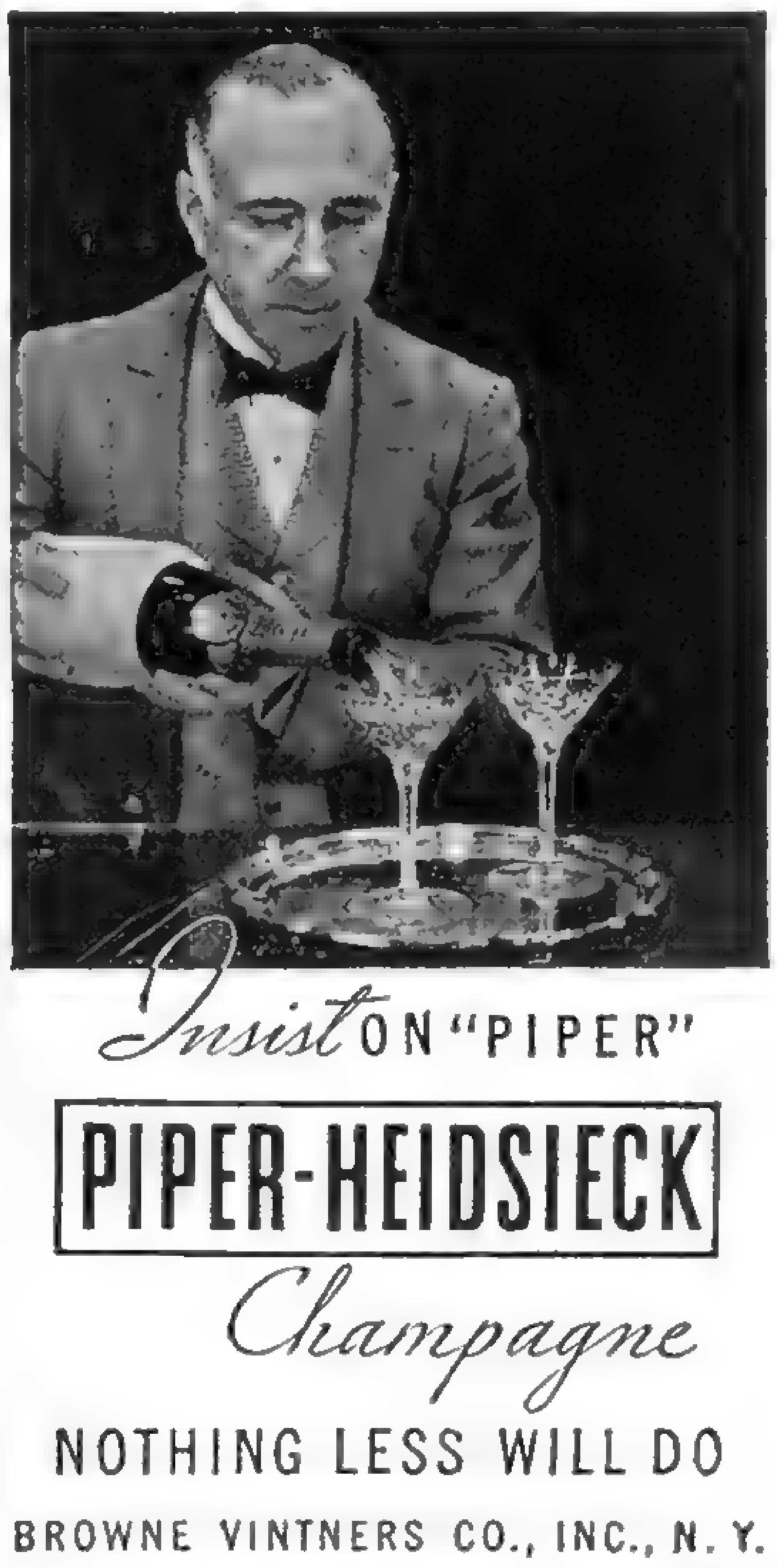
LOBSTER CO., INC.
GLOUCESTER, MASS.

Junketeers to the nearby reaches of New Jersey have a lot of well-plushed latch-strings hanging out at them. Bridging and tunneling thither on pretext of rounding out their suntan, they come home moonstruck, to meet the milkman. Largely and lavishly responsible is Ben Marden's Riviera, perched on the Palisades at the start and finish of things. Top name dance music, headline entertainers, and shapely line femininity (sweet batch of 24 selected and stepped up by Chester Hale) are the chief causes for dropping in, not counting the food. Ceiling is fair weather absentee . . . A steady following is gathered in at the Pegasus Club, spread-acred in Rockleigh, with high goal polo games every Wednesday and Saturday by lamplight and the Sun Beau Room for partaking and dancing. Stirrup-cuppers don't spare the ponies . . . In Millburn, genial Bill Naue's glass bricked Chanticler keeps pretty well islanded in a sea of parked cars. Friends marooned with him have two bars to shuttle between and a sunken salle de bal to which viands from the province of Chef Henry are borne in triumph . . . That co-educational swingnasium, the Meadowbrook, continues in its Cedar Grove groove, whether the stomping takes place rustically under the trees or (when the rains come) in the Colonial indoors. A limb or two may get dislocated, but not popularity . . . West Orange's erstwhile Jabberwock (Prospect Ave.), slain by tough luck and revived as the Embassy, has been re-everythinged from cellar up and set a-clicking as the Moresque—so Moorish, every door arch is a horseshoe. In charge are Aida and husband Maurice, and since she's the daughter of Emil Perona who runs Perona Farm, and since papa knows best people by the drove, well, you can guess what's happening. Clever, these Moors, with even El Morocco in the family . . . From Drrrrummond Castle, Scotl'nd, to China might seem quite a jump, yet Dave Johnstone made it, with loss of kilt but not of rich burrr. Atmospherically, that is. He's greeter at the Chi-Am (Mountainside, State Highway 29) where bamboo shoots festoon the cuisine and Oriental waiters pad-pad (the floor, not the check) . . . And besides him and them, there's a show . . . Spotted on Route 24 where Millburn ceases and Summit begins, the beamish Brook tugs 'em aside for supper dancing. In fact, they scoot here from all around, and they're socially of, rather than on, the uppers. Managerial connection with Zig's in Newark hasn't exactly slowed it, either . . . Small but heatedly collegiate is Rod's, Northfield Ave., West Orange, run very much in person by Rod Keller. Couldn't bear to leave Rutgers, so he brought it with him and now, with the aid of a hot 4-piece band, he's packing his 2 by 4 dance floor with the present and recent populations of sundry seats of learning. During breathers a steak or chop may be snapped up . . . Pal's, sprawling and rambling where Prospect and Eagle Rock Aves. carve each other in West Orange, might well get annoyed at having to add on wing after wing to accommodate the hungry. But, now handling a thousand at a session, it seems resigned to its destiny as a place where no sirloin has a chance, once the wolves get wind. Why the Bar hasn't crumpled in the crush is one of those mysteries . . . Werner's modernist birdie, the Cockatoo, located on the brim of Newark (882 Mt. Prospect Ave., Forest Hill) has neat facilities for stop-ins who can use a snack or a meal, or even a drink. There's dancing, yet this place is cozy for a chat . . . The not-so-hick Ross Fenton Farm at the head of Deal Lake in North Asbury Park is this season operated by millionaire (aw, make it billionaire) maestro Meyer Davis and Ralph Maurice who have gone wad-wild in bagging name talent for music and entertainment. The ne plus swanka.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Another important
NAME
YOUR
BRAND
drive!

THE NEW YORK SUN has been an outstanding factor in creating brand-consciousness among consumers of alcoholic beverages. Now that liquor taxes are greater and prices correspondingly higher, the "Name Your Brand" movement is of greater importance to the consumer and to distillers, importers and distributors of alcoholic beverages than at any time since Repeal.

In New York, The Sun is currently publishing an impressive new series of display advertisements that have won wide approval throughout the liquor industry as a constructive form of brand education. Other newspapers in all parts of this country are also co-operating with The Sun in publishing it. By giving the recipes for a variety of mixed drinks and the correct way to prepare them, the campaign illustrates the need for specifying known brands of liquor when ordering at a bar or buying by the bottle.

The Sun is the logical newspaper to lead the campaign for greater brand consciousness among active-living New York families. It is the only New York newspaper that has consistently developed the "Name Your Brand" idea and that publishes a daily feature on the subject of alcoholic beverages. And it is a leader among New York newspapers in volume of liquor advertising.

A large number of alcoholic beverage advertisers are concentrating their New York selling efforts in The Sun to participate in this worthwhile movement to keep the bootlegger in banishment. Their co-operation is being reflected by a substantial application of the "Name Your Brand" idea to their own products by the consuming public.

NOTE: *Complete details of The Sun's new "Name Your Brand" campaign and proofs of the advertisements will be supplied to executives in the liquor industry or their advertising agents. Please write to The Sun, Dept. NYB, 280 Broadway, New York, N. Y.*

The Sun
NEW YORK

#8 of a series on the Readers of Esquire

eating your way through $400,000,000

Oh, so you think a pound of steak weighs the same as a pound of stewing meat, do you? Well, maybe by the scales. But not otherwise. Else you wouldn't be eating your way and weight through $400,000,000 every year, which a study of a cross-section of 20,000 of Esquire readers proves is the very valid amount of food-dollars annually spent by the whole body of the Esquire audience. Of course, you don't eat it all yourself. As a result of the questionnaire that pried so serenely into your very private lives, we found you to be practically the most entertainingest (see below) folks extant. Since 79.1% of you earn over $2,000 per year (29.2% over $5,000), and since never before in publishing history were so many big-shot earners concentrated in one group, it is not surprising that you spend over 58% more per family per year for *food* alone, than the average American urban home. A lot of people eat to live, but we never heard of any market so vice versa.

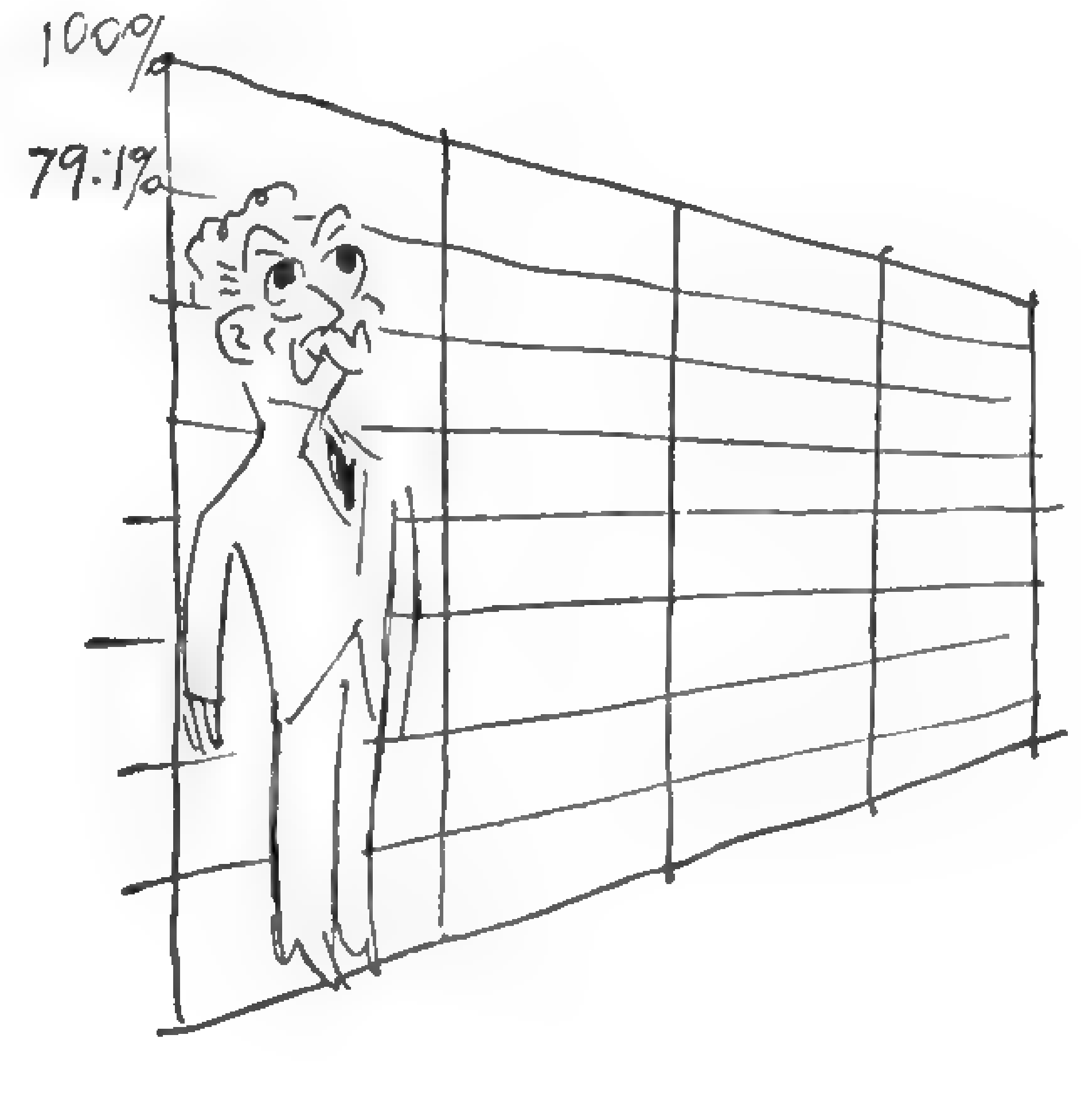
Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

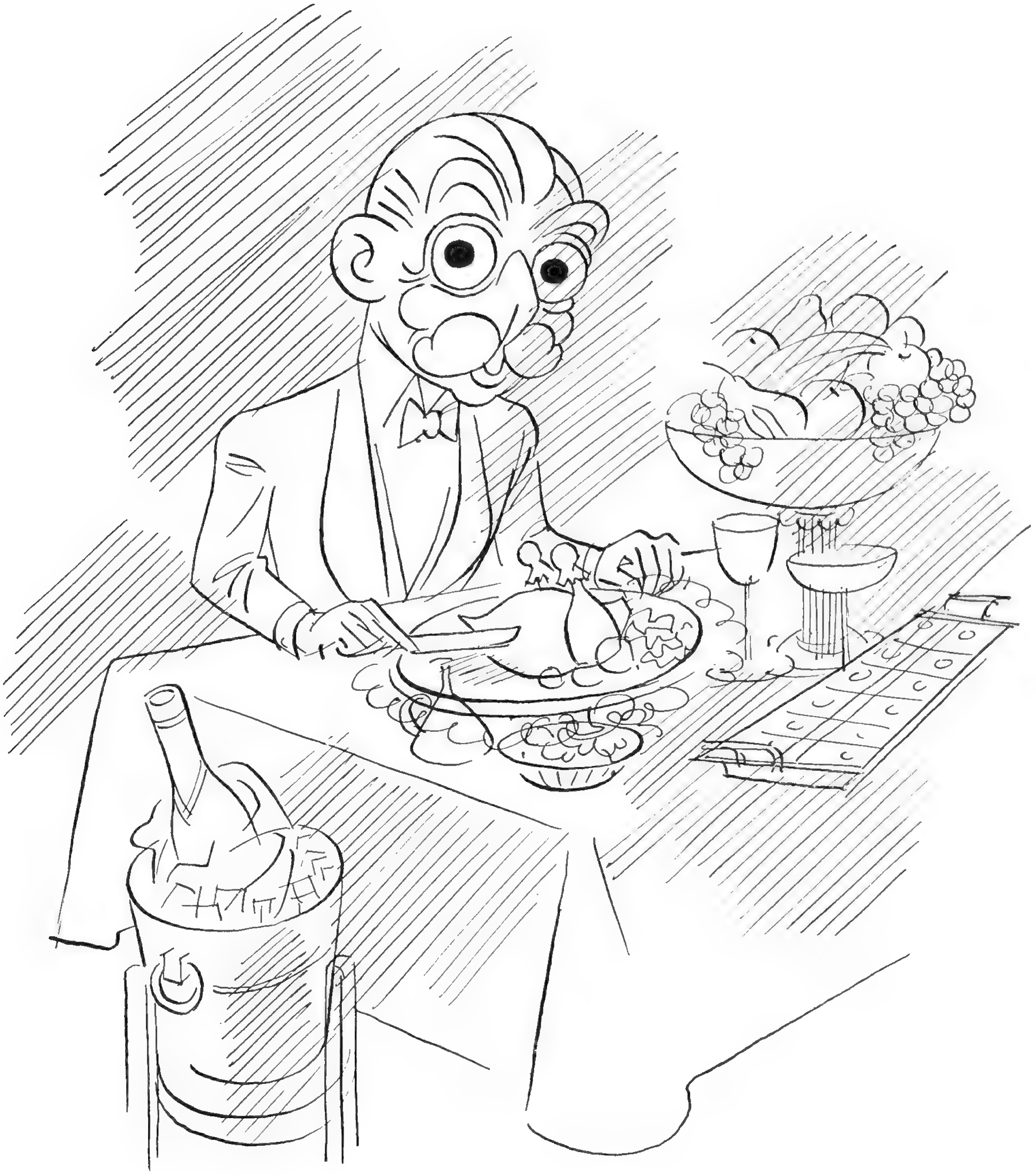
you entertain guests 18,900,000 times per year . . .

It being pretty obvious that you are gregarious and extroverts, it is not astounding that you play host to friends 18,900,000 times per year —or 3.5 times per month per family, on the average.

79.1% of you are in the "first quarter" income group that accounts for 38.2% of all food expenditures

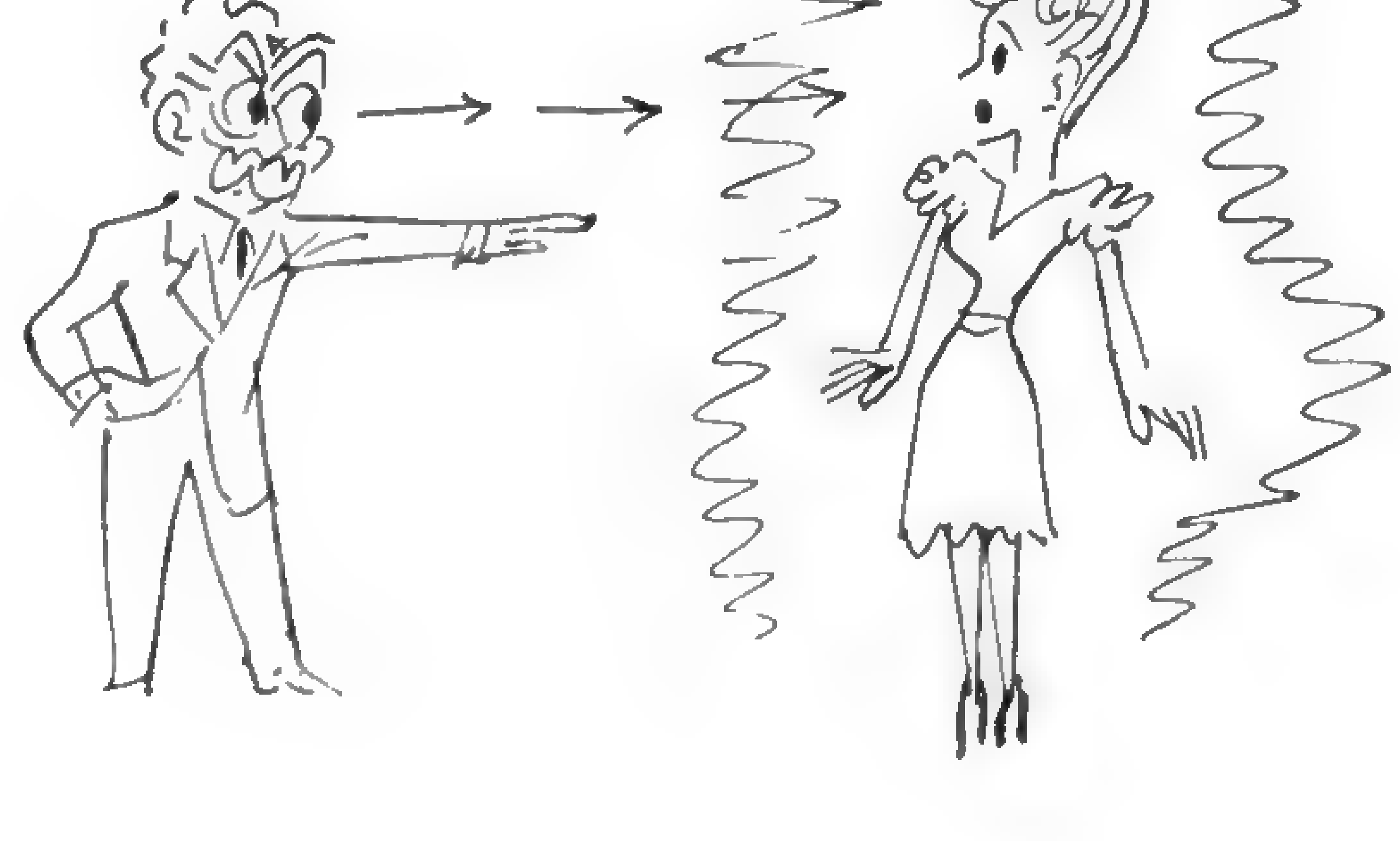
The Consumer Purchase Survey made by the Departments of Commerce and Agriculture, and we guess they ought to know—it cost $7,000,000 —found that families earning over $2,000 per year (25% of the total) nevertheless account for 38% of total annual food expenditures. Which checks, of course, with what we found to be the truth about your own healthy food expenditures.





71.3% of *you* dominate the purchase of food in your families

The "Esquire Quiz" revealed that the majority of Esquire men, by their very nature profoundly interested in good living and good food in the first place, wield a decisive influence on their families' food purchases.



PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

TOBACCO EXPERTS THUNDERSTRUCK!

Tobacco men marvel at the rare aromatic leaves we use in blending London Dock. And why not? Such fine quality is quite unique in aromatic tobaccos.

Soaring sales of London Dock prove that smokers can certainly tell the difference—do go for its rare qualities. Try London Dock — then you'll discover America's finest Aromatic Tobacco.

At tobacconists, or send 10¢ for sample to...128 Delmar Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.

London Dock
Aromatic
Smoking Mixture

Export Foil Package 40¢

POUND PACKAGE $3.00

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Fine Tobaccos Since 1852

BY APPOINTMENT

BOOTH'S HOUSE OF LORDS

DISTILLED DRY GIN

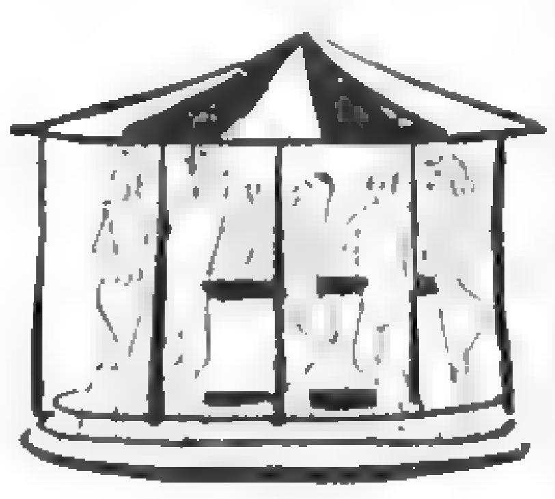
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
BOOTH'S
HOUSE OF LORDS
FINEST DISTILLED DRY GIN
LONDON
PARK & TILFORD

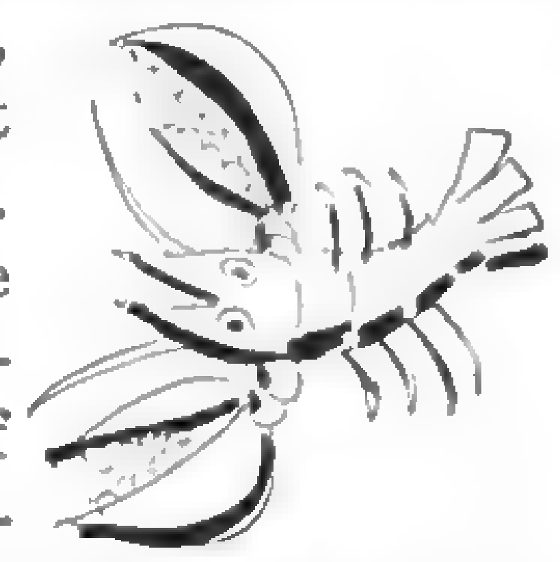
The **WORLD'S FINEST**

Imported from England —the largest selling Imported Dry Gin in the United States

100% NEUTRAL GRAIN SPIRITS—86 PROOF

PARK & TILFORD Imp. Corp., N.Y.





Breeze-pampered Atlantic City, loafopolis extraordinary, sports its broadside in the sun of popularity, with escapists from all over foregathering for another shot of spirited relaxation. Hardly a wave hits the beach that doesn't shoo hundreds of sand drapers up into the havens of refuge and refreshment with which the boardwalk world is honeycombed, whole architectural cliffs of them. Ritz Carlton elegance is inhaled (only the vulgar exhale) at that hostelry's Merry-Go-Round Grill where George Gerber, *chargé de drinks*, will assemble you his specialty, entitled Whistler —a rum number competent to make you forget your room number, what with the music, dancing, and everything . . . So for a terrace loll and cuticle bake, bobbing up perhaps in the field of activity of white-coated Tom Molloy at the Shelburne, whose Martinis are sunset improvers . . . Not forgetting the products of adept Joe Ford at Haddon Hall . . . Nor those of Eddie Fitzgerald, functioning at the beterraced Twenty-Two Club of the Ambassador . . . Nor what Harold Bishop at the Marlborough-Blenheim can frappé . . . And next, shall we say, for some serious immersion in Pop Nep's mystic blue underworld as depicted by muralists Wyeth and Harding in the Submarine Grill of the Traymore . . . Whereupon, after a constitutional in a trundle-chair, the intensive leisure seeker might well compass a bit of quenchment, alongside a trifle of food, in the Claridge's Binnacle Room, which is seaworthy to the last detail of the upholstery . . . If persons with him don't exceed 2,999 the party can be snuggled into Hackney's (on the Boardwalk, near Inlet), provided they get there before anybody else does. Otherwise, they will have to take their chances in the crush for crustaceans, so famous here that this is now the vastest sea food demolition place on the globe. The flow of live lobsters hither from the waters of New England is effected overland so as not to demoralize the Gulf Stream. And each lobster, having presented its credentials, is pooled in purity, waiting for its date with you. Incidentally, there are finny friends of all sorts and those castanet-shaped things known as clams, not unpleasurable whether fried, steamed, or chowdered. For that matter, you can fish right out of the window. And you can skip fish entirely, sustaining yourself with one of the famous Hackney steaks, heretical as it might seem under the roof of a host who, you are told, puts lobsters to sleep by hypnosis or something so that they meet their fate serenely.

In Washington the cream of the carriage trade is finding its way evenings to the Troika (Russian for three-horse rig), on Connecticut Avenue, with Helen Hamilton doing the greeting. Unversed in night-clubbery when widowhood thrust it upon her a couple of years ago, she has won esteems and esteems, by virtue of her swell food, unfailing tact, and remarkable pluck. So now she's the envy of the experts, with diplomats, dowagers, and senators tripping over each other on her doorstep. A factor, too, is the uncanny keenness of astrologer Leo who pores over your future as though it were a tray of hors d'oeuvres.

Picturesquely landmarking the spot arrived at by the Father of our Country when he traversed the Delaware, the friendly Washington Crossing Inn, conducted by Mr. and Mrs. William Haven, of hotel experience, offers quaintness of knotty pine paneling, amusing old china and furnishings, and some mighty tasty eats. The Bar occupies the original kitchen of this inn, displaying huge fireplace with hanging crane, copper and brass pots, etc. But the cocktail shaker is modern . . . Also worth a stop-in: Buttonwood Manor (Routes 4 and 34), Matawan, N. J., spread beside a small lake and featuring duck dinners and those red-armored sea creatures with claws. Well stocked cellar.

TRY THESE FOR COOLNESS . . .

A Planters' Punch, Rum Collins, or Frosted Rum Swizzle . . . To give them that truly tropical flavour—

The Rum MUST Be

MYERS'S

"Planters' Punch" Brand

100% FINE OLD JAMAICA
ALL 8 YEARS OLD—97 PROOF

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R. U. DELAPENHA & CO., Inc.
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● **EDDIE DAVIS**
● **HIGHLITES YOUR**
● **NITELIFE** AT
● *World-Famous*
● **LEON & EDDIE'S**
● 33 WEST 52nd ST. NEW YORK
● ***FAMOUS FOOD***

CAFÉ **Louis XIV**

NEW YORK'S SMART FRENCH RESTAURANT
LUNCHEON PRIX FIXE $1.50
PRE-THEATRE DINNER $2.00
15 WEST 49th STREET, IN ROCKEFELLER CENTER

15th

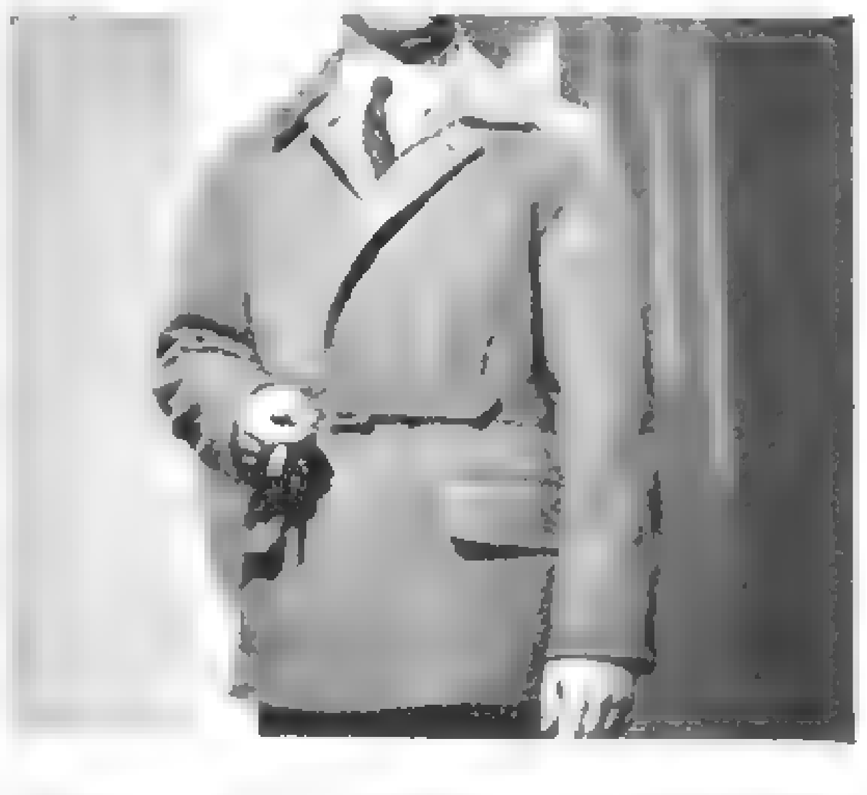
of every month is the day to look for the new ESQUIRE on the newsstands

"IF HIS COAT WERE MY SIZE, I'D PLEDGE HIM!"

Even Seniors will talk to a *Surcoat!* It's *smart* and *free*—just about the most *casual* thing on two legs. It's a coat that "belongs", whether you're cheering in the stadium . . . sleeping in the classroom . . . or strutting down sorority row! In fact, it's so *right* that today over a million well-dressed men wouldn't be without a Surcoat. You will find Surcoats in leading stores everywhere . . . in leathers, knit goods, in light and heavy fabrics . . . and in a wide range of prices.

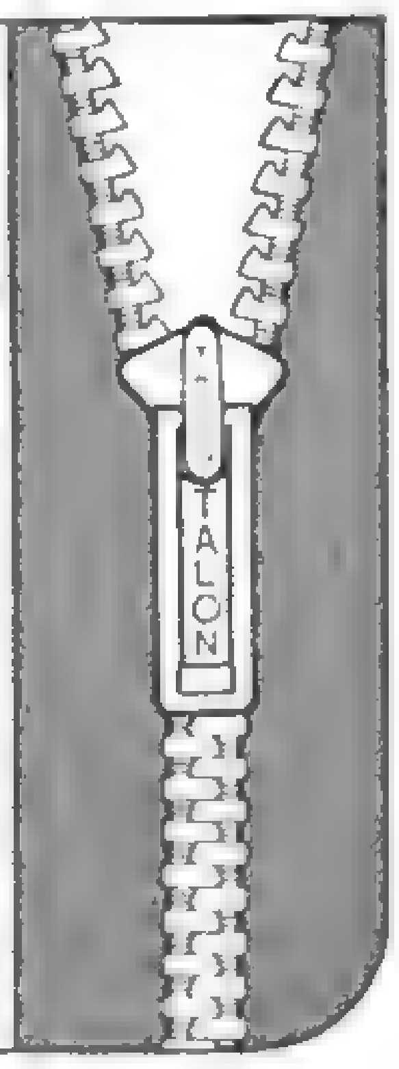
The Surcoats above are only 4 of many new models by many makers. See them today. But before you buy, make sure the slide fastener is marked "Talon"!

First, because makers of genuine Surcoats use only Talon fasteners. Second, because it's the slide fastener most men have found completely dependable.



Witness: when 43 stores questioned thousands of men . . . among those expressing a preference, the vote for "Talon" over any other brand was more than 70 to 1!

SURCOATS
with the
dependable
TALON
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
SLIDE
FASTENER



TALON SLIDE FASTENER • MADE BY TALON, INC. • MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

GOING PLACES WITH ESQUIRE

For folks who love *sharp* flavour

Old English

Process Cheddar Cheese

FOR THE FIRST TIME
—THE SHARPNESS OF RARE,
AGED CHEDDARS IN A CHEESE
WITH UNIFORM FLAVOR
AND PERFECT COOKABILITY.
KRAFT MASTER BLENDERS
ACHIEVED IT!
SIZES: 2-POUND LOAF;
½-POUND PACKAGE

Summer Rates
during World's Fair

Single from $5 Double from $7

Air-Conditioned Rooms Available
Subway Station at Hotel to Fair

Henry A. Rost
President and Managing Director

PLAZA
Facing Central Park
FIFTH AVENUE at FIFTY-NINTH ST.

Perhaps the best proof of California's fascination are the Americans who came to play for a week or two and never returned home. You'll find thousands of them who freely confess they were born and lived for years in Vermont or Missouri or Kansas. But now their state is California! Why? Well, many of them will tell you they could make more money in the East (Salt Lake City means East) but they can stay here and enjoy life much more on much less money. Secondly, it's the climate. And thirdly, California is such a grand year 'round vacationland. In Southern California, of course, there is sunshine and scenery with the "S" capitalized. For the fun of it, let's start south and work our way up the coast.

There's lazy San Diego, only 18 miles from Mexico, with an even climate that appeals to retired people. Coronado, across the Bay from San Diego, is one of the most popular of the old California landmarks. An infinite number of beaches and resorts are strung like beads over 100 miles of coast line and their tariffs are moderated by a year 'round season. Up the coast is picturesque La Jolla; then Malibu, than which there is no whicher; then Laguna and Newport Beach, the Yachtsman's hangouts. And, speaking of yachting—and swimming, and fishing—there is always Catalina Island, which is just a short jump off the coast from Los Angeles. Palm Springs, a fabulous oasis three hours from Los Angeles in the desert, treats you to a dry heat of 75 or 80 degrees in mid-winter. As for mountain resorts, mile-high Lake Arrowhead in the San Bernardino Mountains is also only about three hours away. Of course, you'll visit Hollywood—but that's a story you already know. Further north and inland is Mt. Whitney, the highest point in the nation, from the top of which you can see into Death Valley, the lowest point. And back along the coast line, only 100 miles north of Los Angeles, fashionable Santa Barbara treats the tourist's eye to Spanish architecture rambling over sleepy foothills. It offers every sport in the book, from water-skiing and championship polo to wild-boar hunting on Santa Cruz Island.

Up north, the situation is almost too complex—too many things to see, too many places to go, too little time for all of them. But San Francisco and the magnificent California 1940 Fair, open until September 29th, is a double-zero combination you won't see again for years. The city, one of the country's most cosmopolitan, is a year 'round magnet. There are the incredible Golden Gate and Oakland Bay Bridges, the latter tunneling an island in its eight and one quarter mile span across the bay. There's Fisherman's Wharf, where fresh crabs are served straight from boiling sidewalk cauldrons. There's Golden Gate Park, once a wasteland of sand dunes. There's famed Chinatown, the Presidio and the yacht harbor, not to mention Alcatraz, that island in the bay.

Southeast of San Francisco, about 220 miles along the highway, is Yosemite, about the size of Rhode Island, a melange of thundering waterfalls almost three thousand feet high, granite cliffs, big trees. Pack-train trips into the High Sierras start out from here. "Lake of the Sky" Tahoe in Eastern California's Sierra Nevadas, is America's deepest lake, a vacationland in every sense of the word, and the nearby Feather River country deserves the same description. And the Monterey Peninsula, America's Riviera—boasting Spanish Monterey, Carmel-by-the-Sea (where artists and writers congregate) and beautiful Del Monte lies 125 miles south of San Francisco.

Up to the Oregon border stretches the vast redwood empire. Just south of the border sits Shasta in Siskiyou County, snow-capped 12 months a year and worth the journey the year 'round. Most all of these mountain resorts, south as well as north, including the new Sugar Bowl and Yosemite's Badger Pass, offer skiers as excellent winter skiing as they could desire. And Californians have gone mad over this sport.

For Your Man
Courtley

Courtley

GENTLEMEN'S TOILETRIES

...make *Different Gifts* ... *Masculine* as old briar ... Elegant as jade ... Clean, he-man odors (not a sissy in the quartette) give social security by insuring after-bath freshness all day ... Top quality bathing and shaving needs in unusual, rugged *Porcelain* Containers ... Dubonnet, Ebony Black, Saddle Tan or White ... all capped with the distinctive Courtley double horse-head ... Singles and sets $2 to $6 ... Exclusively at better toiletry counters .... Courtley, Ltd. ... Los Angeles

Soaps . Lotions . Powders . . Shaving Aids

COLOGNES
$2 and $3

*"Man's best friend
in a tight squeeze"*

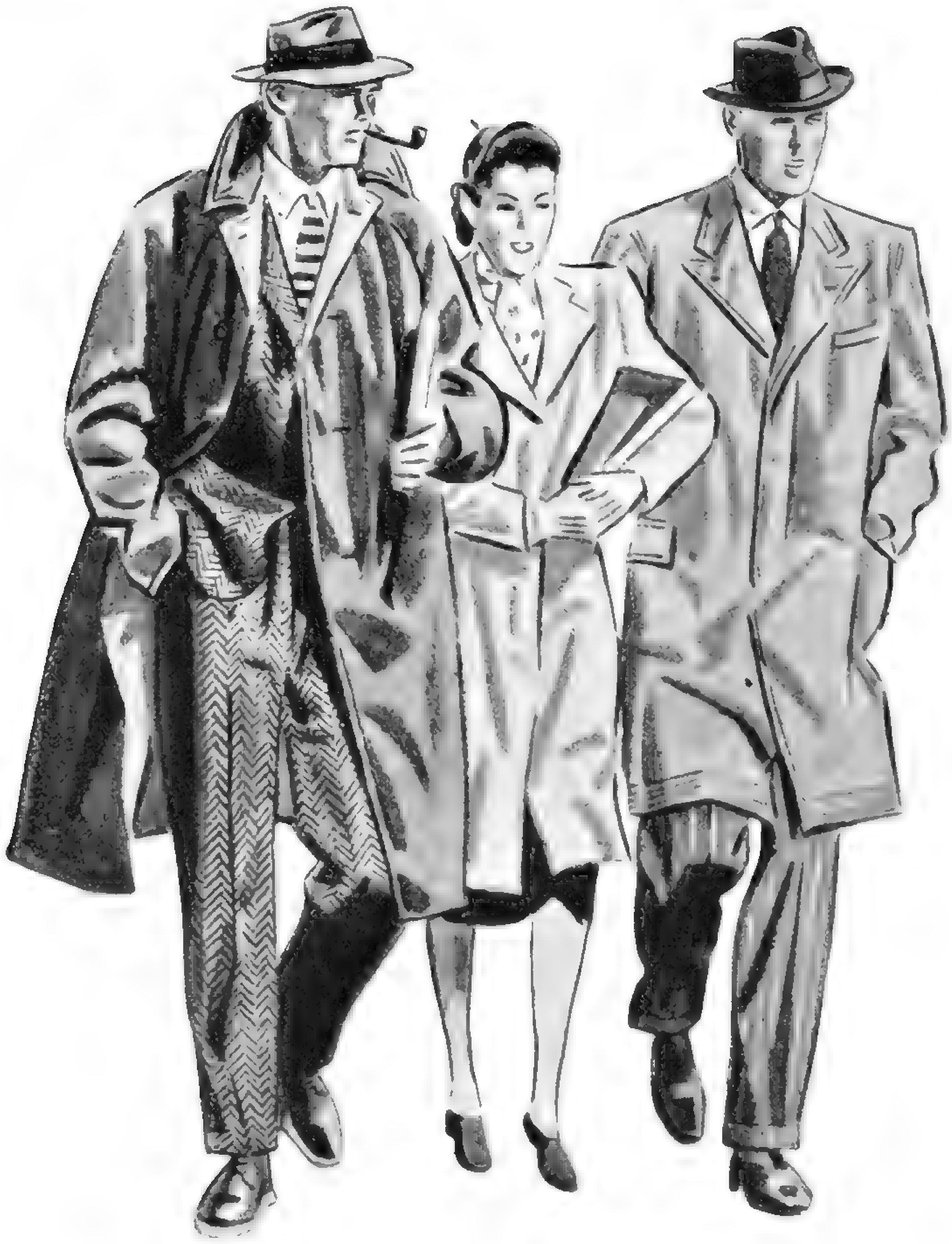
LEROUX
LIQUEURS
IMPORTED BASIC FLAVORING INGREDIENTS
LEROUX & CO., Inc. • Phila. • Brussels, Belgium • New York City
Awarded Gold Medal, Paris International Exposition, 1937

SAVE THEM!

Millions of civilian
WAR VICTIMS
Face Starvation,
Disease — Death

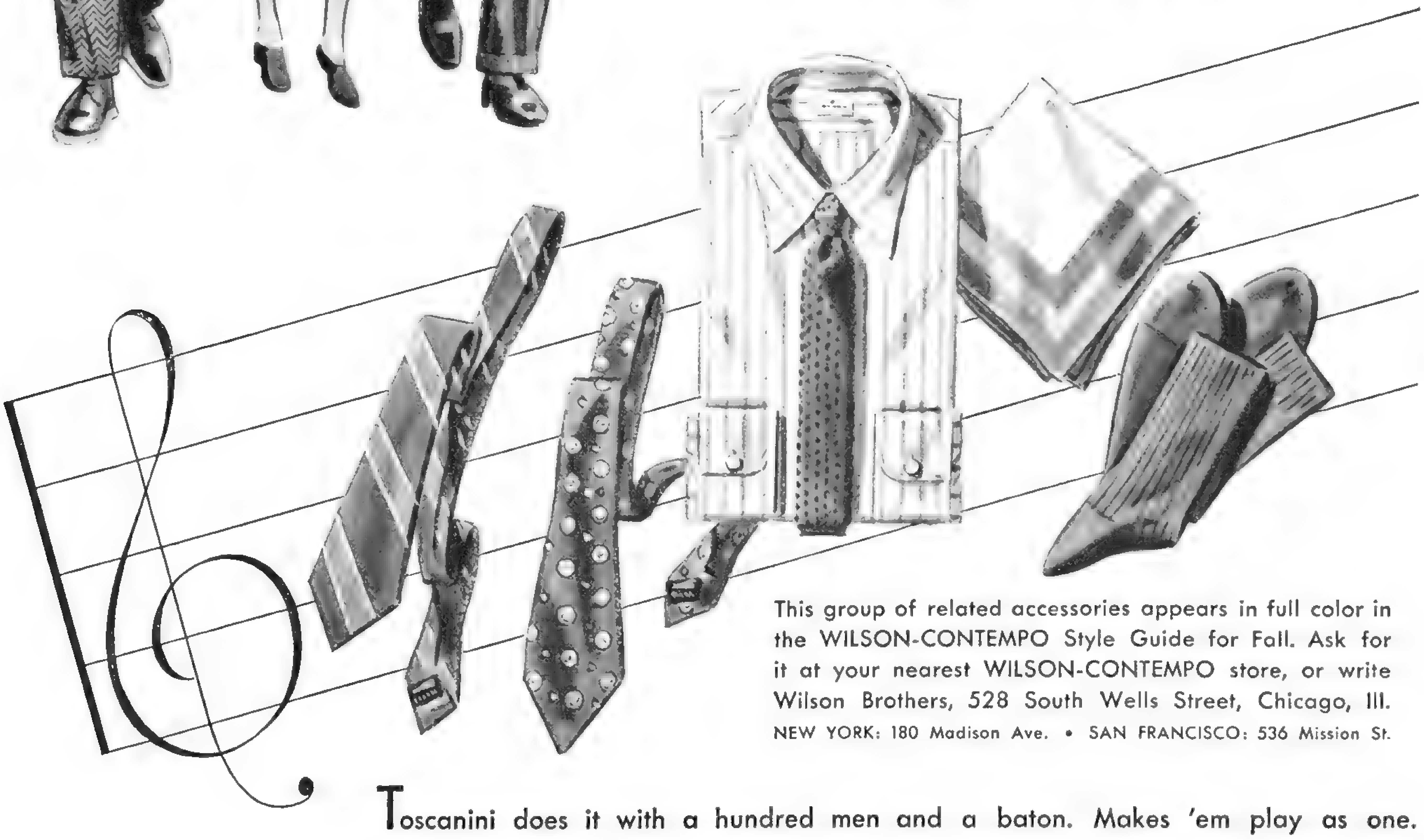
GIVE
WAR RELIEF FUND

AMERICAN RED CROSS
Give Through Your Local Chapter



Fall Harmonies

IN CONTEMPO RELATED FASHIONS BY WILSON BROTHERS



This group of related accessories appears in full color in the WILSON-CONTEMPO Style Guide for Fall. Ask for it at your nearest WILSON-CONTEMPO store, or write Wilson Brothers, 528 South Wells Street, Chicago, Ill.
NEW YORK: 180 Madison Ave. • SAN FRANCISCO: 536 Mission St.

Toscanini does it with a hundred men and a baton. Makes 'em play as one.

• • CONTEMPO does it with all your accessories. Makes 'em blend as one. It's the modern trend to close harmony in clothes. Each item is designed, dyed, woven or knitted with a specific purpose. ***To be worn with each other and your choice of suits.***

• • There is real economy in this method because you buy your accessories together to go together. There is resultant smartness from every penny you put into a CONTEMPO appearance.

• • The CONTEMPO store nearest you has a broad selection of Related outfits (shirt, tie, socks and handkerchief pre-planned to go together) with alternate choices to suit your personal taste. Each planned for the new Fall suiting colors and textures.

• • Each the answer to ***what goes with what.***

© Wilson Brothers, 1940

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

William Lyon Phelps

With this issue the helm of *Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf* passes to the capable hands of Dr. William Lyon Phelps. For more than fifty years associated in various academic capacities with Yale University, more recently as *professor emeritus*, Dr. Phelps has become a part of its tradition, as essential to the campus as the Chimes of Harkness. If you have difficulty remembering the sources for the twenty-three titles listed at the end of his article for this month, you will find the correct answers in this department for October.

•

Louis F. Cahn, author of *Most Horse Races Are "Fixed,"* should know about horses, having lived mostly in Baltimore. He was graduated from Wharton School University of Pennsylvania in 1917—just in time to join the U. S. Army, served in the A. E. F. and Army of Occupation as Ordnance Sergeant. He is President of Cahn, Miller & Nyburg, advertising agency, says his hobby is horses, that, matrimonially speaking, he is a 44-year-old non-winner.

•

When H. L. Mencken was writing *Happy Days*, published last January, he accumulated more material than he could get into the book. *Downfall of a Revolutionary*, page 27, was a sort of by-product.

H. L. Mencken

Stanley Logan (*Something Over the Odds*, page 82) is the English actor, author, and director who has appeared several times in our pages—most recently with *The Old British Calm*, in the June issue.

•

Besides *Rider in the Sun*, a novel published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepherd, Edmund Ware has had two collections of poaching and northwoods stories published in limited editions by the Derrydale Press, New York. The third collection based on the characters appearing in Esquire (see *Half-Shot in the Dark*, page 70) is forthcoming. He lives in Northampton, Massachusetts, with his wife and three children. His chief source of inspiration, he claims, is the mounted caribou head near the stairs to the Men's Room in Dick Rahar's famous Inn. Ware says that to get an idea for a story he has only to stare into the glass eyes of the caribou. The eyes generally reflect the happenings of the night before, sometimes, the morning after.

Creighton Peet

As far as we know, Creighton Peet, author of *Women Talk Too Much*, is unmarried. His cynicism has been variously reflected in our pages, in *Advice to a Helpful Young Man*, *How Are You Boys Fixed for Drinks?*, *Money Is Everything*, and *What Ever Happened to Immorality?*. On the other hand, he has published a couple of photographic books for children, *Mike the Cat* and *Captain Teddy and Sailor Chips*. He's had several jobs on newspapers and magazines, usually as film reviewer.

•

Wayne Kilbourne (*Engineers Love Fools*, page 81) is the guy who wrote *Sourpuss for President* for our June issue.

•

Norman Klein claims he was the first Chicago reporter to cover news stories by airplane and, during the last war, the only member of the American armies in France to serve also as a newspaper correspondent. He by-lined features syndicated by the *Chicago Daily News*, despite the fact that there were army laws against news writing. One story he could never have got by the censors, however, was *Two Heroines Unsung*, page 47. He was the first publicity director both of Lord & Thomas and of Benton & Bowles, is now public relations counsel at Young & Rubicam. As star reporter for the *New York Evening Post*, the *Chicago Tribune*, the *Chicago Daily News*, the *New York American*, and the *New York Mirror*, he has interviewed most of the front-page personalities of the last twenty years. It is his conclusion that for charm, wit, and sterling character, none of them can come up to the ankles of the newspaper crowd that has made them famous.

•

The author of *Dub, Dub, Toil and Trouble* naturally insists upon remaining anonymous. All we know about him is that he is a newspaper man, living in North Carolina. His story shows that not only farmers plow, but golfers too—and they don't stop at the woods.

Stewart H. Holbrook

Stewart H. Holbrook is the author of *Holy Old Mackinaw*, *Iron Brew*, and *Ethan Allen*. Formerly, in turn, a lumberjack, soldier, and columnist, he has settled down to marriage and free-lance writing, living in Boston. He likes to dig around in Americana, frequently ferreting out an idea like *Are They Coming Back?*, which you will find on page 28.

•

Paul Kearney wrote *Ten Rules for Saving Tires* (page 86) right from the heart. He is a member of the Metropolitan Chapter, American Society of Safety Engineers. Incidentally, since writing *Cops Are Lousy Marksmen*, for Esquire, he has been made an honorary member of the National Rifle Association.

•

Up Queer Street, by Len Zinberg, which appears on page 30 of this issue, is a slightly condensed version of one chapter from his forthcoming novel *Walk Hard—Talk Loud*, which Bobbs Merrill plans to publish in September.

Louis Paul

Louis Paul, whom we "discovered" by way of *No More Trouble for Jedwick* some six years ago, contributed *The Whole Rotten System* to the satire section of this issue. Mr. Paul's latest novel, published last spring, is *Passion for Privacy*. Other books include *The Pumpkin Coach*, *The Wrong World*, *A Horse in Arizona*, *Emma*, and *Hallelujah, I'm a Bum*. He lives in Palo Alto, California.

•

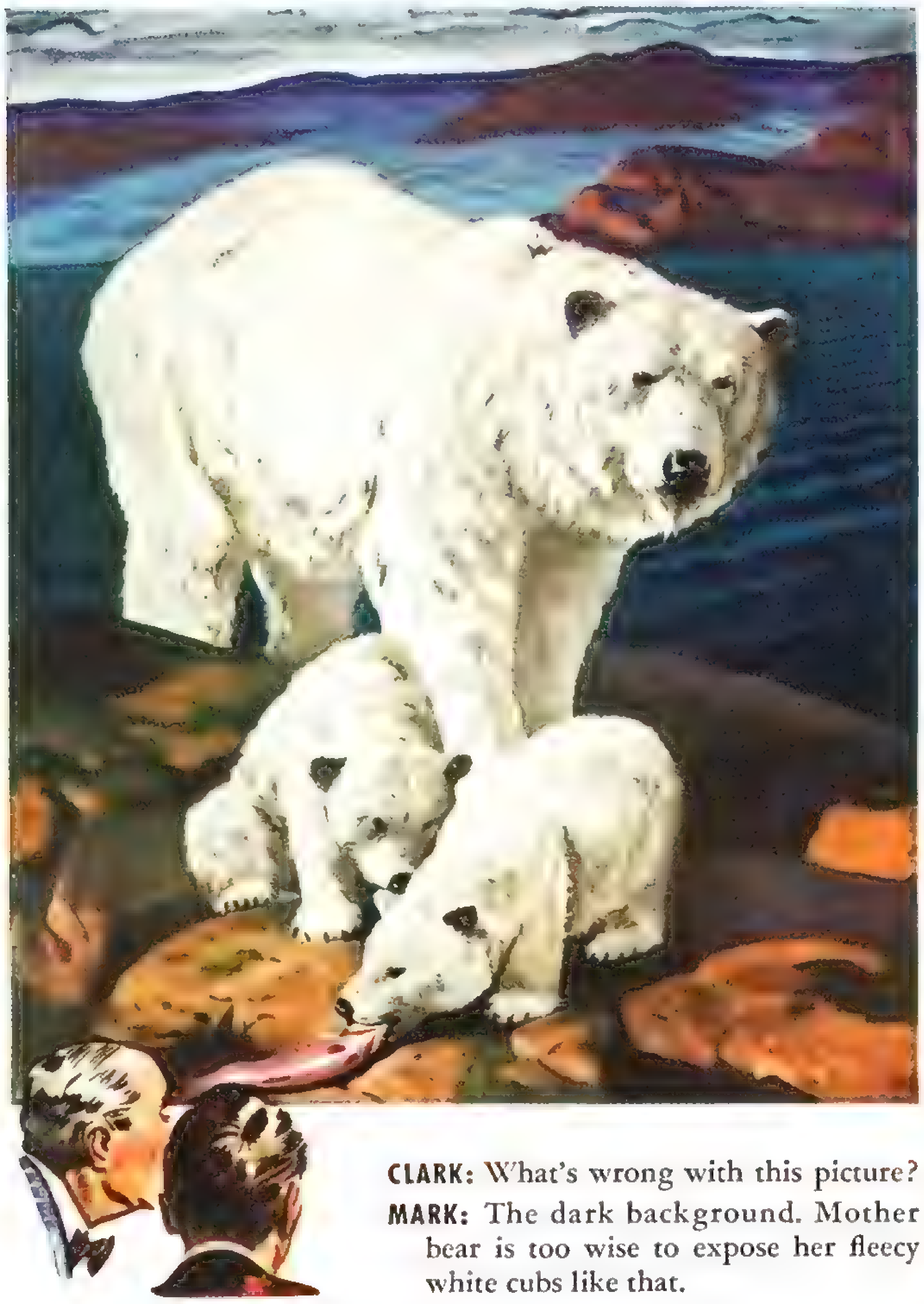
Eric Howard writes: "By the time this reaches print, I shall be again on the Navajo Reservation, wandering in a station wagon from hogahn to hogahn, talking with Navajos, feasting on broiled mutton, and enjoying some of the most beautiful desert scenery found in America."

•

Joe Abrams was born in Fort William, Ontario, twenty-eight years ago, came to the States as a child, and claims 25,000 miles of hitch-hiking in his career of seeing the country. He sold his first article to a pulp magazine when he was sixteen, had two years at the University of Michigan, has written several plays, one of which won the North Carolina Dramatic Association Award. *The Miracle of Chyapenkin's Sword*, page 57, marks his first appearance in Esquire.

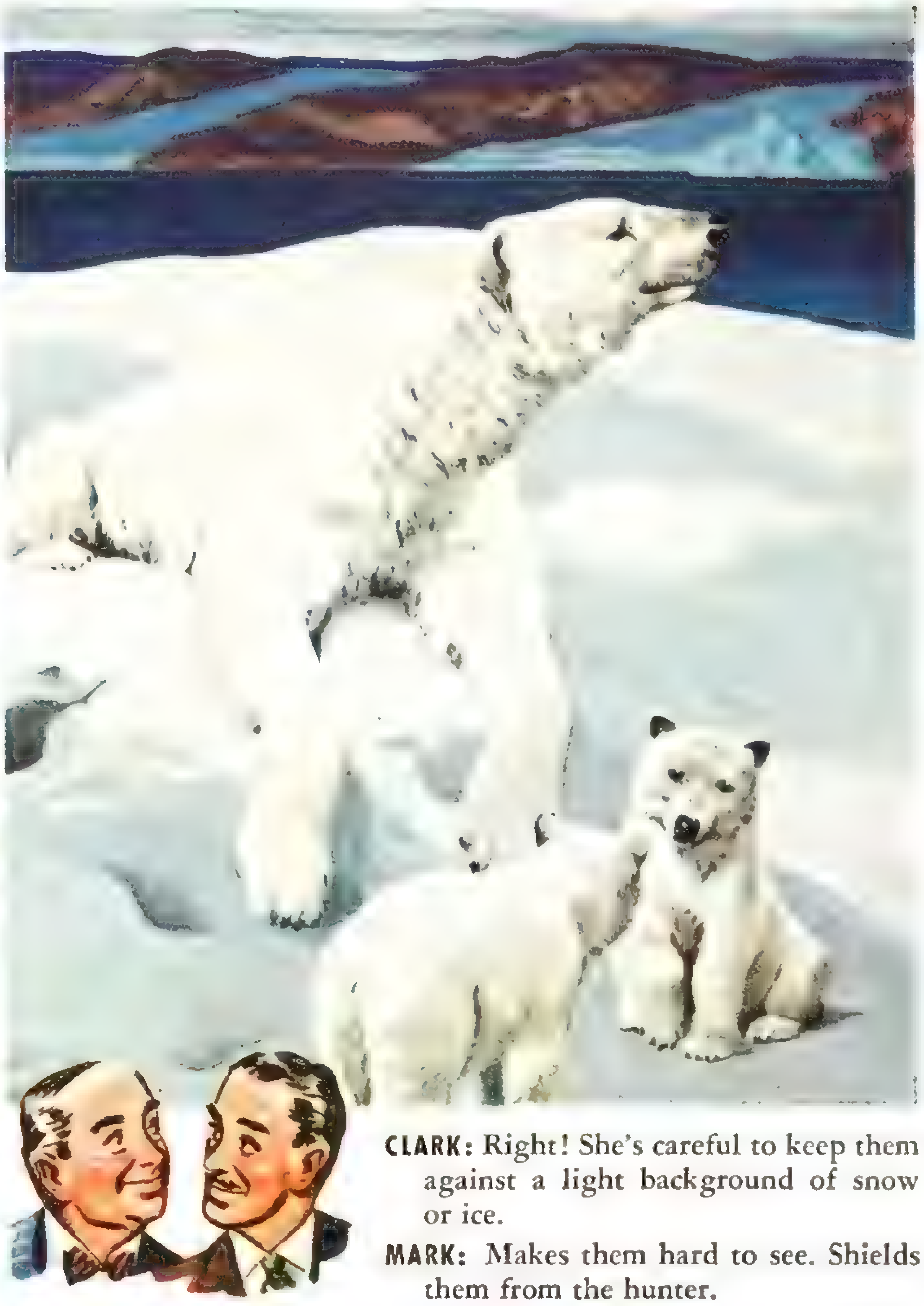
Joe Abrams

NATURE'S PROTECTIVE BLENDING PROTECTS THE POLAR BEAR



CLARK: What's wrong with this picture?

MARK: The dark background. Mother bear is too wise to expose her fleecy white cubs like that.



CLARK: Right! She's careful to keep them against a light background of snow or ice.

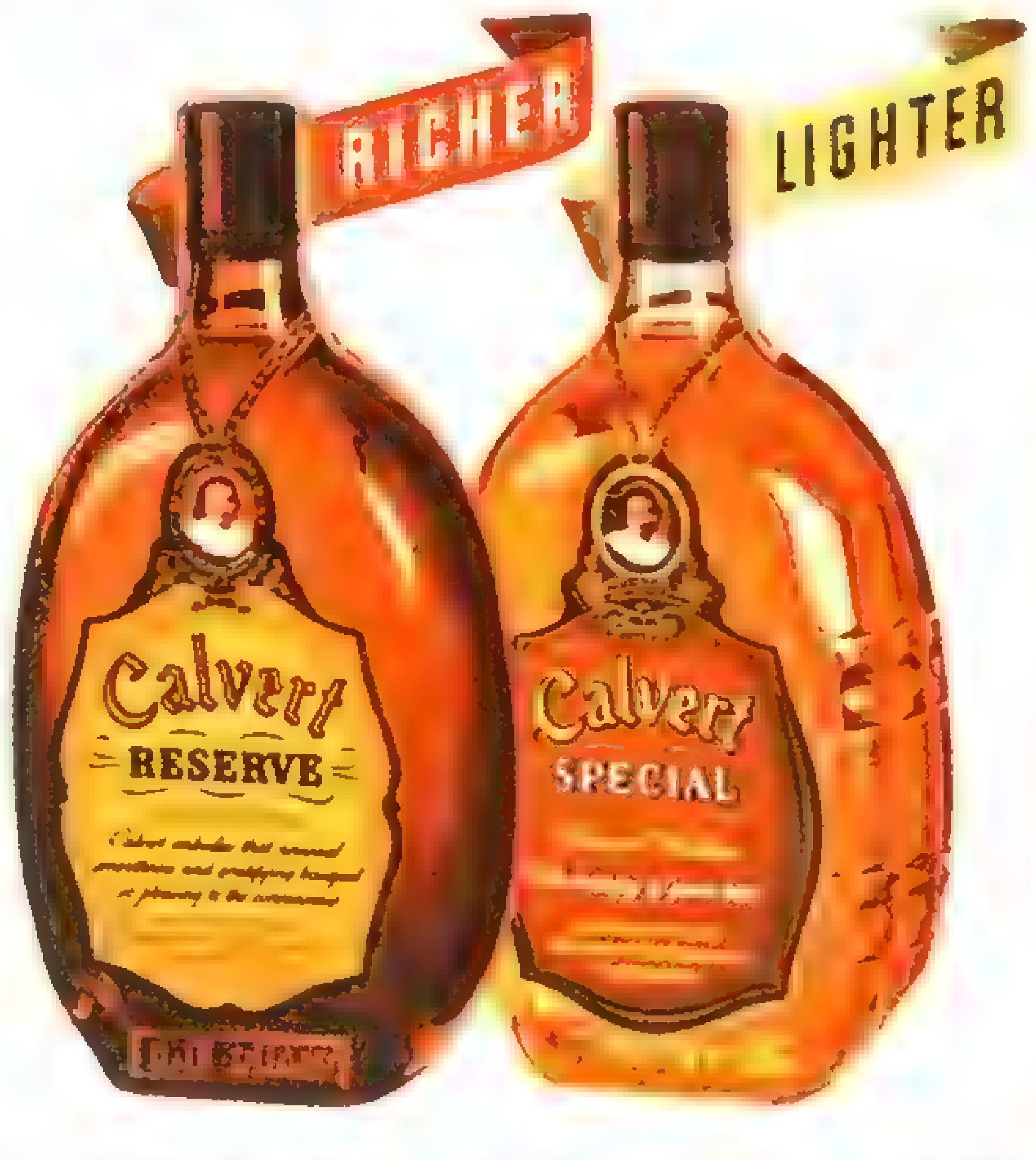
MARK: Makes them hard to see. Shields them from the hunter.

CALVERT'S PROTECTIVE BLENDING

protects the flavor and good taste of Calvert Whiskey

CLARK: Here's another fine example of Protective Blending. This exclusive Calvert method certainly *does* something for this mellow whiskey.

MARK: Sure adds a lot of enjoyment to this whiskey collins. Do you blame me for recommending it to my friends?



BUY BETTER WHISKEY — BUY CALVERT

"RESERVE": Millions gladly pay a little more for this *richer* premium blend.

"SPECIAL": Favorite of millions who prefer a *lighter* whiskey. Costs a little less.

CLEAR HEADS (CLEAR-HEADED BUYERS)
CALL FOR Calvert

BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 90 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits...Calvert "Special": 90 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits.
Copyright 1940, Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City.

THE *Manhattan* SHIRT COMPANY

COLLEGE POLL

Shows Styles University Men Prefer!

Manhattan
Peter Arno

We worked our way through college

—and boy, did we learn something!

We were after facts.

Facts that would help us keep *Manhattan* the *smartest name* in men's shirts, pajamas, handkerchiefs – and *Mansco* the smartest name in underwear and knitted sportswear.

We lived with college men – ate with them – and made our headquarters in the dorms of 111 leading universities!*

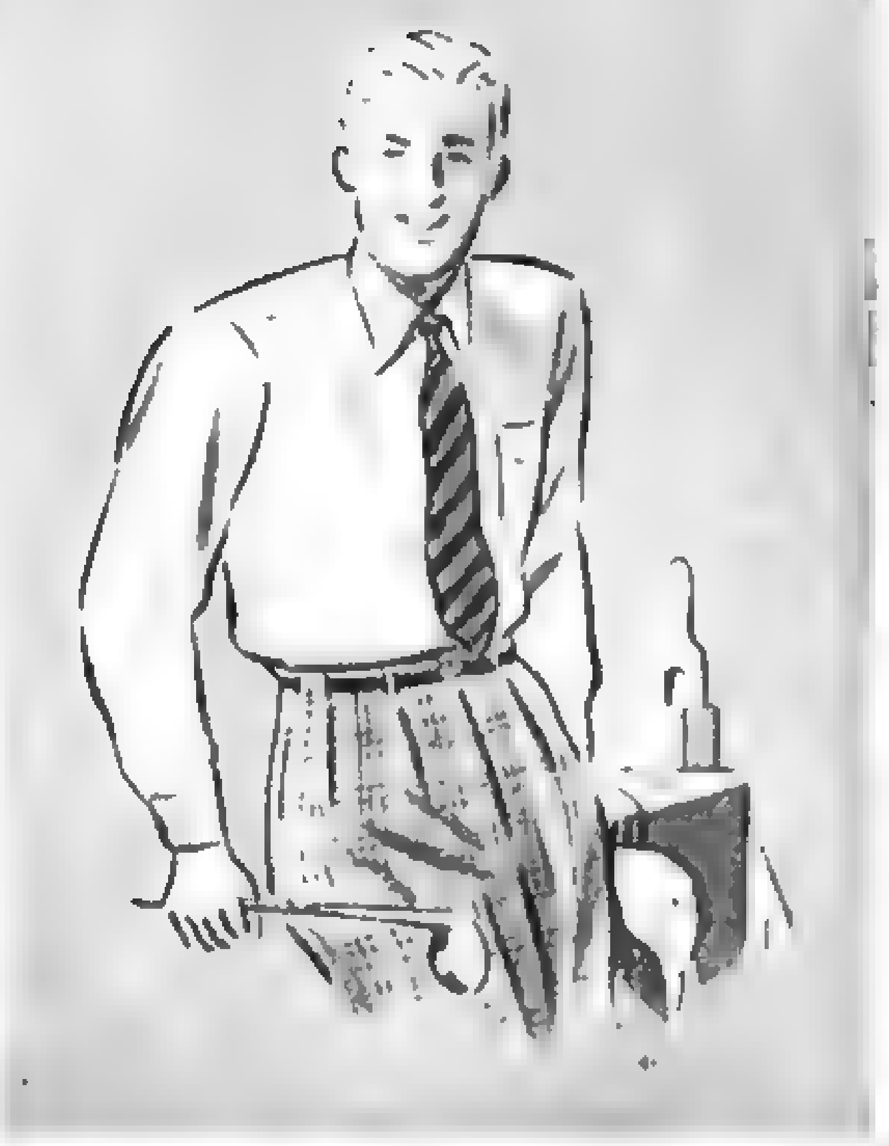
We were after down-to-bureau-drawer information. So we kept our *eyes* open – as well as our ears. But we tried our darndest to be deaf to flattery.

We dove into hundreds of dresser drawers and came out with facts. We asked for ideas and got them by the dozens. We talked over college men's needs in detail.

And boy, did we learn something!... For here we present the correct styles at the leading universities representing each of the four great sections of the country. Here you have ideas gleaned from best-dressed college men, and developed under the skilled hand of America's smartest shirt maker.

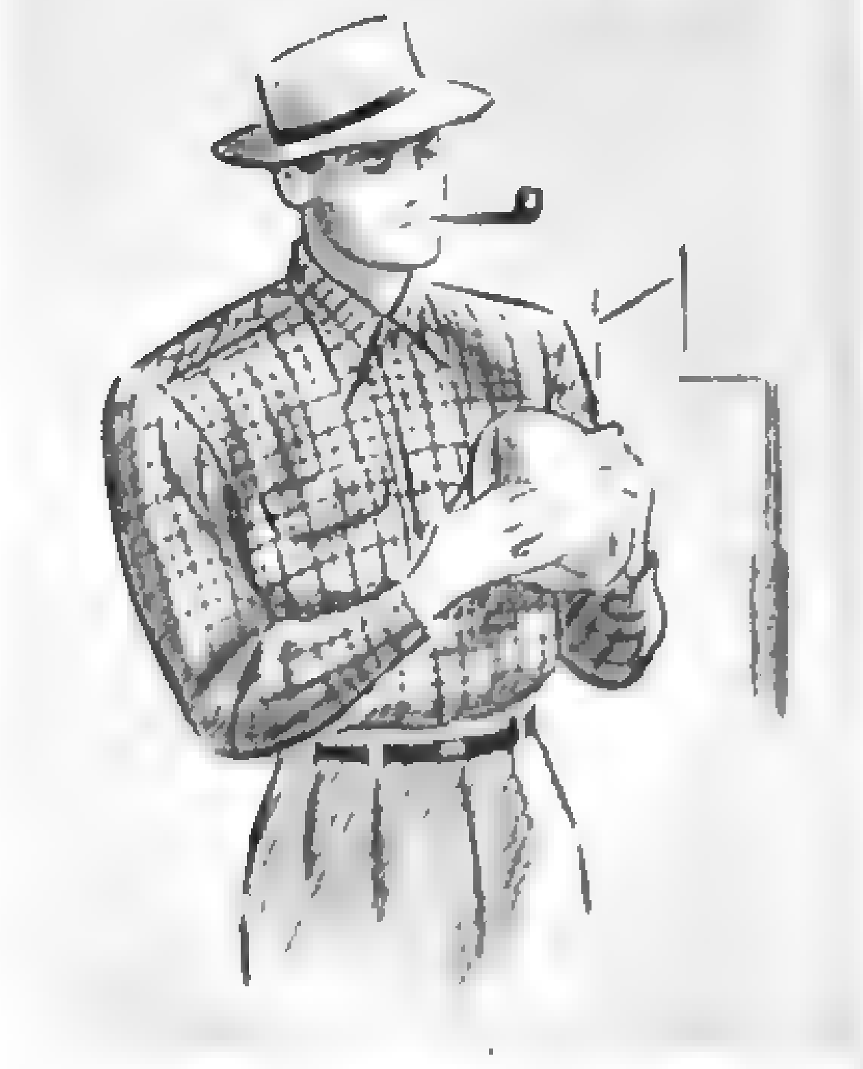
*Names on request

Here's what they voted for



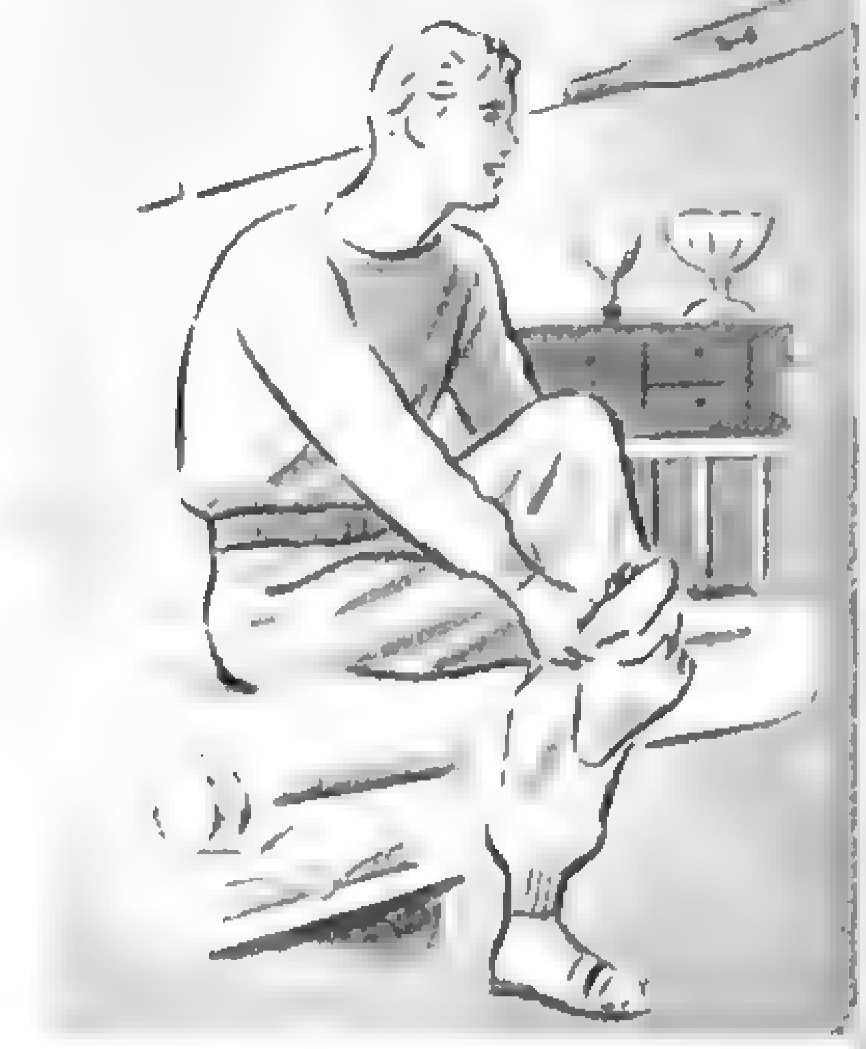
(1) Wide-spread collar—(this is *the* collar for Windsor knotted tie); (2) Button-down oxfords in smart new weaves and stripes; (3) Round cornered collars; (4) Long point wide-spread collar; (5) British-tab collars; (6) The Manhattan standard collar attached shirt is considered the all-occasion necessity for every wardrobe.

Here's what they voted for



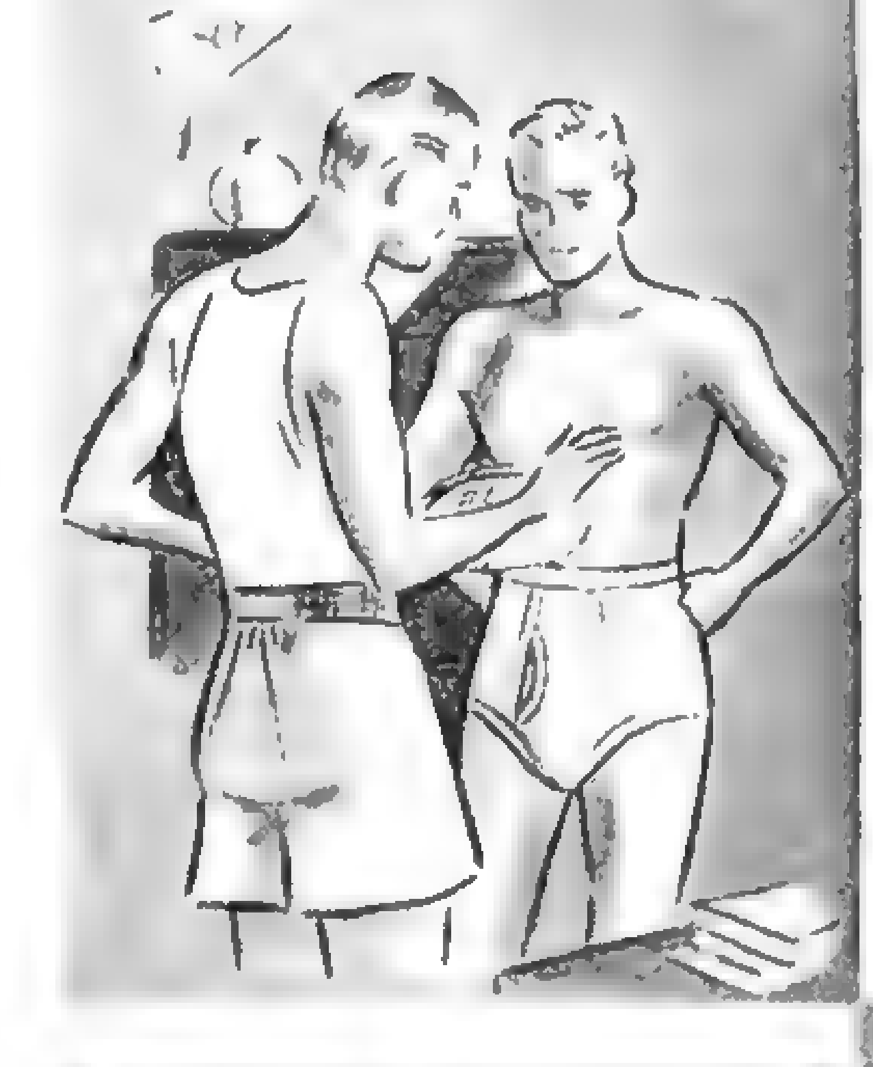
(1) Plaid sportshirts in a variety of colors; (2) All-weather sports jackets for general wear; (3) Cashmere sweaters; (4) Gabardine sportshirts; (5) Sweaters with new English Cable Twist; (6) Smart Camel's hair jackets.

Here's what they voted for



(1) New Ski suit type pajama; (2) Slipover model with English Style collar; (3) New Lounge Type pajama; (4) Convertible collar coat model is the favorite among standard types of pajamas; (5) V-neck slipover pajama.

Here's what they voted for



(1) Scottie Shorts with the authentic plaid trim; (2) Quarter sleeve undershirts; (3) New Supporter type shorts; (4) Colored undershirts; (5) Shorts with grippers; (6) One piece bias cut shorts; (7) And, the standard white undershirt is still the "old reliable."

Here's what they voted for

(1) Handkerchiefs with first names; (2) and (3) Handkerchief wardrobe—a most popular gift with college men.

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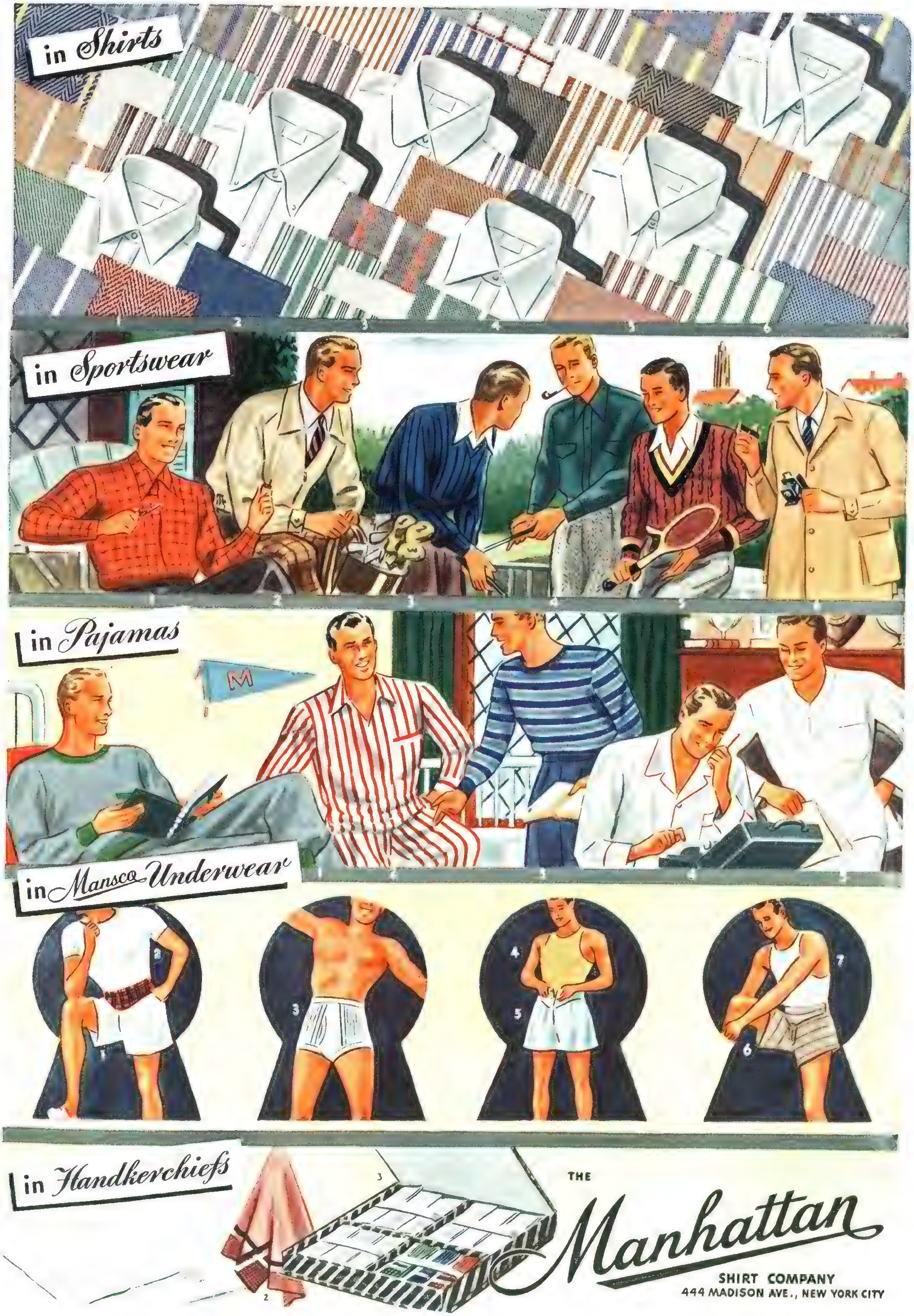
in Shirts
1
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in Sportswear
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in Pajamas
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in Mansco Underwear
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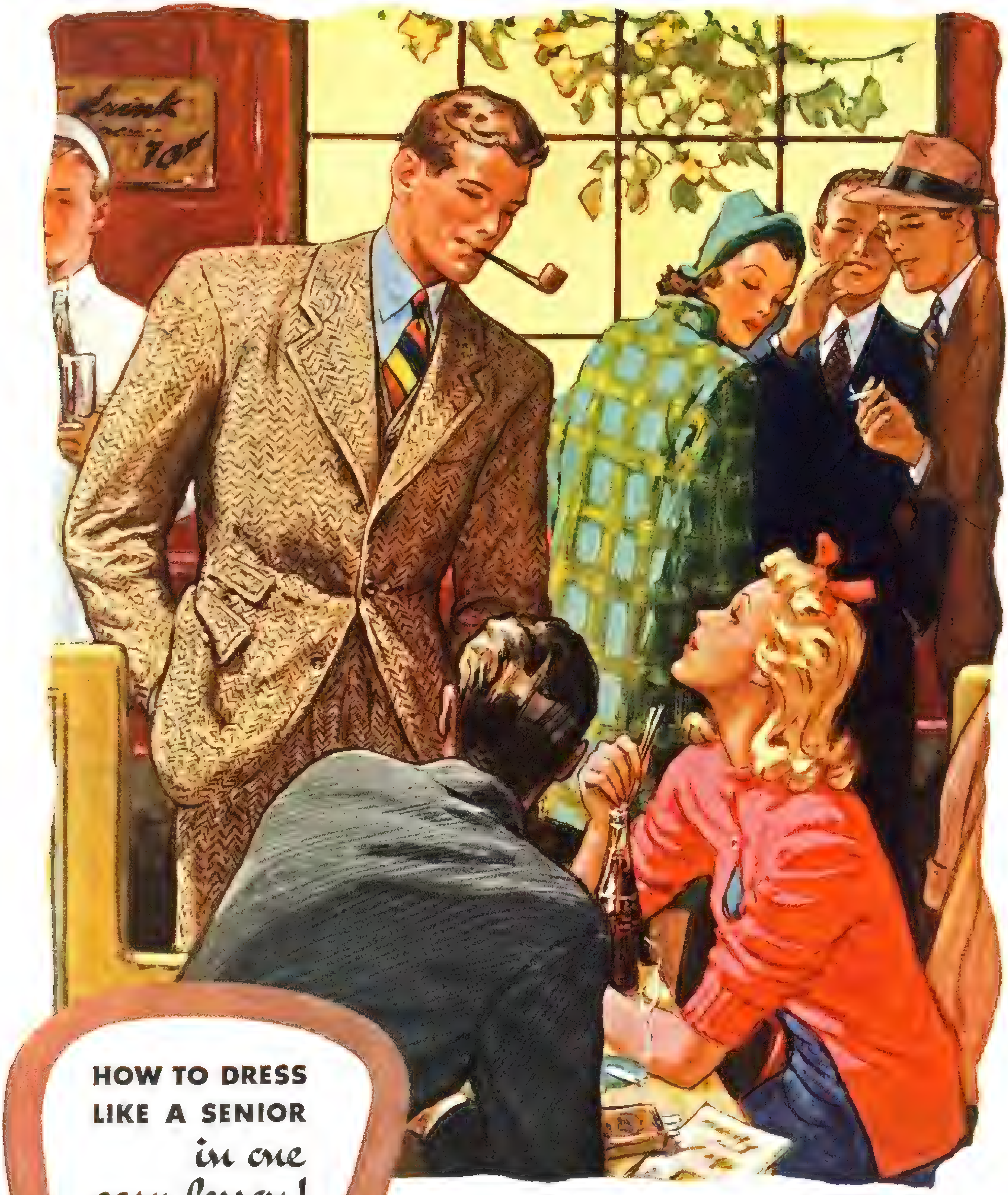
in Handkerchiefs
2
3
THE
Manhattan
SHIRT COMPANY
444 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK CITY

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX



HOW TO DRESS
LIKE A SENIOR
*in one
easy lesson!*

So you're G.B.T.S.! Well ... you, too, can look like the Man Most Likely to Succeed—quickly, easily ... this amazing new way. How? By being sure that your back-to-school wardrobe includes one very important suit—an authentic Shagland—by Hart Schaffner & Marx.

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The Trumpeter Label

A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR ... A BIG THING TO FIND

Downfall of a Revolutionary

Hoggie's resistance to washing, his way with dogs and horses, were the envy of every boy in West Baltimore

by H. L. MENCKEN

• ARTICLE •

Of all the eminent characters who flourished in the West Baltimore of my nonage, the one most venerated by the boys of my generation was Hoggie Unglebower, an uncouth youth whose empire and influence, radiating out from an humble stable in the alley which ran behind our house in Hollins Street, covered altogether an area of at least half a square mile. No storekeeper of that time and place was better known, whether for good or for evil, nor any cop, however heinous, nor any ma'am in the public school up Hollins Street hill, nor bad nigger in Vincent alley, nor blind man in practice at Hollins market. Between the longitude of the market and the wilderness of Steuart's Hill, all through a chunk of territory four or five blocks thick, he was a hero to every boy above the age of seven.

The reader of today, soaked in the Freudian sewage for so many years, will assume at once, I suppose, that Hoggie must have been a Lothario, and his headquarters a seraglio. Nothing could have been further from the truth. He was actually almost a Trappist in his glandular life, and his hormones never gave him any visible trouble until much later on, as I shall show in due course. In the days of his greatest glory his view of all human females was predominantly disdainful, but it never led him to use them wickedly, or even impolitely. When a hired girl issued into the alley to flag a rag-and-bone man or hunt for a lost garbage box he would whistle at her satirically and shout "Ah, there!" but at the same time he always took off his hat. To women of greater age and station he was courteous to an extreme degree, and when he visited a neighboring dwelling with his terriers to purge it of rats he always wiped his feet at the back door, and never failed to address the lady of the house as Ma'am.

No, Hoggie was not carnal in the Catechism sense, and I incline to think that that was one of the reasons all the boys so greatly respected him. The male infantry of today, debauched by Progressive Education and the sex hygiene quackery, are said to be adepts at the arts of love before they are more than half house-broken, but that was certainly not true in my time. The boys of that Mousterian generation, until adolescence came down upon them, regarded girls with frank aversion, and had as little truck with them as with cats or cops. It is, of course, a fact that the probable delights of amour were occasionally discussed, but it was always vaguely and with a considerable uneasiness, for any move to put a concrete project into effect would have involved a close approach to females, and that was never done if it could be helped. What made Hoggie a personage was nothing in that line; it was mainly, and perhaps even only, his successful and notorious resistance to the doctrine that cleanliness is next to godliness.

In his father's stable he led the life dreamed of as ideal by all normal boys, then, now, and forever. No one, it appeared, had any authority (at all events, any authority that he recognized) to make him comb his hair, or brush his clothes, or shine his shoes, or wash behind the ears. He wallowed there day in and day out, including especially Sundays, in such slops as every boy longs to own, but is never permitted to have. Preferring the society of horses and dogs to that of men, he lived among them freely and unashamedly, sleeping with them, eating with them, and sharing his confidences with them. He got his hair cut when he damned well pleased, and it wasn't often. Hating neckties, he never wore them. When he thirsted, he drank from the end of the stable hose, and if anyone stopped to gape at him he squeezed the hose (which was old, soft and full of holes) and sent a fine stream into the gaper's eye.

In brief, a magnificent specimen of Natural Man, somehow surviving unscathed every corruption of an effete and pusillanimous civilization. He came of a conventional family and had been to school, but had fought off successfully every effort to denaturize him. His days were busy, and full of enterprises that, to us boys, were important, difficult and excessively romantic. He was the architect, builder and navigator of the largest and fastest double-decker sleds known in West Baltimore, and probably the best repairer of boys' wagons ever seen in Christendom. He knew how to knock a barrel to pieces without splitting any of the staves, and how to put it together again. He could teach tricks to horses, and had so far mastered their vocabulary of whinnies and pawings that he carried on long conversations with them, often laughing heartily at their pawky humor. He was a dog doctor of great gifts, and kept a large stock of medicines for his patients on a shelf in the stable. To cops, despite all their clubs, handcuffs and side-arms, he presented a calm and unflickering eye, and they had a high respect for him, for when he went to the aid of one who was overwhelmed by a passel of bad niggers, the bad niggers lost consciousness almost instantly, and awoke in the watch-house with huge bumps on their heads. Hoggie, disdaining firearms, did his fighting with clubs, and had an arsenal of them ready to hand—little ones for light jobs, and thick, warty shillalahs for really earnest work. When he came down upon a skull something gave way, and it was never Hoggie or his weapon.

He was the best dog-trainer for miles around, and could transform even the sorriest mutt into a competent ratter. For this purpose he liked to have them young; indeed, he preferred to begin on them as soon as their eyes were open. At that age, of course, they were

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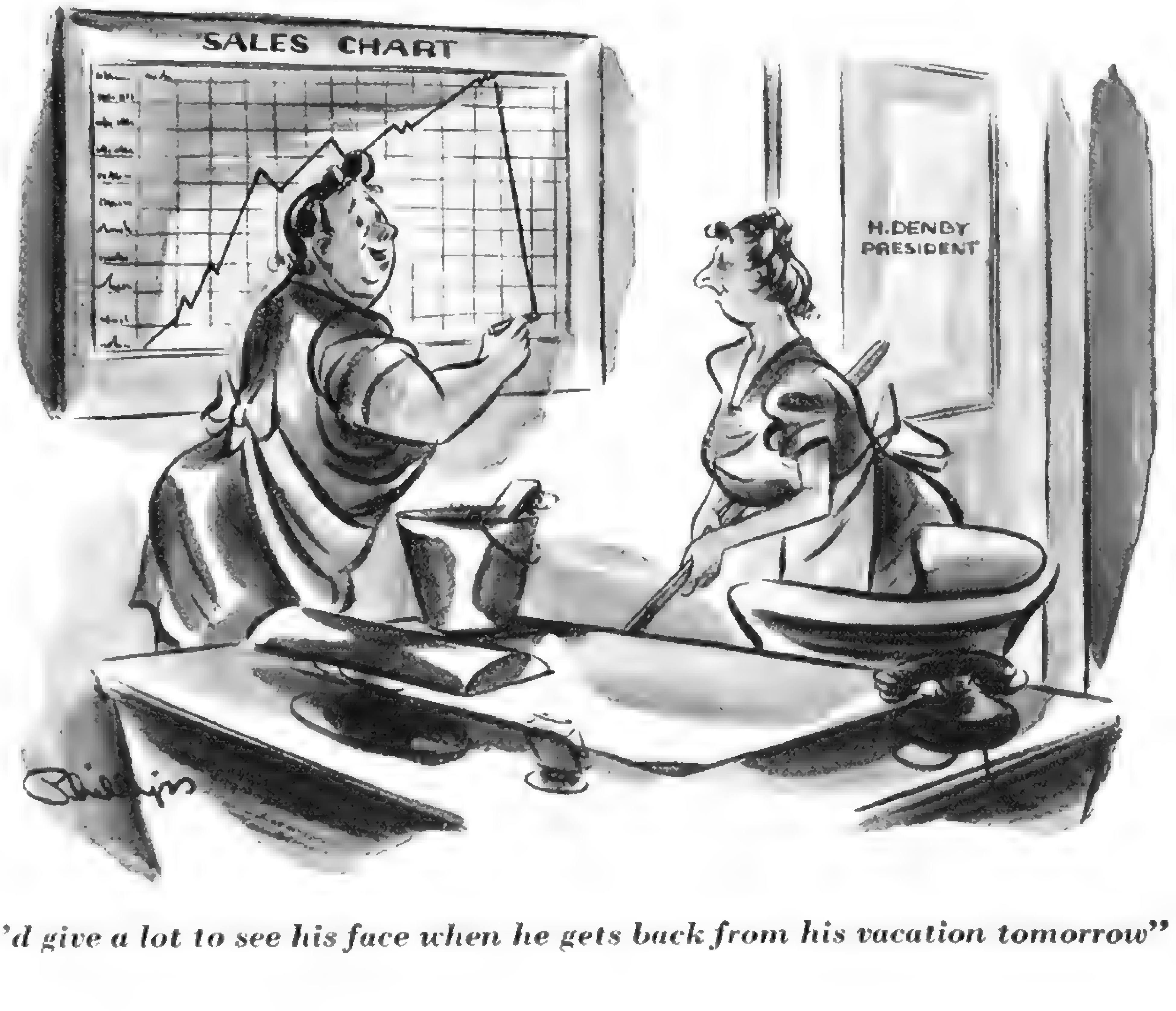

"I'd give a lot to see his face when he gets back from his vacation tomorrow"

Are They Coming Back?

Prophesying a return to whiskers, led by Welles and Woolley, may restore the former dominance of the American male

by STEWART H. HOLBROOK

• ARTICLE •

THE wind is again blowing through American whiskers and mustaches. They are not yet in their fullest flower, of course, but keep your eyes open this summer and fall and you will find the scene fairly burgeoning with hairy signs and portents. Beards and other hirsute fancies appear to be on their way back to genuine popularity. Minor social historians, of which I claim to be one, freely predict that the Smith Brothers are to ride again.

First signs of the subconscious urge of the American male to cover his unnatural nakedness were to be noted in the 1920's, when the movie actor Rudolph Valentino appeared with long sideburns. Within a few months hundreds of thousands of young American men were wearing a hedge well down each cheek, while young American women almost swooned at the sight of such manly beauty. These sideburns had an amazing run of popularity, and were presently succeeded by thin strips of hair on upper lips, strips that were scarcely a shadow of the noble walrus mustaches of our fathers but were nevertheless portents of more and thicker facial hair to come.

Then, along came a public hero and Presidential aspirant, Mr. Thomas Dewey, wearing a very black, very manly and altogether very fine mustache. It is a positively he mustache, compared to those thin lines of lip-hair mentioned, and to say it is getting a big play is gross understatement. Newspaper editorials and political writers have taken note of the sudden spreading of the Dewey-style mustache. Young men active in GOP circles, young businessmen and industrialists, even young Democrats and a large number of attorneys, both in private and public practice, have been growing them all winter, and by early fall there should be a stupendous crop.

To a lesser but still surprising degree, the beard has been staging a quiet comeback these past few months. This can be traced partly to the influence of the theatre. The stage has often in the past contributed to fashion and never has one of its contributions been more apparent than the trim, suave Vandyke of Mr. Monty Woolley, of *The Man Who Came to Dinner*. A veritable hedge of Woolley beards broke out last autumn. One sees them today, on college campuses and also in the business and professional life of Eastern cities. Young doctors have adopted the Woollenian beard with especial enthusiasm.

Elliot Paul, the author, recently back from Spain and wearing a magnificent growth, has contributed to the trend. So has that Man of Mars, Orson Welles, whose sinister if rather thin beard has been widely copied in radio studios. Another powerful whisker influence has been the Pioneer Week celebrations of many Far Western cities. Citizens growing beards as a stunt have in many cases found they enjoyed whiskers, and have retained them in all their Dodge City and Sacramento glory.

Among older men, long clean-shaven, there is coming to be a sizable goatee block, the patriarch of which is Roger Babson, the statistician and business publicist, whose goatish chin has long been a badge of success and of authority in his field. Although the United States Senate remains almost devoid of whiskers, there has recently been a budding of mustaches and mild beards in the House, whose pride is the remarkable beard of Representative Tinkham (R) of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. But neither the Senate nor the House has ever set a style; they simply follow the styles, hirsute and otherwise, adopted by their constituents.

More indicative is the new crop of Nieman Fellows, all young newspapermen who will spend the next year at Harvard in the interests of better journalism. At least two of the Fellows are wearing genuine mustaches and another, Lowell Limpus of the *New York Daily News*, has a beard. His beard is still short of what William Cullen Bryant wore as a newspaperman, but it is a dandy and in this day and era it is significant of a positive trend.

If further evidence is needed to attest a strong movement toward more and better hair on the male American face, a single incident should suffice. It concerns the inimitable Mr. Robert Taylor of Hollywood who American women say is the handsomest male in the Republic. Not long ago Taylor was asked by his director to grow a real mustache to fit a certain part in a movie. Taylor refused, saying his wife, Barbara Stanwyck, detested mustaches. The director prevailed on Taylor to affix a false mustache, then to go home and see what happened. A makeup expert did a neat job with a sort of semi-Dewey affair and the skeptical Taylor went home with it. The beauteous Miss Stanwyck was wholly charmed, not to say devastated. "Why!" she exclaimed in respect to the new brush and within hearing of at least a score of press agents, "I fell in love with Robert all over again. His mustache is magnificent. So manly!"

There you have it—so manly. I wonder if the present struggles of the mustache and beard to emerge again are not a subconscious yearning on the part of the American male to regain the dominance he once had in affairs, both public and private, and which, as we know only too well, he long ago lost to the alleged weaker sex. It's quite possible. It can easily be proved that once the male shaved off his whiskers, the American woman took over and began bossing him, smoking his cigarets, drinking his whiskey, driving his automobile, invading his barbershop and smoking car, sitting in his House and Senate, in his Cabinet even, operating his business offices, running his schools and colleges, burying him and finally inheriting all his insurance, his stocks and bonds and other property.

But I'll leave to psychologists the reasons for this obvious urge to return to whiskers. There are the facts, anyway, and the trend is certainly, and in spite of Hitler and Stalin, toward a forest of mustaches and whiskers. If by next winter most of us are more or less bushy, it will not be surprising; it is merely history repeating itself, a new turn in the cycle of style.

If you will reflect a moment you will see exactly what I mean. Say you were born late in the last or early in the present century. If so, the chances are almost overwhelming that your father wore a mustache, that your grandfather wore some sort of a beard, and that your great grandfather was smooth-shaven. Likewise, the chances are good that you yourself have a smooth chin and upper lip, but that your son, if he hasn't one or both already, will soon appear with a mustache or Vandyke.

The rises and falls of American facial hair are to say the least mysterious. Historians have all but ignored them completely, and so far as I know no one has attempted to delve into the reasons for the tides of whiskers. Perhaps it is yet too early to interpret them, but they can at least be charted, and such a record should be invaluable just now, when American men are obviously under a strong urge to assert themselves both as men and as individuals.

American whiskers, as I have intimated, have been in and out of fashion more than once. We know that this continent was explored by men of different nationalities, nearly all of them garnished with whiskers. Columbus and Amerigo Vespucci are uncertain, since there are no well-authenticated contemporary portraits of them. But on their heels came a host of beards. Cortés, Balboa, Ponce de Léon, Cartier, Champlain, Drake, De Soto, Raleigh, Captain John Smith, all sported whiskers of different styles and varying lengths. Little wonder the beardless Indians thought them gods.

Then came the Pilgrims and the Puritans who were, despite all Postoffice murals to the contrary, bearded almost to a man when they landed on The Rock and elsewhere in the New World. These beards, in all their glorious bushiness, did not last, nor did they disappear at once. They were reduced very gradually in size until they became little more than goatees—much like that worn today by Mr. Babson—and late in the 17th Century they disappeared entirely. By 1723, as we know from the observant Ben Franklin's Autobiography, any sort of hair on the face was considered an inexcusable eccentricity in the American colonies.

The fighting men of the Revolution were beardless. Not even a mustache or a suspicion of muttonchop appeared on the faces of Washington, Green, Knox and lesser generals.

Even old Israel Putnam and the backwoodsman Ethan Allen were smooth-shaven. It was the same with the other Patriots—Jefferson, Hancock, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the Adamses. No signer of the Declaration had either beard or mustache.

So it continued for many years, on high plane and low. No President before Lincoln had any hair on his face, except for a mere suggestion of sideburns affected for a short time by John Quincy Adams. Contemporary business and professional men were smooth of face. So were farmers. And even hunters and trappers, who let their head hair grow long and tumble to their shoulders, were clean of chin and lip.

Until at least as late as 1858 the cartoonists' conception of their own creature, Uncle Sam—otherwise much as it is today—was of a tall, lanky but smooth-shaven man. America did not go hairy until the Civil War was under way.

The turning point was probably 1861, although a few light gestures of beards are to be noted in pictures drawn and photographs taken in the Fifties. Why it happened just then is anyone's guess. Some think whiskers reached the populous Eastern seaboard in a delayed backwash from the Forty-Niners who went to California and let their beards grow wild and shaggy. Others believe it was the coming of war, taking men far from home and putting them in places where shaving was difficult. Whatever the cause, beards sprouted after 1860 as quickly as mushrooms and as thick as timothy grass.

Lincoln when elected was smooth-shaven, but when inaugurated and ever after, he wore a beard. In 1860 Jeff Davis was clean as a whistle. He was soon wearing whiskers longer than Lincoln's. Lieutenant U. S. Grant had been smooth-shaven. Grant at Shiloh and thereafter wore a thick beard and didn't always take the trouble to keep it trimmed. The Uncle Sam cartoon character of 1862 was positively goatish, and so was the American farmer.

Robert E. Lee went smooth-shaven to war, and was presently in full beard. Most pictures show John Brown in whiskers, but he never had a hair on his face until 1859, when he grew a beard as a disguise. Almost without exception the generals of the Civil War, on both sides, were peering out of deep whiskers by the end of 1861, and so were their men. General Ambrose E. Burnside developed a luxuriant and highly distinctive beard that gave his name to the popular "burnside whiskers." General George A. Custer affected a combination mustache and imperial which, with minor variations, was adopted by many of the Indian fighters of the 1870's and after, and was given even wider popularity by Colonel William F. Cody,

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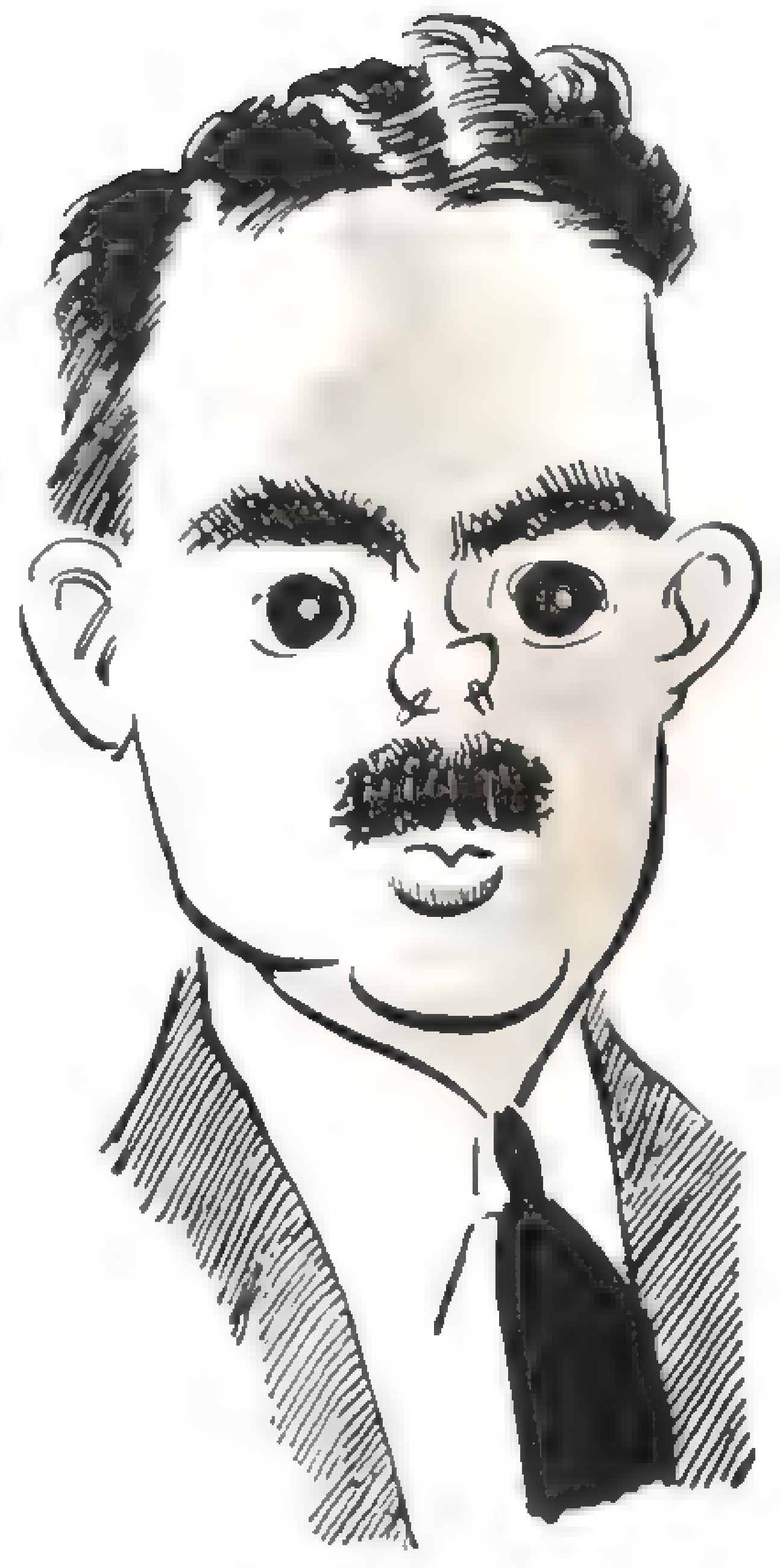
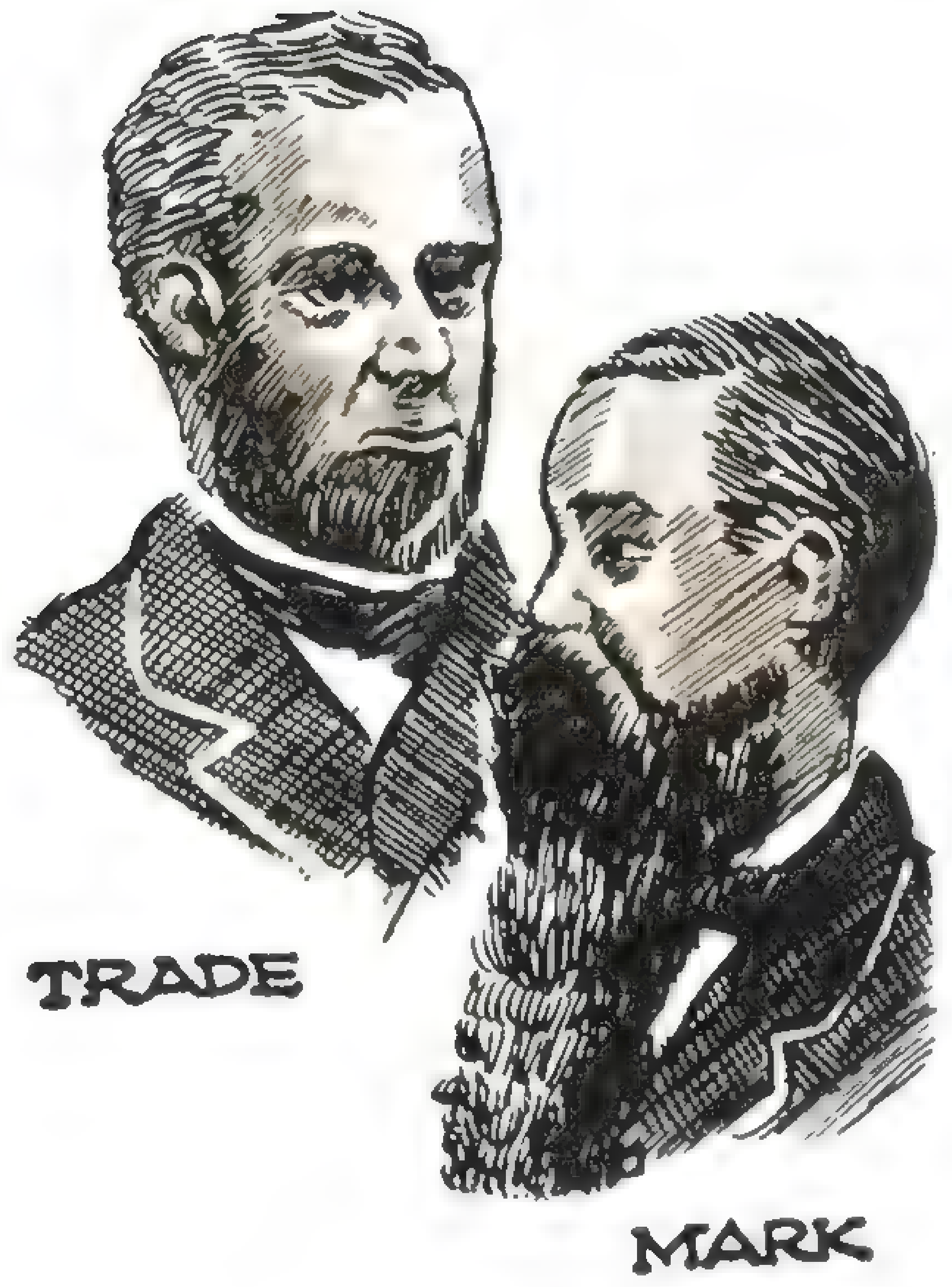
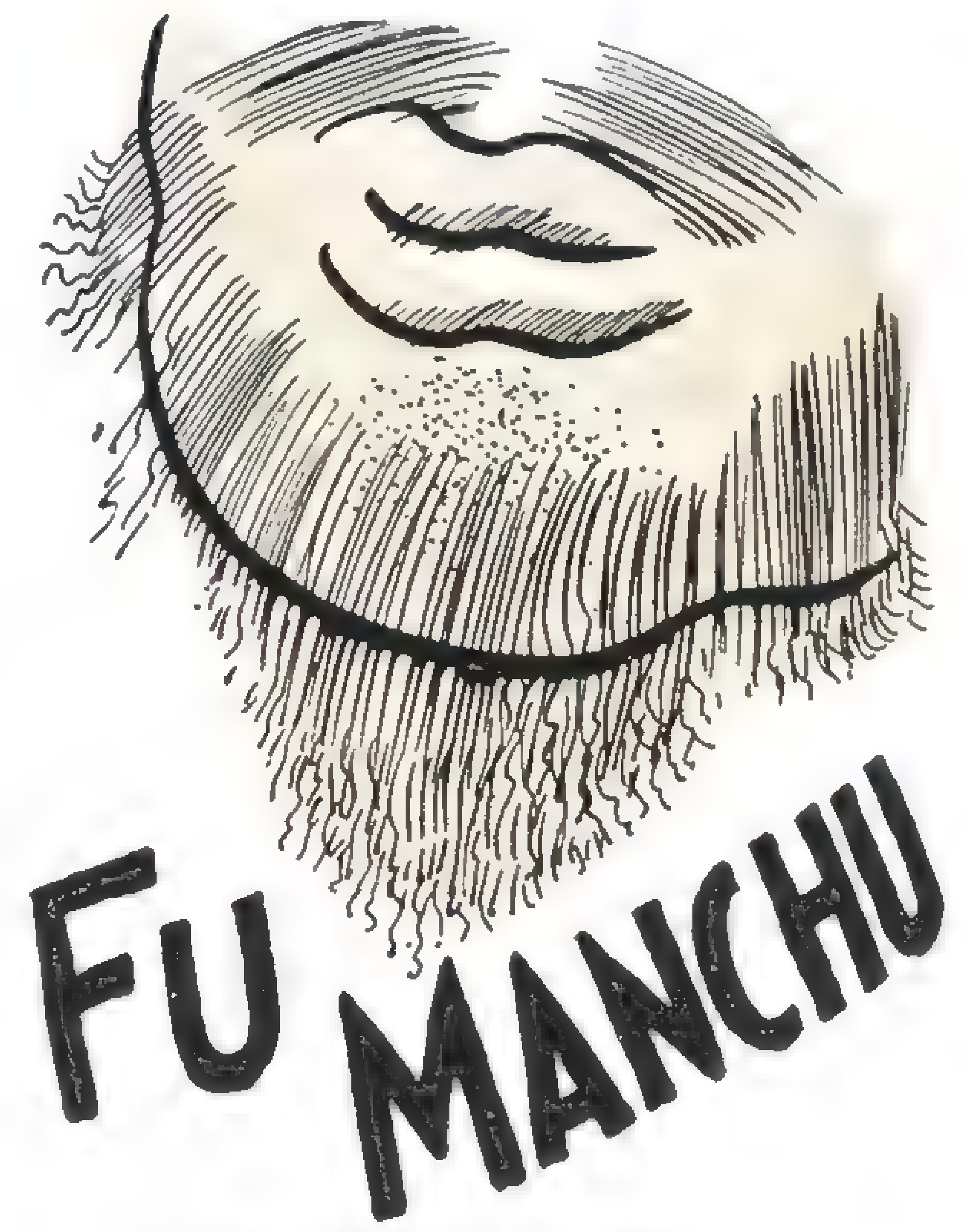


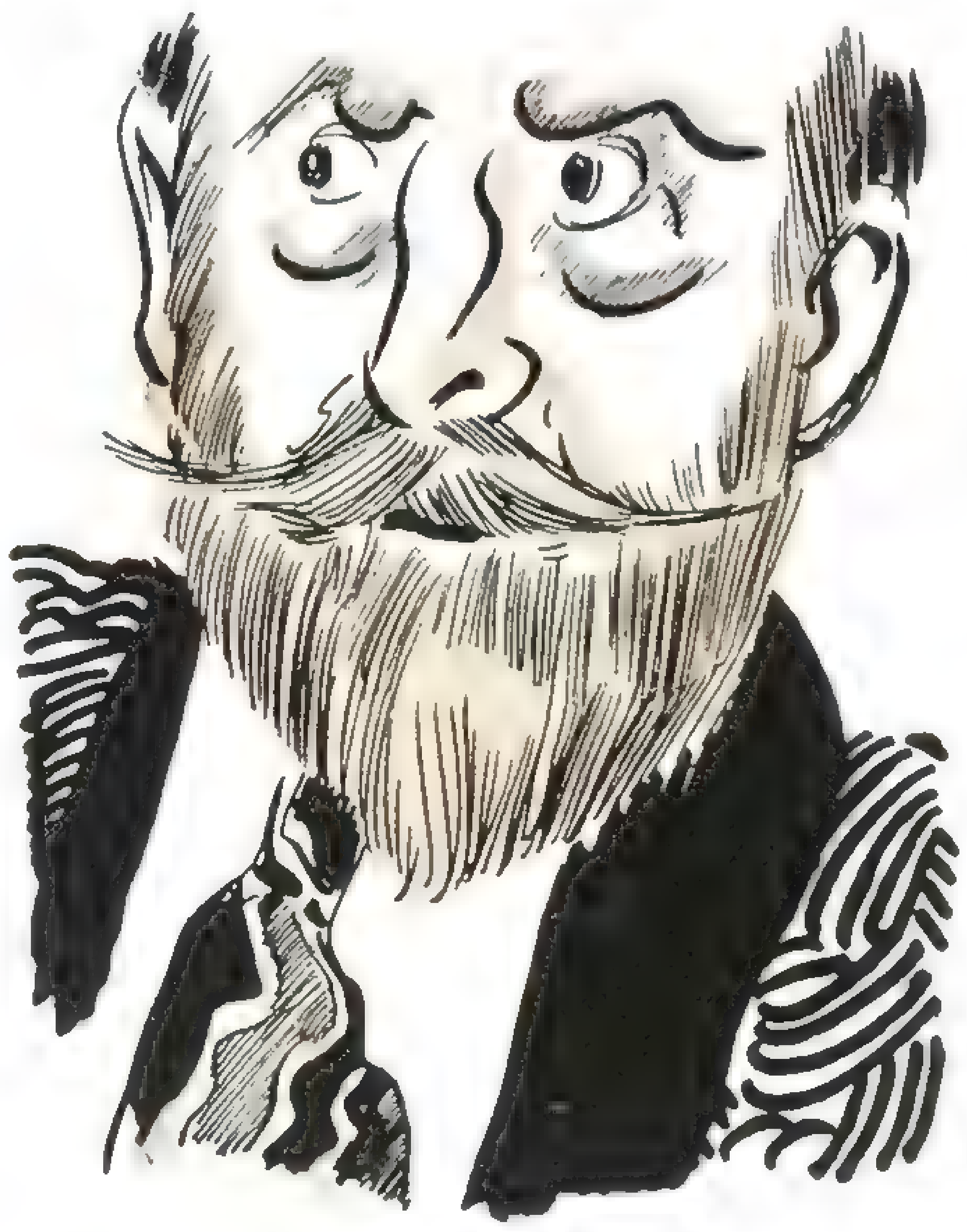
Beards, goatees and smart mustaches
Now are breaking out like rashes!



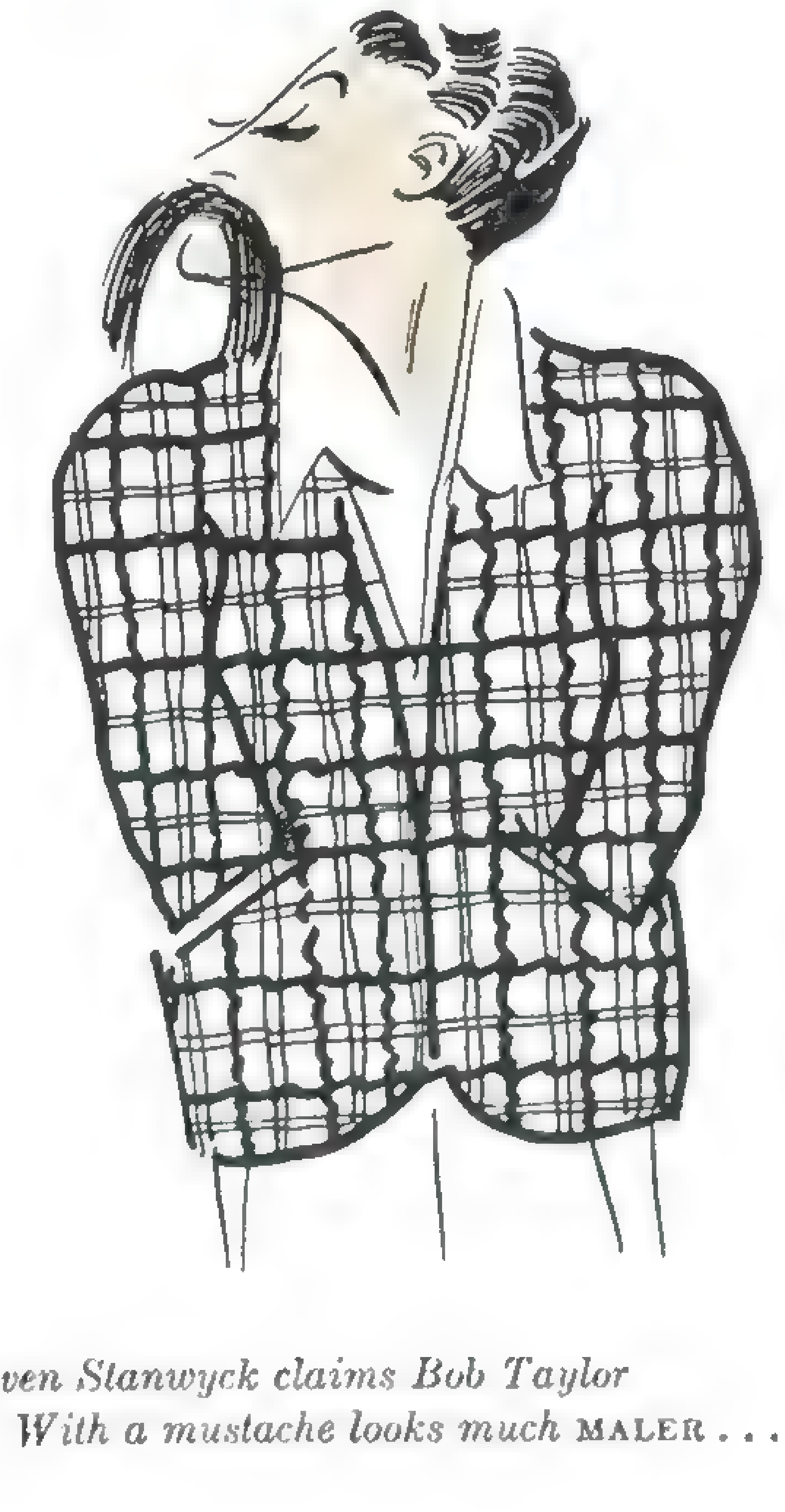
Once again we've caught the spark
Kindled high by Trade and Mark!



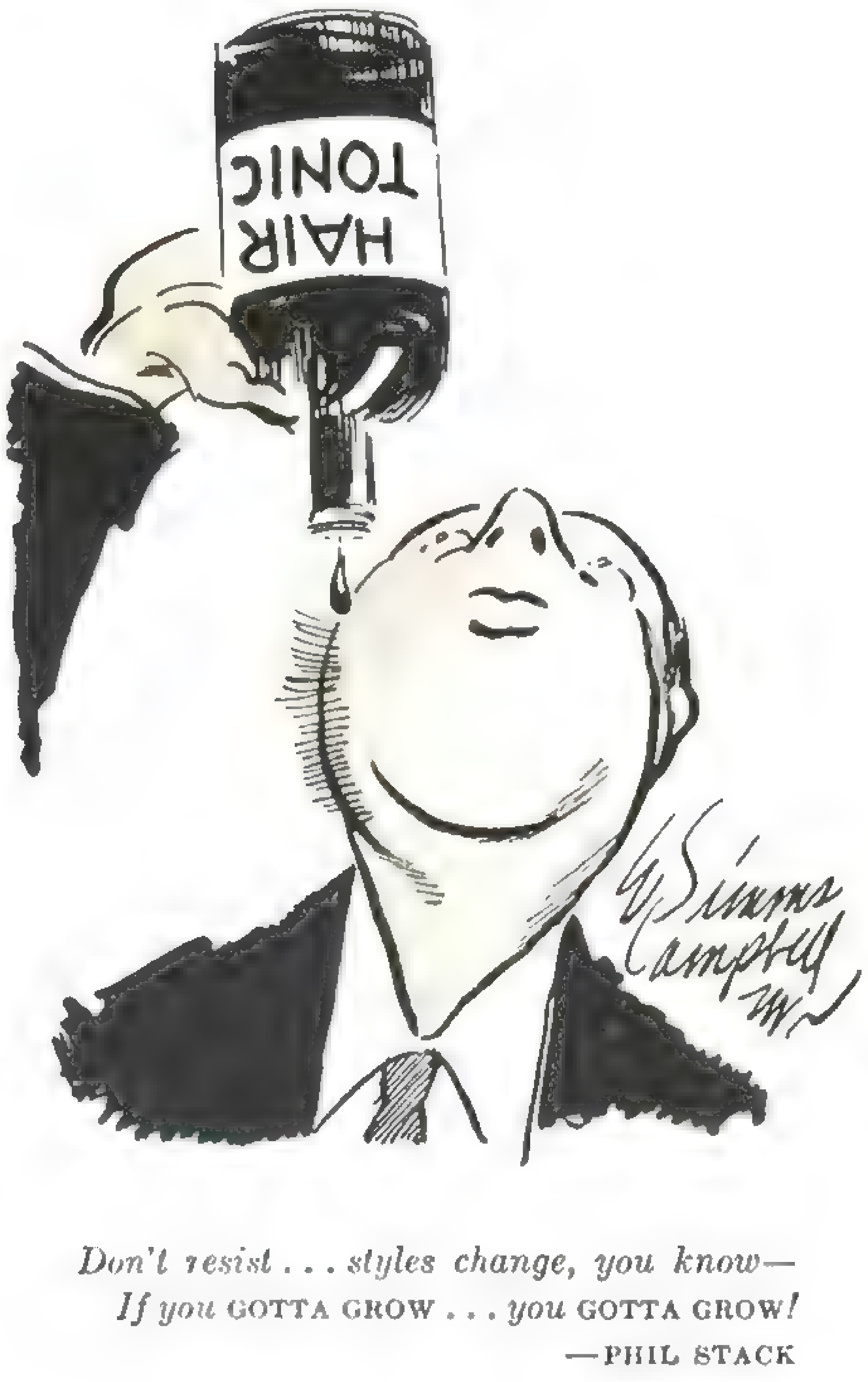
Take a look at Orson's beard . . .
Do you wonder we got skeered?



And "The Man Who Came to Dinner"
Boasts a hedge that IS *a winner!*



Even Stanwyck claims Bob Taylor
With a mustache looks much MALER . . .



Don't resist . . . styles change, you know—
If you GOTTA GROW . . . *you* GOTTA GROW!
—PHIL STACK

Up Queer Street

After that punch, everything changed: they were just two black boys sailing on the white canvas in the bright sun

by LEN ZINBERG

• FICTION •

℞

After the first round Andy knew it was going to be a hard fight. He was fighting a tough slugger named James "Sandy" Clarke and he was a very dark Negro from the West Indies, much darker than Andy.

In the first round he boxed well and had little difficulty in cracking Clarke with left hooks, but Clarke was short and chesty and powerful—his arms full of thick muscles—and he kept coming in, right hand cocked, taking Andy's left hooks without even grunting. Near the end of the round Clarke let his right go and Andy blocked it with his arm and the arm went numb.

When he came to his corner, Max said: "This Clarke baby can sure take it. That damn chin of his must be made of marble or something. Watch out for him—he can hit."

"Don't I know! Rub my right arm. He near tore it off with a punch."

"You haven't hit him with your right yet," Max said nervously. "You haven't hit him solid yet. Be careful, box him all the way, and when you see an opening, blast his jaw off. Listen here, wait now and keep to boxing 'cause he's tough as hell. You can out-box him easy, but I think I kind of over-matched you this trip, kid, so be careful as hell."

"I'm not losing this one, yet."

"And you ain't going to! You can trim him—if you keep boxing. But be careful! Don't slug—wait till you see an opening a yard wide before you let your right go. And keep cool." Max's voice was low and tense, and he held his cigar butt tightly in the corner of his mouth as he talked.

As he went out for the second round, Max said: "Keep your left going. Hold it in his face all the time, so's he can't get set. And for God's sake don't slug with him!"

Through his mouthpiece Andy tried to say: "I won't—for *my* sake too." He felt pretty calm, this was a game, real sport; Clarke stalked him, right hand ready, and Andy had to jab and hook and run.

Andy came out dancing, and he jabbed and feinted and Clarke fell for most of the feints. Once Clarke took six jabs in a row on the face and the fans began laughing and counting out loud with each stinging jab. But he took them all, his dead pan never changing. And he kept coming in, sure as a tank, coming in with that right ready. Crouched low, his face and body hidden behind his heavy arms, his small eyes fixed on Andy's chin, he came in, waiting for one good shot.

Andy left-hooked him on the jaw and Clarke blinked and tried to roll with the punch, but he didn't do it very well and it was a hard blow and it shook him. Andy feinted with his left, as if for the stomach, and as the dark boy lowered his right to protect his belly, Andy stepped in to the left and standing flat on the canvas shot over his right and it hit just under the side of the jaw. Clarke staggered and covered up and Andy sent over two fast left hooks and another right, all too high on the face. He could hear the sudden roar of the mob fill the arena as he caught Clarke with another hard right just above the jaw and Clarke stumbled over to the ropes, his hands about his head. Andy came charging in for the kill and as he reached him, he saw Clarke suddenly straighten up, a half smile on his dark face, and he knew that he had been a sucker—Clarke's right was coming up from some place.

Andy was out of position and as he frantically raised his own right to shield his jaw, he saw something bright and dazzling before his eyes.

He stared at the bright object for a while, looking at it from all angles, wondering what it was and where it came from and what the hell happened to Clarke and the fight. It was a fierce golden-white brightness but it didn't seem to hurt his eyes much. Then he knew he was on his back and looking up at the ring lights, only the lights seemed very near, almost on top of his eyes. He was on his back, but he couldn't get excited about it. As he squinted at the brightness, something dark flew past his eyes and then it flew past again and he said what the hell? and saw that it was the ref's hand. He looked up at the fat referee, who seemed very near and large and pinkish looking, and the ref was staring down at him and he had big eyes, like a fish. He saw the ref's lips form the word "five" but he didn't hear the sound. He sat up in the bright light and he could almost feel the light on his skin, and waited a long time till the ref's lips formed the word "eight" and then Andy got up. Getting up was a funny sensation, as if he were a balloon going up—he was just rising from the canvas—as if he were being lifted to his feet. He had nothing to do with it, he just thought I had better get up, and he was up. His head, his body, and his legs, seemed to be three separate parts and he had an idea his legs were walking away and leaving his body in mid-air. The funny thing was that he didn't give a damn. Then the ref was before him, on top of him, and everything wa a blur of grey and pink.

The referee pulled Andy to him and rubbed Andy's gloves against his grey shirt, to take any rosin from the canvas. Then he stepped away and Andy flexed his muscles and turned to face Clarke, on his toes and ready to box.

The canvas was a sea of white, stretching for miles and miles and he was standing alone in the middle of all this bright whiteness. A dark object came hurtling across the canvas at him and a smaller dark object left the big dark body and came sailing through the air at his face. He watched it for awhile, then his

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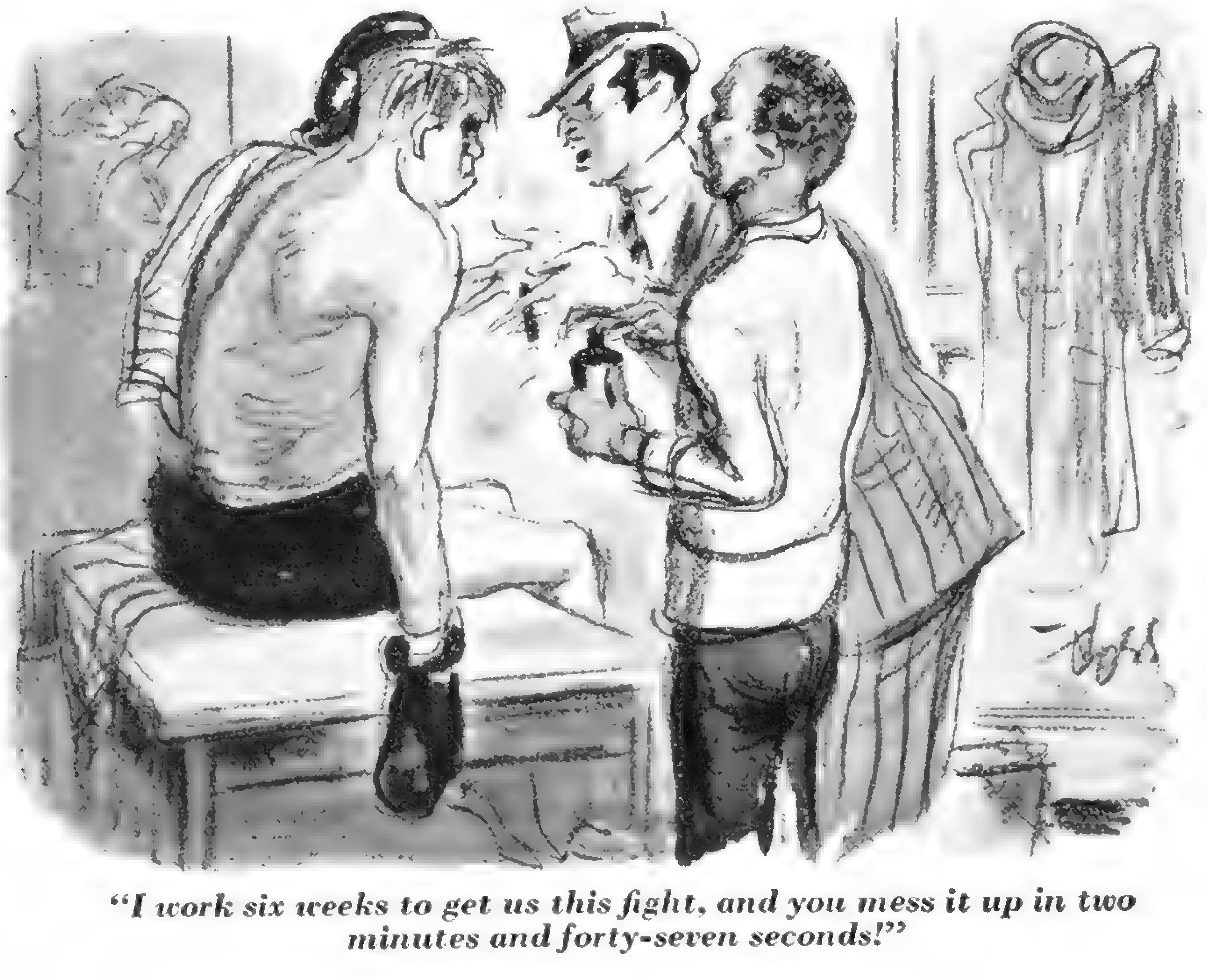
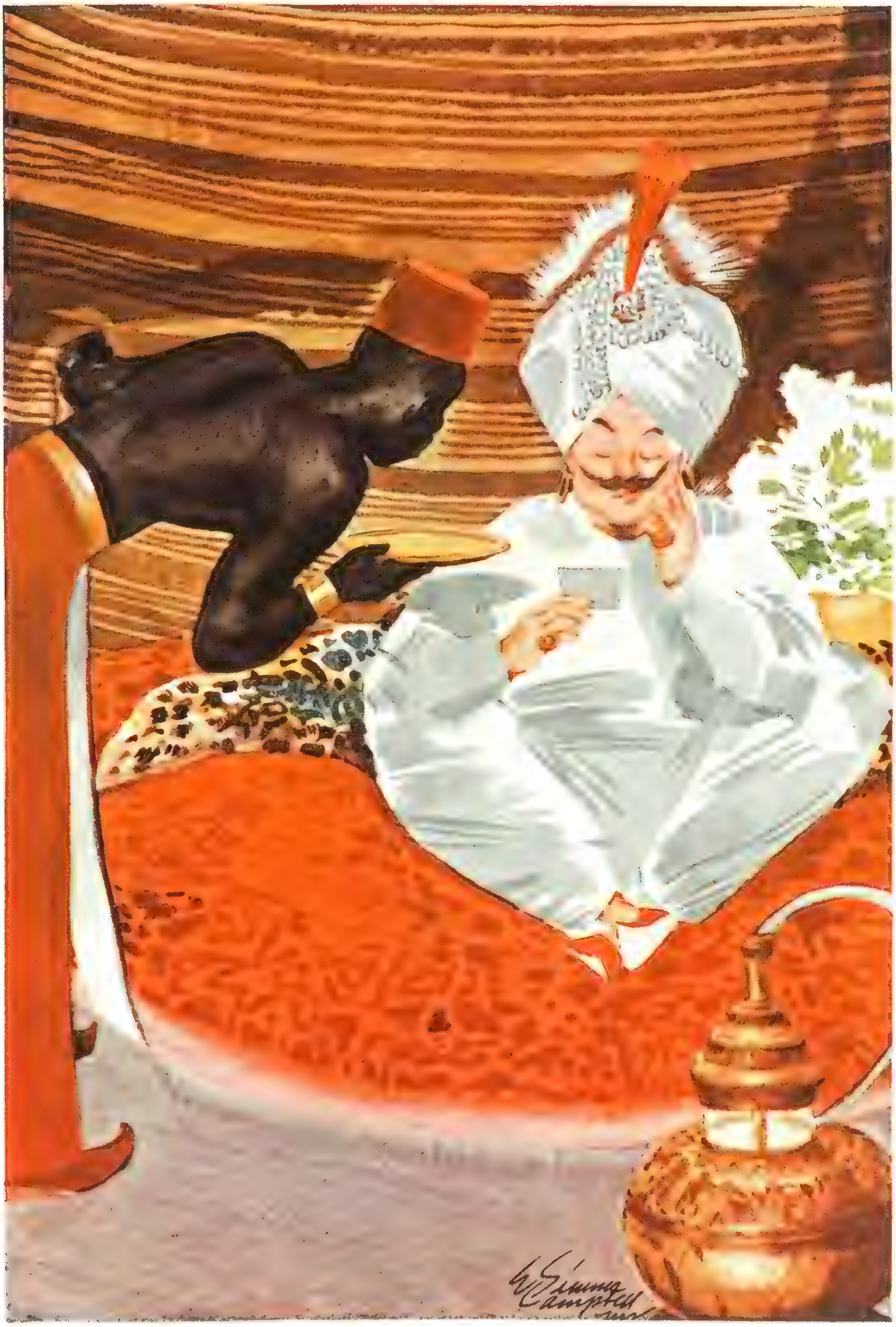
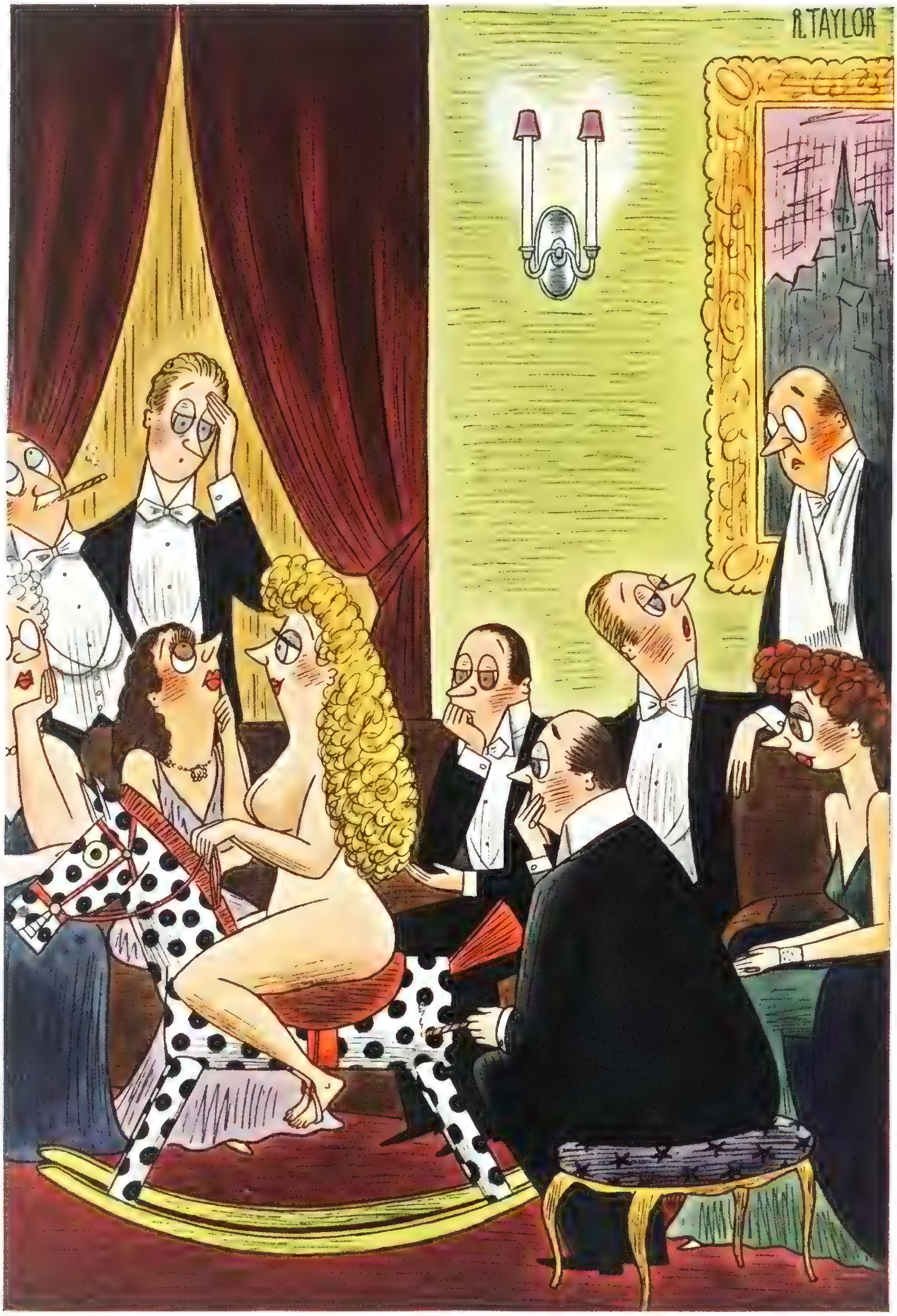


"I work six weeks to get us this fight, and you mess it up in two minutes and forty-seven seconds!"


E. Simms Campbell

"M-m-mmm, she used to work for Tommy Manville, eh? Show the blonde right in"



"We're playing 'Who Am I'—and your wife's got us stumped"

The Whole Rotten System

Goaded by all those books prying into the convict's mind, one self-made criminal writes his own story

by LOUIS PAUL

• SATIRE •

"I GOT a terrific story wrote up here," said Seventy-Six.

Forty-Five raised his eyes from the white thread belt he was weaving. It was Saturday afternoon, and the privileged convicts were having their recreation period in the Yard. "So what's terrific about it?"

Seventy-Six slipped a wad of foolscap from his grey blouse. "What's terrific about it! Why, this here story goes ahead and shows up the whole rotten system. I give it a very powerful title. I call it *Injustice*."

"What whole rotten system?" inquired Forty-Five mildly. "Here, take a holt of this ball while I unwind it a little."

Seventy-Six held the ball of thread for his companion. "Why, the prison system. It shows up the whole rotten prison system. It shows up more than the whole prison system, though. It starts back in childhood and shows what chance is a kid got on account of environment."

"That's pretty deep," said Forty-Five.

"Sure it's deep. It's also very powerful. It's semi-autobiographical."

Forty-Five looked up quizzically. "Huh?"

"That's what I call it. *Injustice:* The Semi-Autobiography of a Self-Made Convict. Whenever I get pretty sore about something in it, I go ahead and make stuff up out of my own head. That's why I call it semi-autobiography."

"Well, what's it about?" asked Forty-Five.

Seventy-Six sighed. "That's what I'm telling you. It's the life's history of a life of crime, based on the experiences of the author. It puts the blame for crime where it belongs."

"Yeah?"

"Yessir. It puts the blame for crime right on the shoulders of Society. First it gives the lowdown on poor kids that's raised in the slums. Then it tells how poor kids have to go swiping stuff, and that gets the cops down on them. Once the cops are down on them they haven't got a chance. So they get caught robbing warehouses or something and get sent up. Then is when the whole rotten prison system begins. Finally the prison system dubs them criminals."

"Well, so what?" said Forty-Five.

"So what? So every little while you see a article in a newspaper or a magazine that says crime is costing the country more money than WPA, or even cosmetics. Well, this here story I got wrote here tackles the problem from the point of view of the criminal that's costing the country so much money. When you read this story it practically tears your heart out."

"You mean it's sad?"

"Sad! It lays bare the raw soul of a human being. That's what makes it so terrific. It also tells a lot of anecdotes of fellows like killers and bank robbers, and shows that underneath they're not half so hard-boiled like they try to make out. There's one part in it that tells about a killer named Soapy, only that's a thinly-disguised non de plume. This character Soapy is a real killer that I meet up with years ago in the pen when he's waiting his turn in the hot-seat. Honest, there's never a gentler guy nowhere than this Soapy. A bird with a busted wing makes him go into tears. Only every now and then he gives in to a weakness for heroin, which makes him run around killing cops. Except for this one little weakness this Soapy is the nicest guy you'd want to meet. The thing is, nobody understands him. All he wants is a little kindness or something, and maybe he'll break himself of this bad habit. But no. The System gets sore and gives him the hot-seat."

"I don't see nothin' wrong with that," Forty-Five observed. "After all—"

"You don't get at the point," interrupted Seventy-Six. "The point of the anecdote is a little deep, because it's a sort of an illustration, see. And the illustration is this. Society is just as much to blame for Soapy's crimes as Soapy is. Only you never see Society get the hot-seat. No. They pick on poor old Soapy. That's the point of the illustration."

"Yes," said Forty-Five. "But suppose, for instance, a jury found Society guilty of killin' them cops. Then how would you ever go about givin' Society the hot-seat?"

Seventy-Six thought this query over for a moment, and decided it was irrelevant. "That's all beside the point. What I'm telling you is about this semi-autobiography I write. And one of the main reasons I write this semi-autobiography is on account of wardens."

"Wardens of stirs?"

"Is there wardens of anything else?"

"There's game wardens," Forty-Five pointed out.

"Nuts," said Seventy-Six. "You don't think anybody that reads a story called The Semi-Autobiography of a Self-Made Convict is gonna think I'm talking about game wardens."

"Well, what's wardens ever done to you except keep you locked up?"

"In the first place, wardens is at the head of the whole rotten prison system. Above and beyond that, all these here wardens is bustin' out all the time with books about what goes on inside convicts' minds and so forth. So where does a warden get off to write books on what goes on inside convicts' minds? It isn't bad enough that Society makes convicts of guys and then shoves them in the clink, but they take and hire wardens to keep 'em locked up, and then these same wardens got the nerve to write books telling what goes on inside the convicts' minds. So why don't somebody come along with a

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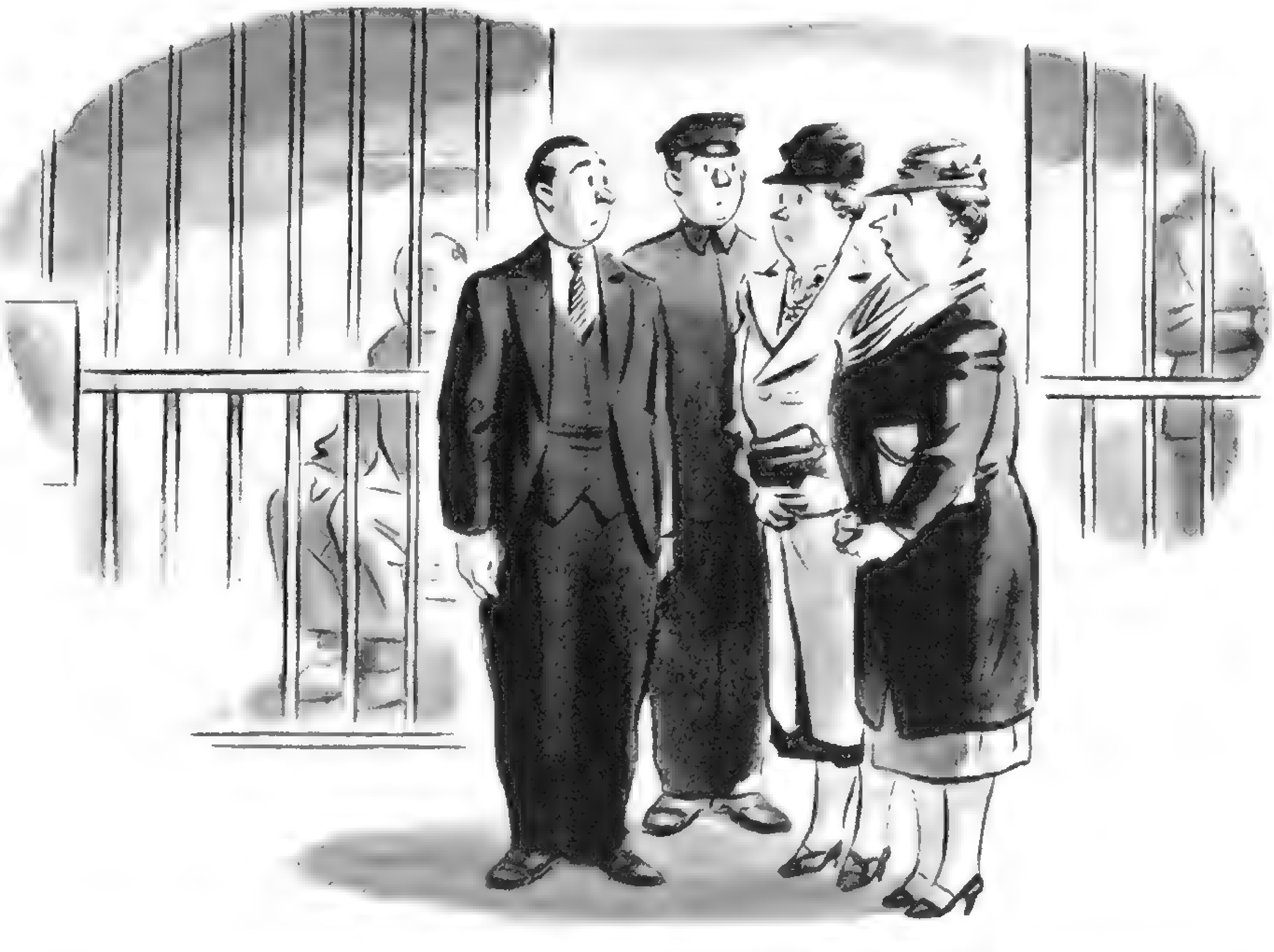


"Now that we've seen everything else, we'd like to see the place where you pamper them"

Lord and Ladies

Dulcie and Ettie said they must take their chance, for they both could not be Madame la Comtesse

by GEORGE SLOCOMBE

• FICTION •

Dulcie arched her penciled eyebrows and pouted at her reflection in the mirror which she shared with Ettie.

"Did you see him?" she asked, "he was in front again tonight."

Ettie smiled at a face in the mirror that might have been Dulcie's if Dulcie's had not been there alongside it.

"He is very handsome, isn't he?"

"And so pale!" breathed Dulcie.

"How becoming a white face is with black hair," said Ettie.

"So romantic looking."

"I cannot help wondering . . ." began Ettie as she applied the hare's foot to her delicate cheek.

"Yes, I know . . ." said Dulcie dusting the merest thistledown of powder over a cheek equally delicate.

". . . what he finds in us," concluded Ettie.

"First in Paris," recalled Dulcie.

"Then in Budapest."

"No, Florence, I think," corrected Dulcie gently.

"Then Rome."

"And Amsterdam, where we went ice skating and saw him, do you remember?"

"And London."

"Where we danced one night at the Savoy."

"And now here."

"And now here."

"I wonder . . ." began Ettie again, and blushed.

". . . when we shall find out . . ." prompted Dulcie.

"Who . . ." said Ettie, and stopped. Somebody knocked at the door.

"*Entrez!*" cried Dulcie and Ettie together breathlessly. A callboy came into the dressing room behind a large bouquet tied with a broad mauve ribbon.

"Orchids," said Ettie and Dulcie together on the same note. Then Dulcie said. "Who sent them?"

"See if there is a card," pleaded Ettie.

"No, don't bother," said Dulcie. "You know he never . . ."

"No, of course not," said Ettie penitently.

But the boy was diving into a pocket of his too-tightly fitting suit. Then he produced a crumpled piece of pasteboard.

"Gent left his card," he said, and went out whistling.

He had given the card to Dulcie, who was nearest to him, but Dulcie handed it to Ettie. "You read it, Ettie!"

Ettie took the thin card and hesitated. Then she thrust it in Dulcie's hand. "I can't see very well. This light in the mirror . . ."

Finally they both read the card, each holding it between a thumb and a forefinger.

"*Vicomte de Maufrigneuse*," they recited together.

"He is French," said Ettie.

"And a Vicomte," cried Dulcie.

"I am wondering . . ." said Ettie.

"So am I . . ." said Dulcie.

"If we should not ask him to tea," said Ettie with all the daring she could muster.

"Frenchmen don't drink tea," objected Dulcie.

"Then let us ask him to drink a glass of champagne with us."

"Would he, do you think? A Vicomte?"

"Why not?" said Ettie firmly. "Since he sends us orchids."

"After all," reflected Dulcie, "it is not as if he were a total stranger."

"We have known him quite a long time," said Ettie.

"A year ago last March."

"March the twelfth to be exact," said Ettie.

"In Paris," completed Dulcie.

"At the Velodrome d'Hiver."

"We had our new mink coats," said Dulcie. But Ettie uttered a little cry.

"What is it, dear?"

"We don't know how to find him."

"My dear, a Vicomte, in New York! Herr Hatvany will know how to go about it." Herr Hatvany, small and stout and bald, was their manager.

"We must be very formal," said Ettie.

"Of course," nodded Dulcie to her sage reflection.

"Should we beg the Vicomte . . ." began Ettie . . .

"Monsieur le Vicomte," corrected Dulcie.

"Yes of course . . . Monsieur le Vicomte . . . to be kind enough to accept the invitation of Les Demoiselles . . . or is it Mademoiselles or Mesdemoiselles . . ."

"We could say Mlles," said Dulcie.

"The Mlles. Dulcinea and Etruria . . ." recited Ettie to the mirror. Then she blushed and was silent.

* * *

With one movement Dulcie and Ettie sprang to their feet as the Vicomte de Maufrigneuse was announced. They had no time to rush to the mirror, and now they missed the comfort and the intimacy of the little dressing room at the theatre, where the mirror faced them all the time, and all they had to do to arrest a straying curl was to put out a hand and touch it, and they could see themselves all the time as the world saw them. And so they stood before the white, fur-covered canapé on which they had been sitting, near the fire of logs which burned in the open fireplace because although the hotel suite was overheated and the spring shone warmly in through the open windows they loved a log fire almost all the year round. It reminded them of the Carpathian Forest in which they had been born.

The Vicomte de Maufrigneuse came into the room and bowed. He stood near the door and bowed. He made two or three steps forward and bowed again. Dulcie and Ettie curtsied, as the girls in the Carpathian Forest had done when a nobleman's carriage stopped outside the inn, and the nobleman descended to drink a glass of Tokay wine and warm his chilled hands and feet near the great porcelain stove. Then the Vicomte looked at Dulcie and spoke:

"Mademoiselle . . ." he began. He was a tall young man, and very pale.

"This is Dulcie," interrupted Ettie. The Vicomte bowed at the introduction. "Mademoiselle Dulcie . . ." he went on.

"This," said Dulcie, "is my sister Ettie."

The Vicomte bowed again, turning politely to Ettie, who said to herself: "As if we could be anything else but sisters."

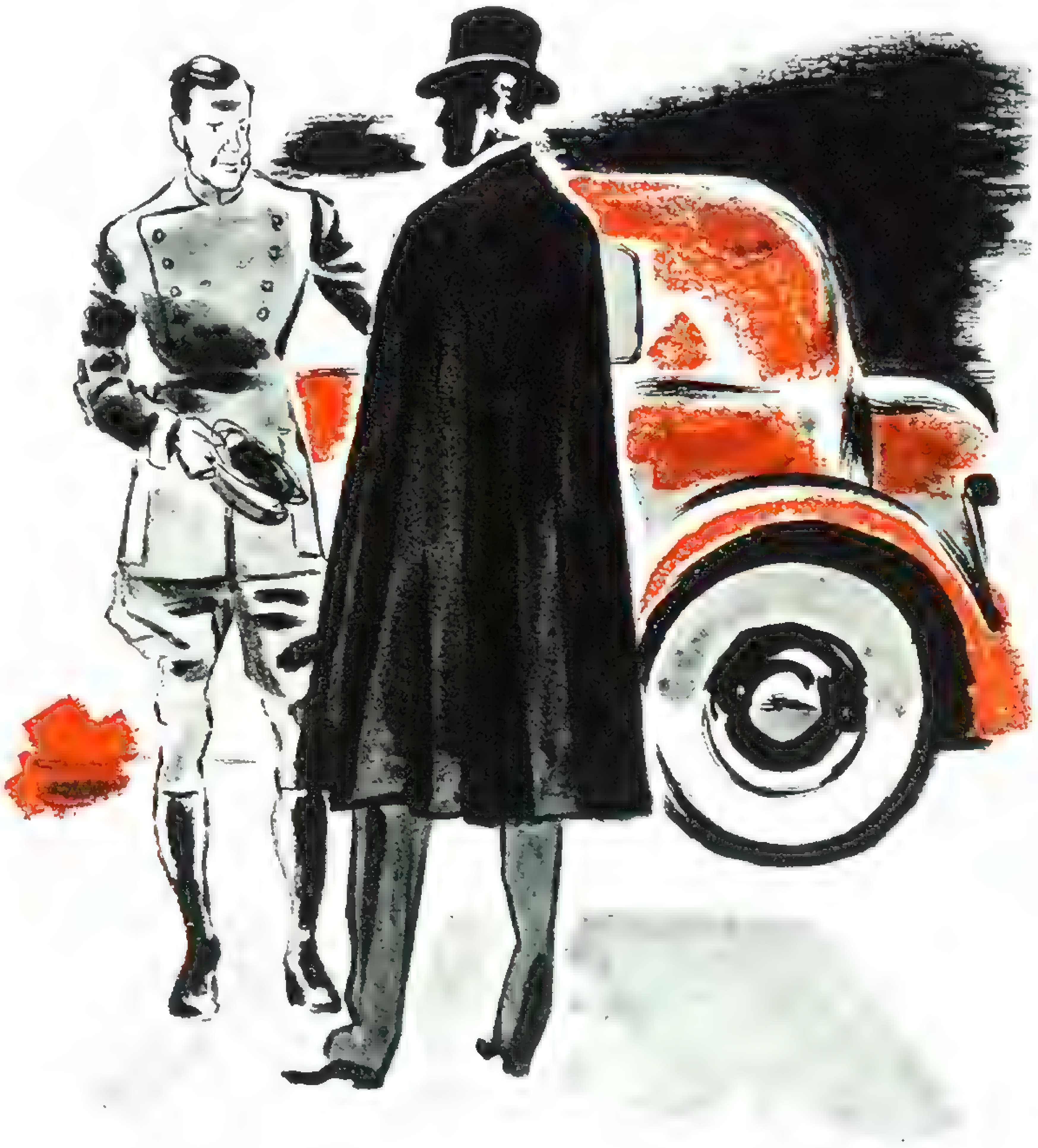
"Mesdemoiselles" he began again, and Dulcie and Ettie smiled at each other knowingly.

"Pray be seated, Monsieur le Vicomte" said Dulcie.

"Yes, do sit down, please!" begged Ettie.

With the same gliding movement with which they had risen on his entry, Dulcie and Ettie resumed their place on the fur-covered sofa, and then only was it evident that the girls were not only sisters, they were twins, and not only twins but Siamese twins, but so gracefully made, and so beautifully dressed and smiling together so winningly and happily, that one could not think of them as an unfortunate freak of nature, but rather as of some separate and wonderful species of mankind, an early and beautiful creation of God like the centaurs and the fauns, the satyrs and the dryads.

So evidently thought the Vicomte de Maufrigneuse, for he sat down on the edge of his chair and looked first at Dulcie and then at Ettie, then at Dulcie again with a mixture of timidity and admiration in his blue eyes, for his eyes were blue as Ettie had known they would be, and the blue eyes in the deathly pale face under the black hair made him seem very much younger than he was, which was young enough.



The door opened silently, and a waiter brought in champagne in a cooler and glasses, which he set on a little table near the Vicomte. Then he came in again wheeling a low table covered with cakes and muffins and teacups and tea which began to fill the room with a delicious perfume even more nostalgic to the girls than the odor of the burning logs.

"We usually drink tea in the afternoon," said Dulcie, "but we knew you would prefer champagne."

"Of course you must drink champagne. We will all drink champagne!" said Ettie most eagerly.

"But indeed," protested the Vicomte, "there is nothing in the world I like more than tea."

"Are you sure?" asked Dulcie, hesitating before she signed to the waiter to open the bottle.

"I knew it!" said Ettie gleefully. "He drinks tea."

"I never drink champagne," insisted the Vicomte. "In that respect I am not a good Maufrigneuse."

"Your family do not approve of tea?" asked Ettie.

"They detest it," said the Vicomte, smiling. "My father, I am afraid, has given me up as lost."

Dulcie poured out the tea, and Ettie handed a cup to the Vicomte.

"Do you like muffins?" asked Ettie.

"I adore them," said the Vicomte, taking two absentmindedly and forgetting to eat them.

"It was very kind of you to send us orchids," said Dulcie.

"We love orchids," added Ettie.

"I am so happy to hear it," said the Vicomte.

"Don't you love traveling?" asked Ettie.

"No, I hate it," said the Vicomte.

"Then you must have some very important business here," said Dulcie sagely.

"No!" said the Vicomte.

"No business?" echoed Ettie.

"Perhaps you have friends here?"

"No," said the Vicomte.

"Then you have friends in London?" insisted Dulcie.

"No."

"In Budapest then?" asked Ettie in bewilderment.

"No."

"In Amsterdam, in Paris, in Rome?"

"No, I don't know anybody in any of those cities."

"Why," cried Ettie, "we thought you were so popular."

"Yes," said Dulcie, "a regular cosmopolitan."

"We have seen you in so many places, you seem to have such a good time traveling 'round the world."

"And I," said the Vicomte, putting down his cup of tea untasted, "have seen you in so many places."

"Yes, isn't it strange?" said Dulcie.

"It's like being old friends," said Ettie, blushing slightly.

When one of the sisters blushed, the Vicomte noticed, the other blushed also, but it was always Ettie who blushed first. When he knew them better, it became a kind of secret jest with him, to make Ettie blush and then watch for the delicate wave of pink to flood the cheeks of Dulcie. While he was making this discovery he had fallen silent, and in silence his eyes looked melancholy and his white face with the high prominent cheekbones and the pale skin more romantic looking than ever.

"Do you like New York?" prompted Dulcie.

"I don't know. I have scarcely seen it."

"One day perhaps you will drive with us in Central Park," said Dulcie.

"We will show you the bears," added Ettie, who dimly remembered having seen bears in her childhood.

"In that case, I am quite willing to adore New York," said the Vicomte eagerly. When he smiled, the girls noticed, his eyes became bluer.

"You are not drinking your tea," said Dulcie.

"Perhaps you would prefer champagne after all," suggested Ettie.

"Yes," said Dulcie, "let us send this tea away and drink the champagne."

The Vicomte opened the bottle and poured the thin golden wine into the glasses. Then he touched his own glass to theirs and said solemnly: "Mademoiselle Dulcie and Mademoiselle Ettie. I drink to your beauty and happiness."

Ettie began to blush and Dulcie after her.

"Monsieur le Vicomte," said Dulcie with absurd solemnity, "we hope you will enjoy long life and prosperity."

"We hope you will be very happy," added Ettie. "And don't forget to come with us and look at the bears."

When the Vicomte went away he kissed the hand of each of the sisters. Ettie thought afterwards that he imprinted a more ardent kiss on the hand of Dulcie, but Dulcie remembered that he had held Ettie's a trifle longer in his own. Flushed with champagne, tremulous, excited and happy, the twins sat in the spring twilight and stared into the log fire. That night at the theatre they sang, for the first time, tenderly and plaintively, a song in their native tongue. This time they did not receive orchids from the Vicomte, but roses. Perhaps he was thinking of the faint rose which sprang in Ettie's cheek and spread to Dulcie's. On his card he had written: "To

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Okie Success Story

Realizing too many Dust Bowlers were a menace, Hannifer decided to cut loose and go another way

by ERIC HOWARD

• ARTICLE •

I SHOULD be the last to contend, or even to suggest, that the experiences of John Hannifer in the state of California in any way disprove the established facts regarding the suffering and persecution of those dust-bowl refugees who, following their star, moved westward from Oklahoma into the fruitful valleys of the Golden State. Those facts have been ably presented.

But John Hannifer is a man, an Okie and an individual. His story is worth the telling.

Here, in this little valley that lies high between the Verdugo Hills and the Sierra Madres, we have a little community that is an interesting cross section of American life. At the top, living on beautiful estates, we have a few millionaires. The publisher of two metropolitan papers, for example; an oil man; a retired banker; an executive and major stockholder in a vast public utility system. We have a few movie stars, one or two radio entertainers. All of them, here in the valley, are regarded as friendly, human people; they drive around in highly varnished station wagons, they patronize the same small shops, they put on no side.

The middle class is represented by salesmen, merchants, lawyers, doctors. On Saturdays and Sundays you will find most of them, in old clothes, working in their gardens.

Then there is a very large class of workers, many of them having no regular jobs in these times, but willing to do anything that comes their way. Most of them keep a few rabbits and chickens, have vegetable gardens, and manage fairly well on very small cash incomes. At our little movie theatre, a handy man may sit next to one of our valley millionaires; they may be good friends.

There are a good many handy men in the valley; and whenever an enthusiastic gardener decides to plant trees, build a rock wall or bring in a load of top soil rich in leaf mold, he calls on a handy man.

John Hannifer, I heard, was the man to see about top soil.

John is a short, close-coupled man, about five feet six, with powerful arms and shoulders. He has the brightest, keenest blue eyes I have ever looked into. I found him, in the yard back of his house, tinkering with a very ancient dump truck that couldn't be worth more than ten dollars in the used car market. He had three such trucks in the yard. When I told him what I wanted, he went to the back of the truck, reached in and brought out a handful of damp, black, rich earth.

He held it in his hand, affectionately.

"Hit's got life in it," he said. "Life in it."

There was something almost worshipful in the way he said that, in the way he handled the dirt. He pointed out the garden he had made, the trees he had set out.

Most of the soil, here in the valley, is alluvial deposit, stony and covered with desert-type vegetation. Hannifer had filled in his own lot with rich, leafy loam. It had life in it; it would produce.

I arranged with him to bring me six truck loads of the dirt. He arrived, at seven the next morning, with the first load. He had got up at five, had driven his truck up into an oak-filled canyon, where he got the soil, and had loaded up. He made the six trips during the morning. He was gone such a little time, between trips, that I supposed he had help at the other end in loading the truck.

But he hadn't. He explained to me, after bringing the last load, that in order to make wages he had to do the whole job himself. The truck used a lot of gasoline because the motor was almost worn out, he had to pay the land owner a small fee on each load, and he was selling the dirt at a low price.

He wiped his brow, grinned and said, "Man, I sure been workin'."

He relaxed, squatting in the shade, and rolled a cigarette.

Then he told me his story. He had left Oklahoma, where he had been a tenant farmer, when everything went bad there. He and his brother, his wife and three children, had piled everything they could carry on an old car and had set out for California, joining a cavalcade of their kind. He had believed that there was work in California—chopping cotton, picking fruit, general farming.

But after having a lot of grief on the way, their welcome to the Golden State was anything but pleasant. Officers pushed them around, from one place to another.

"Hit made me so blamed mad I couldn't see!" he said. "We was all out o' money an' the youngest kid was sick an' my woman wasn't feelin' good. We was all bunched up in a camp on the river. There was sure a lot o' misery there, mister."

Rumors of work spread through the camp and the people packed up to travel on, in pursuit of jobs. But each time it seemed that the jobs were still farther away. The people in the camps would desperately go on, hoping that the latest rumor would not be merely a rumor—or a means of getting them out of the way.

"I begun to see through hit," Hannifer said. "By Jesus, they was shovin' us around. Nobody wanted us nowhere. Ev'ry county jist wanted to git us over the line. They was always work on beyond, up north in the valley, somewheres. I begun to see through hit an' I tried to figger hit out. We was all out o' money an' the kid was sick. I sat down an' talked hit out with the folks."

He realized that as long as he and his family remained with the others—several hundred of them—they would be part of a crowd that was a nuisance and a menace to the health, safety and comfort of the county

Continued in center of page 140

CODES
JEFF KEATE

"As near as I can make out, Major, Winchell means they're in love!"

SUBMARINE INTERLUDE: An Etching By M. A. Gaug

ALIFORNIA
MISS NEW YORK
MISS TEXAS
MISS WASHINGTON
ISS MISS

MISS FLORIDA
MISS VIRGINIA
MISS KANSAS
MISS MARYLAND
MAINE
OHIO

"It looks to me like Miss Texas in a walk!"

Pat Hobby Does His Bit

Pat had no idea that the departure of the English actress would change the course of his Hollywood career

by F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

• FICTION •

IN ORDER to borrow money gracefully one must choose the time and place. It is a difficult business, for example, when the borrower is cockeyed, or has measles, or a conspicuous shiner. One could continue indefinitely but the inauspicious occasions can be catalogued as one—it is exceedingly difficult to borrow money when one needs it.

Pat Hobby found it difficult in the case of an actor on a set during the shooting of a moving picture. It was about the stiffest chore he had ever undertaken but he was doing it to save his car. To a sordidly commercial glance the jalopy would not have seemed worth saving but, because of Hollywood's great distances, it was an indispensable tool of the writer's trade.

"The finance company—" explained Pat, but Gyp McCarthy interrupted.

"I got some business in this next take. You want me to blow up on it?"

"I only need twenty," persisted Pat, "I can't get jobs if I have to hang around my bedroom."

"You'd save money that way—you don't get jobs anymore."

This was cruelly correct. But working or not Pat liked to pass his days in or near a studio. He had reached a dolorous and precarious forty-nine with nothing else to do.

"I got a rewrite job promised for next week," he lied.

"Oh, nuts to you," said Gyp. "You better get off the set before Hilliard sees you."

Pat glanced nervously toward the group by the camera—then he played his trump card.

"Once—" he said, "—once I paid for you to have a baby."

"Sure you did!" said Gyp wrathfully, "That was sixteen years ago. And where is it now—it's in jail for running over an old lady without a license!"

"Well I paid for it," said Pat, "Two hundred smackers."

"That's nothing to what it cost me. Would I be stunting at my age if I had dough to lend? Would I be working at all?"

From somewhere in the darkness an assistant director issued an order:

"Ready to go!"

Pat spoke quickly.

"All right," he said, "Five bucks."

"No."

"All right then," Pat's red-rimmed eyes tightened, "I'm going to stand over there and put the hex on you while you say your line."

"Oh, for God's sake!" said Gyp uneasily, "Listen, I'll give you five. It's in my coat over there. Here, I'll get it."

He dashed from the set and Pat heaved a sigh of relief. Maybe Louie, the studio bookie, would let him have ten more.

Again the assistant director's voice:

"Quiet! . . . We'll take it now! . . . Lights!"

The glare stabbed into Pat's eyes, blinding him. He took a step the wrong way—then back. Six other people were in the take—a gangster's hide-out—and it seemed that each was in his way.

"All Right . . . Roll 'em . . . We're turning!"

In his panic Pat had stepped behind a flat which would effectually conceal him. While the actors played their scene he stood there trembling a little, his back hunched—quite unaware that it was a "trolley shot," that the camera, moving forward on its track, was almost upon him.

"You by the window—hey you, *Gyp!* hands up."

Like a man in a dream Pat raised his hands—only then did he realize that he was looking directly into a great black lens—in an instant it also included the English leading woman, who ran past him and jumped out the window. After an interminable second Pat heard the order "Cut!"

Then he rushed blindly through a property door, around a corner, tripping over a cable, recovering himself and tearing for the entrance. He heard footsteps running behind him and increased his gait, but in the doorway itself he was overtaken and turned defensively.

It was the English actress.

"Hurry up!" she cried, "That finishes my work. I'm flying home to England."

As she scrambled into her waiting limousine she threw back a last irrelevant remark. "I'm catching a New York plane in an hour."

Who cares! Pat thought bitterly, as he scurried away.

He was unaware that her repatriation was to change the course of his life.

II

And he did not have the five—he feared that this particular five was forever out of range. Other means must be found to keep the wolf from the two doors of his coupe. Pat left the lot with despair in his heart, stopping only momentarily to get gas for the car and gin for himself, possibly the last of many drinks they had had together.

Next morning he awoke with an aggravated problem. For once he did not want to go to the studio. It was not merely Gyp McCarthy he feared—it was the whole corporate might of a moving picture company, nay of an industry. Actually to have interfered with the shooting of a movie was somehow a major delinquency, compared to which expensive fumblings on the part of producers or writers went comparatively unpunished.

On the other hand zero hour for the car was the day after tomorrow and Louie, the studio bookie, seemed positively the last resource and a poor one at that.

Nerving himself with an unpalatable snack from the bottom of the bottle, he went to the studio at ten with his coat collar turned up

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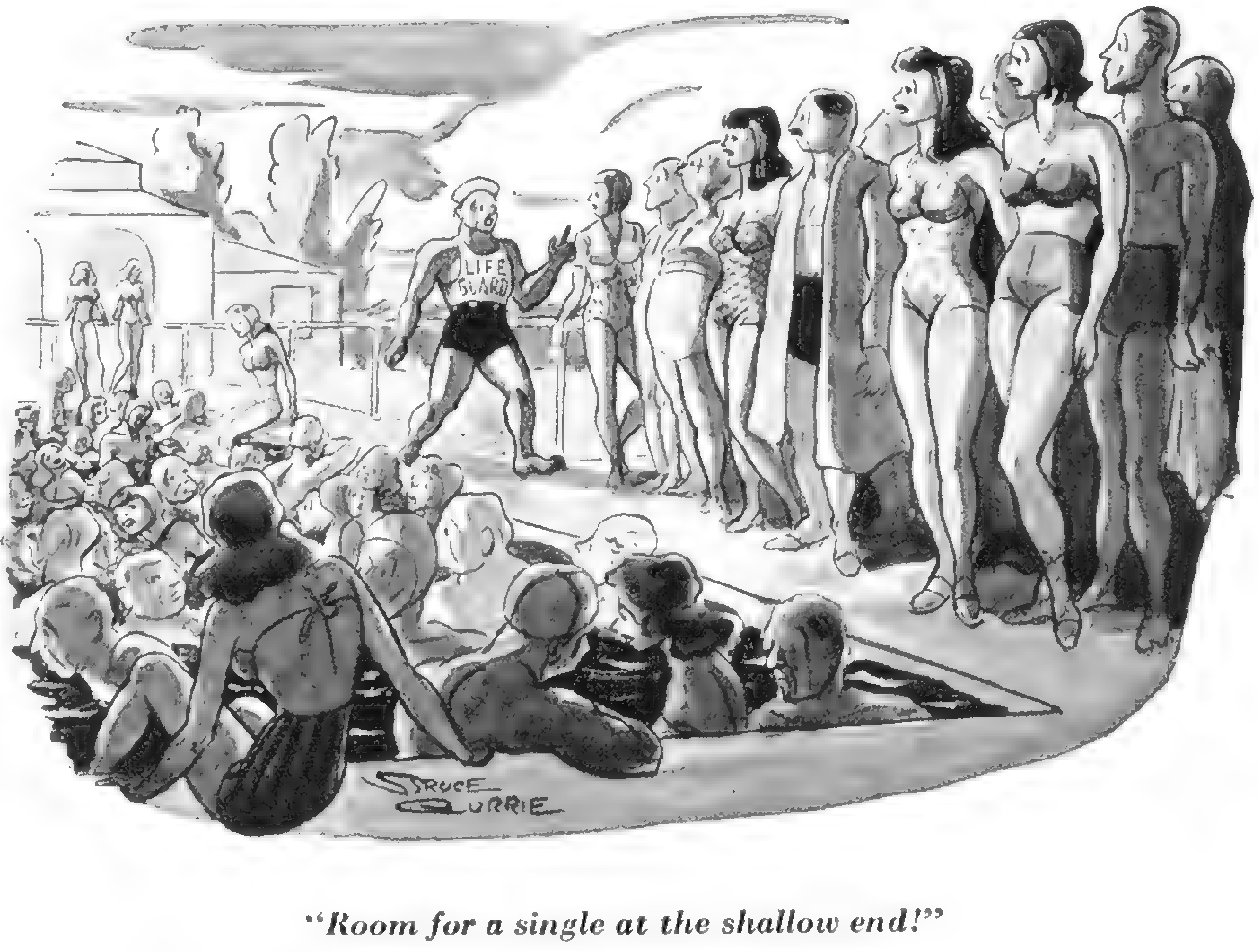


"Room for a single at the shallow end!"

Women Talk Too Much

Professional women, char women, farmers' daughters and stenographers, waitresses and debutantes, all suffer from logorrhea

by CREIGHTON PEET

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Yes, I know there are also plenty of men who talk too much, but not all the ad lib, non sequitur conversation we produce can hold a decibel to the babble-babble given off by the female population everywhere, all the time, no matter what else is in progress.

Listen carefully of a quiet night; that high, faint humming you hear like billions of locusts swarming about the moon is only an echo of all the girls in all the tea shoppes from here to Burma telling their girl friends what somebody said about something.

Reach out in space and clap your stethoscope to the wall of a theatre just before the curtain goes up on a matinee; or sit patiently in a telephone booth and listen to the absolutely inexhaustible floods of feminine conversation which flow all around you, so fast and so freely that the A. T. & T. people have been able to pay nine per cent on their stock right through the depression.

Listen and marvel! Speech is the ultimate triumph of biological evolution. Of all the crawling, swimming, flying creatures which inhabit the earth, only man has systematized his grunts and growls so as to achieve a Groucho Marx soliloquy or an Einstein theory. And only woman, man's helpmeet, has been able to put this speech on a my-dear-simply-too-too-marvelous production basis.

I have consulted psychologists and phrenologists about this matter and looked it up in dull and exceptionally heavy books, but the only explanations these authorities provide are obviously unsatisfactory. The stock answers suggest that women who talk too much are lonely, frustrated, maladjusted or have inferiority complexes.

Now in his time each of us has had encounters with ladies enjoying logorrhea (defined in the dictionary as a tendency to talk too much and too fast no matter what) who were none of these things. There are professional women and char women who talk too much, and old women and young girls and debutantes and waitresses and housewives and society dowagers and frustrated spinsters and perfect bitches to whom a repression is unknown. And there are Phi Beta Kappas and movie magazine readers who spell out captions with their lips and saleswomen and trained nurses and farmers' daughters and big city secretaries, each of whom has a great deal too much to say and all of it in a hurry. As a rule these ladies pause only for quick intakes of breath, are tone deaf to any voices but their own, and have a brilliant assortment of conversational material ranging from gall stones to Henry Fonda and back to how stingy the boss is with his wife—all before you can say "yes" or "no."

A few have resort to the "and-aaa" device to cover the pause while they are changing records, but the truly expert talker is above such amateurish subterfuge, and with no warning but a toss of the head can instantly convert a cute anecdote concerning her little brother into a detailed account of how poor dear Lois' spirit was broken, "simply *crushed*, my dear by that perfect beast of a man she just married because he positively refused to let her talk about Ted—that was her first husband of course—oh *you* remember Ted, the man with the funny ears and all that lovely money? Why, I thought *everybody* in Easton knew Ted—!"

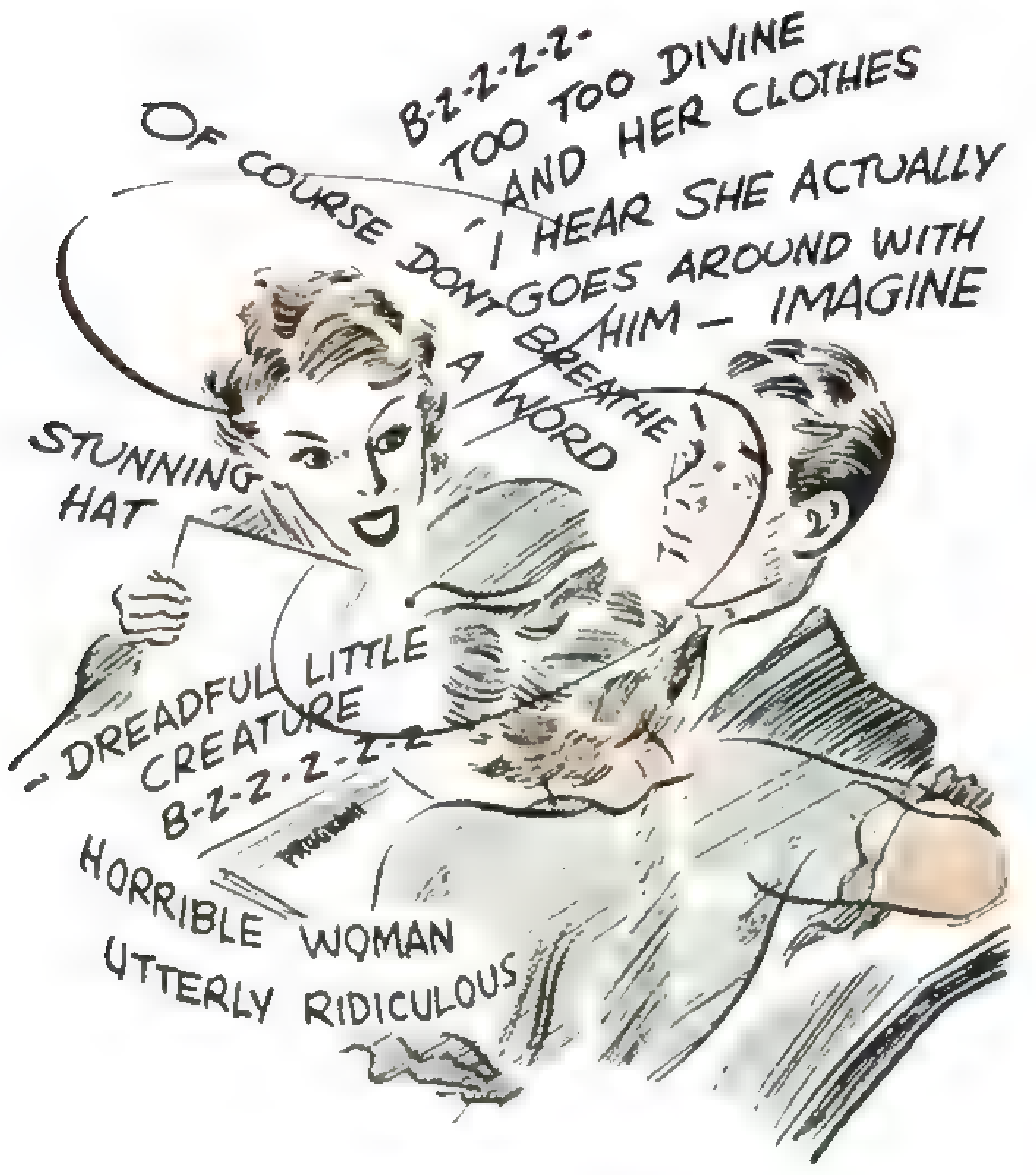
Even more exhausting than the rapid-fire girls, however, are the slow-motion or Southern-belle type who string all their words together with honey and old lace so that it takes twenty minutes to find out whether they prefer rye or Scotch.

All in all it is pretty futile to ask the wise men for help on this problem because nobody, not even the boys who are building the 200-inch telescope in California, or professional atom smashers, or the people in the Bureau of Weights and Measures in Washington, know why women talk too much, and very few have been willing to come out in print on this matter.

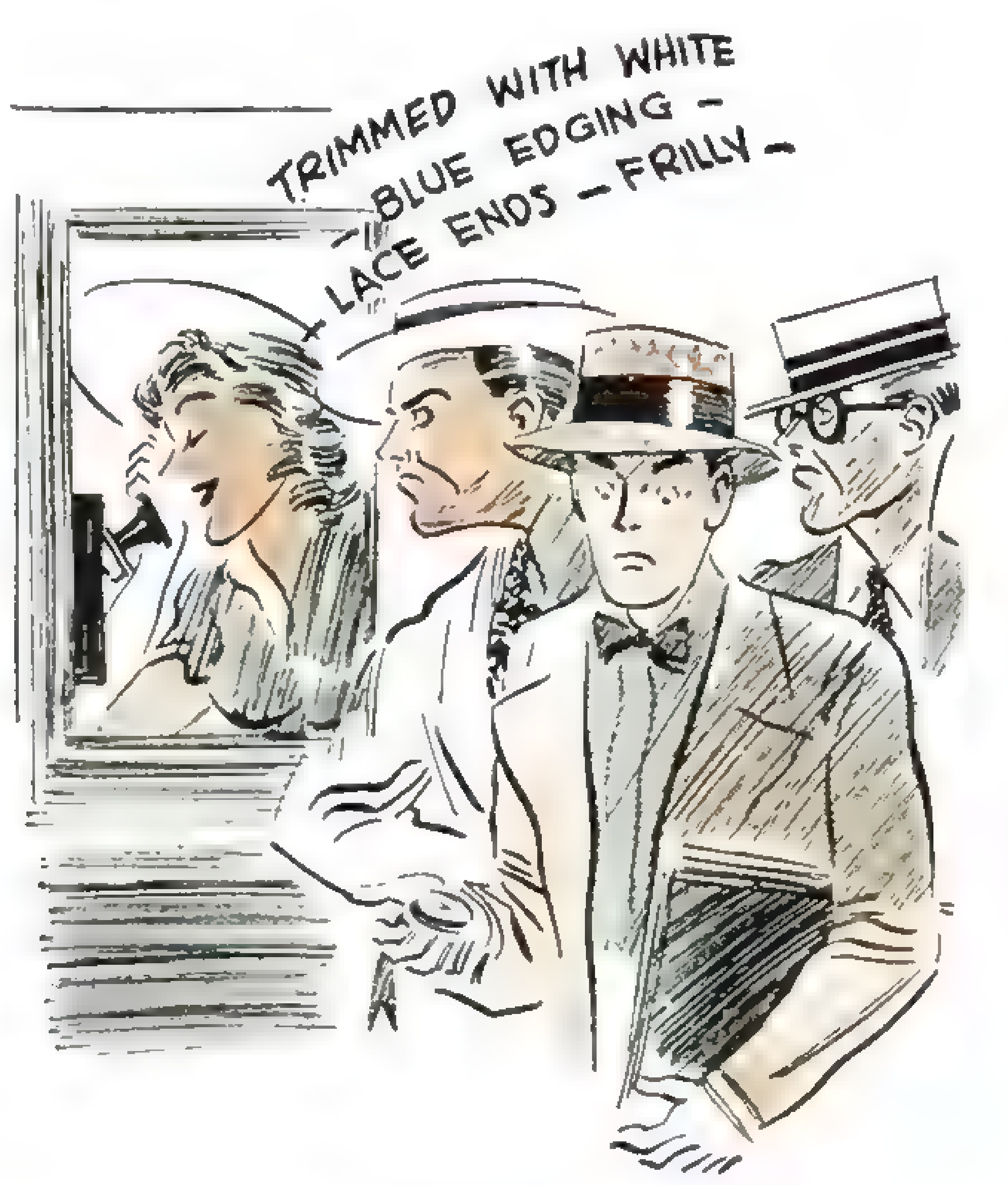
One of these, J. B. Priestley, some years ago reached a curious and questionable conclusion on this subject. Listening to two pleasant suburban ladies "twittering together" in a train he decided that, "they would be no worse off if they merely made pleasant noises—bee, bah, boh; or better still if they sang together. But . . . of course actually they are singing together rather than talking. They are happy and their tongues are lyrical . . . an idea would be a grim intruder; thought is unnecessary . . ."

Mr. Priestley's description of feminine babble-babble as a song is very gallant, I am sure, but his suggestion that thoughts and ideas are unnecessary when the girls uncork a big-time conversation is very distressing and brings up one of the most serious aspects of logorrhea.

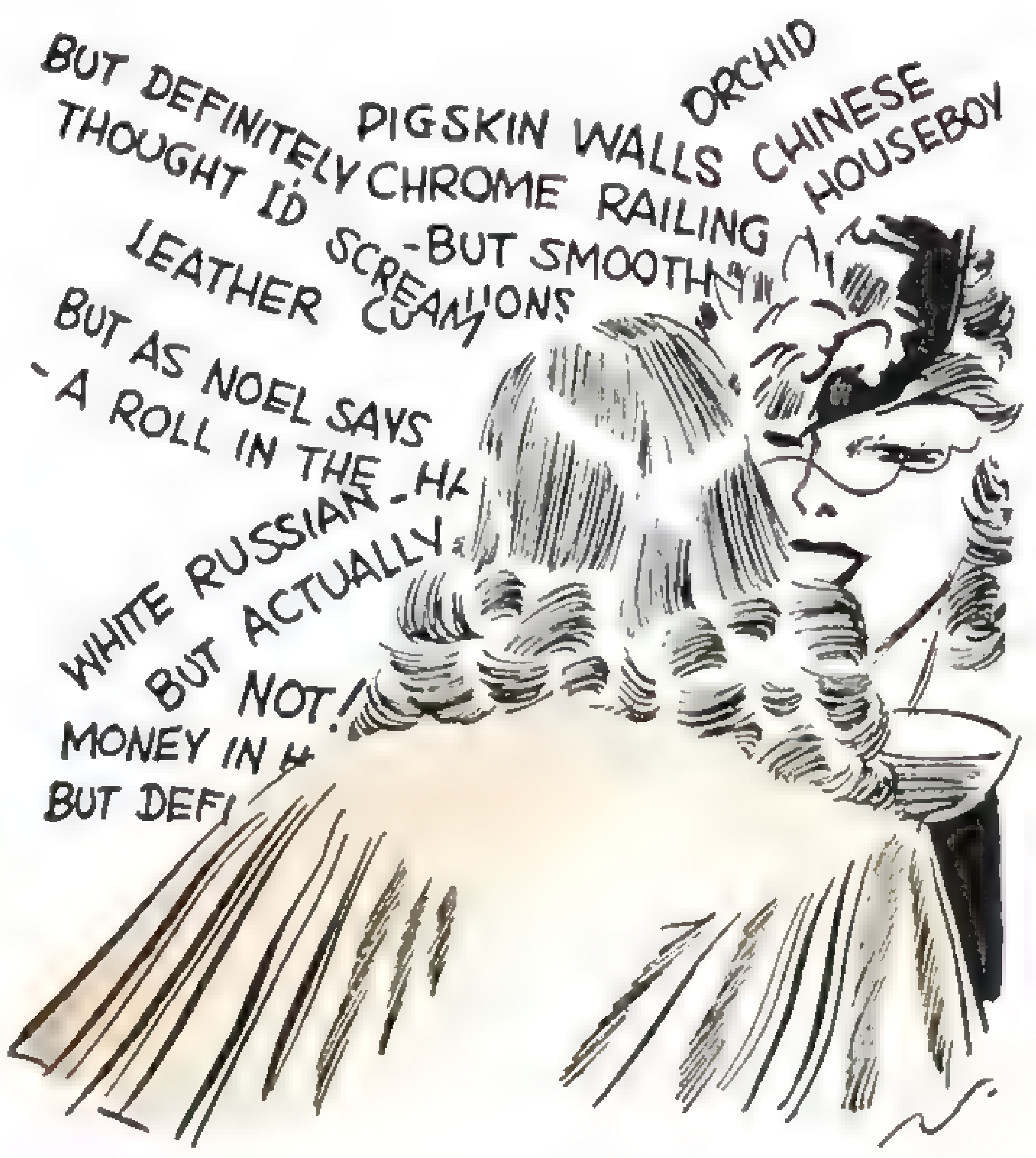
The trouble with talking is that it was invented for the communication of ideas, with the result that while a steady talker's stream of consciousness may resemble a flow of water in the bathtub, the effect of Lois' detailed account of half a dozen movie plots on listeners is quite different. To most of us words have meanings, and when they are strung together into phrases and sentences things begin to happen. Sentences follow



Who buzzes like a bee at bay?
A female at a matinee!



Who babbles like a brook, forsooth?
A lady in a pay-phone booth!



Just listen to the gush between a
Pampered "Brenda" and "Cobina" . . .

each other and build up into ideas. Before Lois realizes what she is doing, Clark Gable, what she told that fresh office boy, the burning of Atlanta, an account of her new hat, and a blast against a man identified only as Frank, are all hopelessly jumbled.

You may escape from the sound of running water, but before you know it the girl with the well-oiled tongue has you whirling round and round until you are waiting to find out why she married General Sherman and how that friend of her uncle got to be the new salesmanager because he looked like Paul Muni. Escape is impossible unless you have an entirely detached attitude toward murder.

Until the Rockefeller Foundation or some other public-spirited agency endows a chair of Talking Women Research, the only decisions I can hand down is that logorrhea is a chronic condition that you boys will have to learn to cope with in your own way. Some girls just can't help talking all the time any more than they can help spilling powder on themselves when they open their compacts.

Unlike smallpox or a black eye, logorrhea has no visible symptoms. Although there is a definite speech area in the brain, a patch of cortex on the left temporal lobe bordering on the fissure of Sylvius—that is, just behind her left ear, to the south of that shiny thing on her hat and directly north of her left collarbone—a tendency to talk too much does not show. There is no bulge or soft spot in the skull at this point, nor does the area become red or inflamed after a game of cards with the girls or a session at the telephone.

A tendency to talk too much cannot be treated with aspirin or sulfanilamide, nor will an ice pack or a hot water bag or a few days' rest help. Nothing, in fact, could be worse for a case of logorrhea than a week's rest in the country. We are dealing with a serious and deep-seated condition beyond any human cure. Sorry, so sorry.

Mesmerized by the sound of her own lovely voice the automatic talker seldom realizes until some days later that she has told her best friend that her new hat is "fantastically becoming, my dear, in fact simply foul," or that she has told the neighbors "all about that fight her husband had with his boss, and how the company isn't doing so well this year, and about Mildred who isn't doing so well in school either, although it isn't really her fault because it's that thick-headed strain that comes from her father's side of the family, definitely, or yes definitely because one of Mildred's uncles was a little —well, you know he gave all his money to a mission or something, so Mildred will have to take that grade over. . . ."

Under the necessity of producing around 35,000 spoken words a day, she naturally has to cover quite a varied field, even allowing for repetition, and can't be bothered because some of her material is censorable.

Victims of logorrhea—they should really be called subscribers because they enjoy themselves so much—have no control over the time or place where their attacks strike them. All too often three or four girls will unlimber their jaws, blow the dust out of their larynges just as they are about to step into an elevator or go through a revolving door. In any case they instantly freeze fast to the floor making it impossible to get past them into the elevator or through the door.

And since automatic talkers' ears are equipped with a convenient cutoff which functions as soon as they get going, it is useless to ask them to step aside. They never listen to each other and some authorities maintain they don't even hear themselves. Consequently to get past them you must push—and then are the girls insulted! They call upon their God and their female companions to witness that they have been attacked—by a fiend. With characteristic versatility they transform their choral symposium on what a terrible flop Joan's new husband is to a diatribe on what a loathsome character *you* are. A boor; a clumsy oaf; a red. One of those people they should lock up. A degenerate. Maybe a foreigner—"sure, you can always tell by those shifty eyes."

As soon as you have escaped there is a brief pause while the needle is switched over to the first record and Joan's husband is slapped back onto the pan for a little more scorching. It seems he hasn't bought her any new clothes since they were married, and she has to do all her own work, and as for the place they live; well, what could the poor dope expect after seeing the size of the diamond engagement ring he bought her. And these are the best years of her life too, and she could have had any number of men if she hadn't been so obstinate and gone against all her friends' advice. . . .

Another thing about the logorrheamaniac is that although she insists she is the most considerate of women, she will sit in a bus or theatre and in a stage whisper that can be heard down the block, remark that that woman across the way in the red dress certainly has a funny-looking nose. Or she will look at two young people holding hands and fairly shout, "Isn't that nice—they're in love," so that they wince and jump apart.

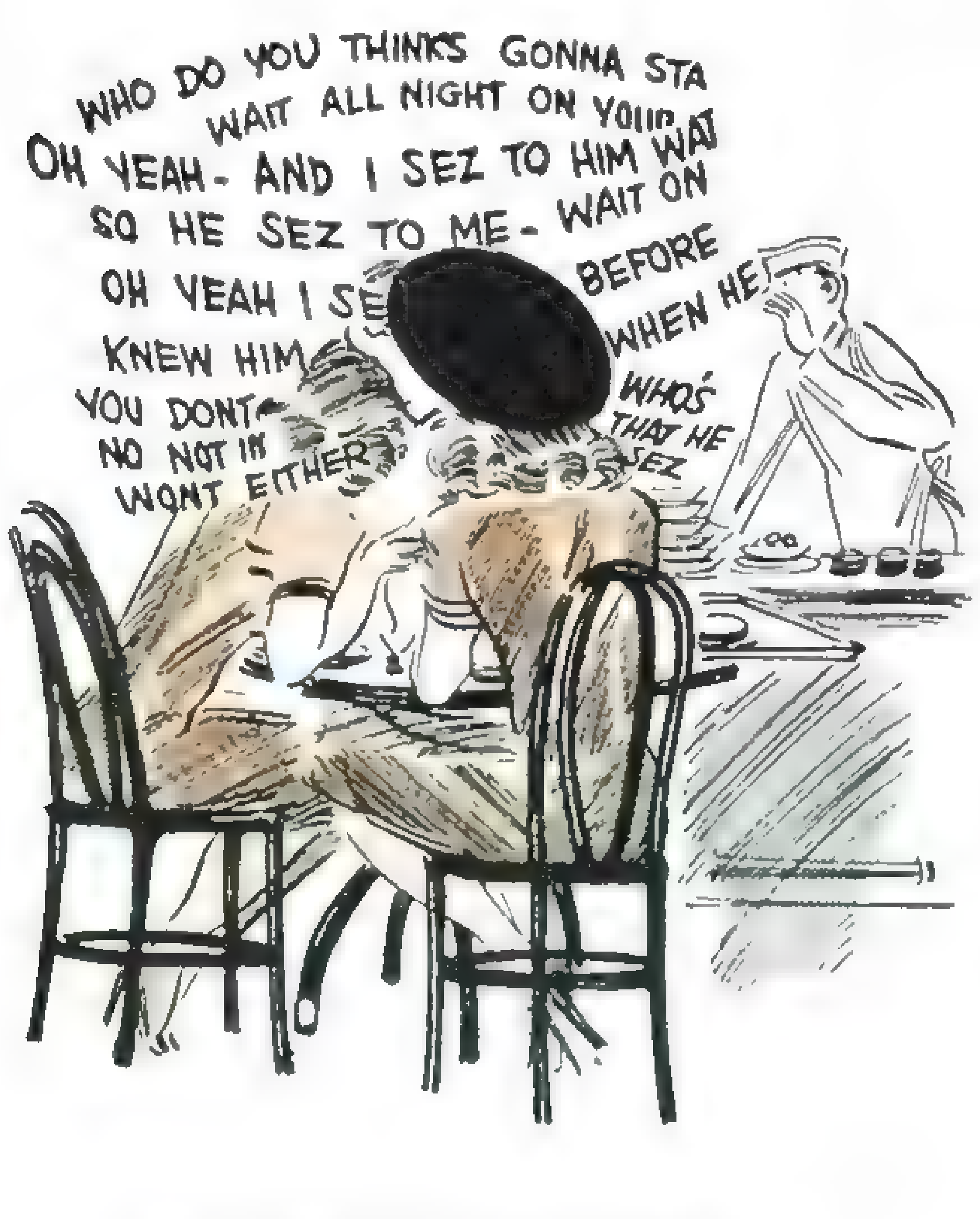
If her attention is called to the fact that she can be heard she indignantly replies, "Why I can not—and by the way just look at that ugly girl sitting across the aisle! Can you imagine anyone that plain having the nerve to wear a bright plaid coat like that— the poor homely little frump calling attention to herself!"

The thing you must never forget about the girl with a great big mouthful of words is that she is on a sort of bottomless roller coaster, and can't stop, even when she realizes she should. I can't explain why this is so. It's just a natural physical truth like the fact that light has a speed of 186,000 miles a second or that women lose an average of 15.5 pairs of gloves a year.

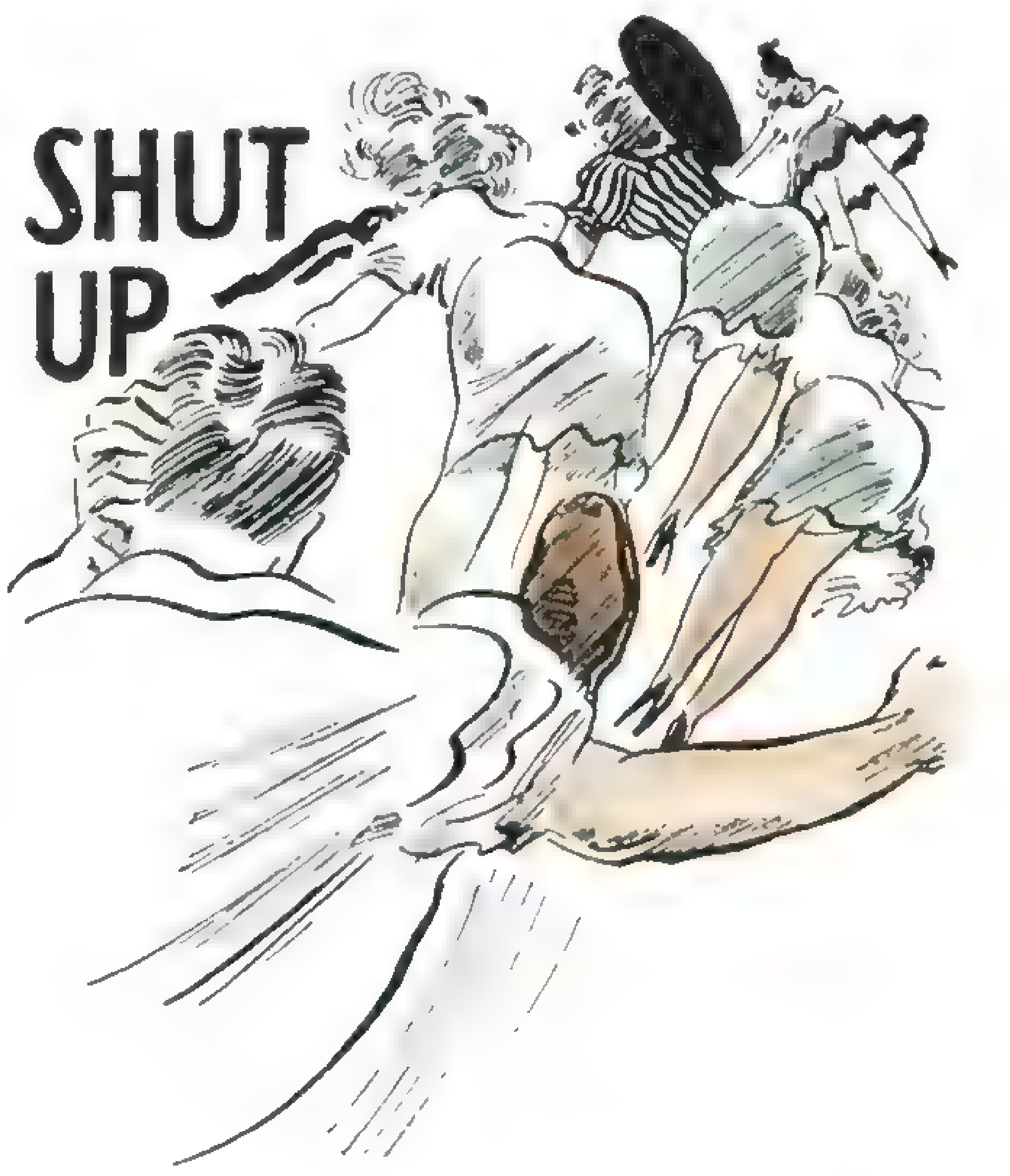
At parties and public gatherings the Eternal Woman plays a game which is a combination of professional checkers and a cat vs. mouse strategy. Moving back and forth until you are effectively cornered, she drills you right through the ear drums with a sharp, whirring 278-word sentence which leaves you powerless to move or talk back. As you stand there with the deadly poison working its way through your veins you become increasingly numb. Your mind goes blank and soon all you can say is "yes," or "no," or "how terrible!"

Obviously it is wrong to assume that the girl who talks too much is merely suffering from over-developed jaw muscles or a need to talk. She never talks to herself. She must talk to somebody, and no store dummy will do. Her subject must be alive and squirming or it doesn't count. The reason for this is that she never has any idea she is monopolizing the air waves, being under the impression that actually she does very little talking. She may even describe herself as a "good listener," and when she runs down sufficiently to dash away only three-quarters of an hour late for a dinner engagement, smile gratefully and quite earnestly thank you for, "such an interesting conversation."

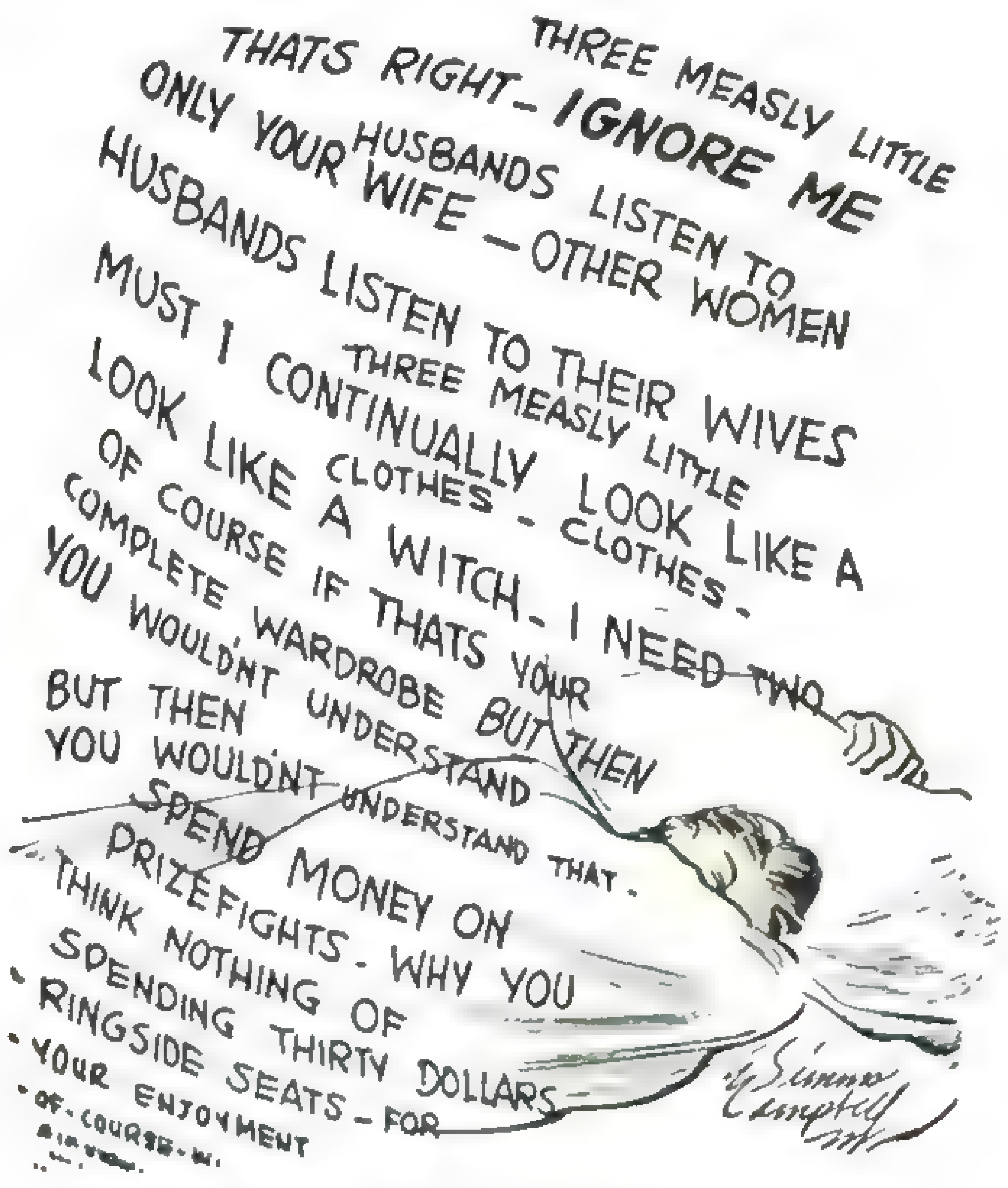
At this point you finally get your traditional word in edgewise . . . It is a spontaneous "Good-bye!" and it comes from the heart. ###


WHO DO YOU THINKS GONNA STA
WAIT ALL NIGHT ON YOUR
OH YEAH - AND I SEZ TO HIM WAT
SO HE SEZ TO ME - WAIT ON
OH YEAH I SE
BEFORE
KNEW HIM
WHEN HE
YOU DONT
NO NOT IN
WONT EITHER
WHO'S THAT HE SEZ

Then journey to where dishes clatter
And still you'll hear the endless chatter!



Oh, giddy, gabby, gurgling frails
Accept this hot-foot from us males . . .



You're very nice to kiss and touch—
But you TALK, TALK, TALK *too* G— D— MUCH!
—PHIL STACK

How Ox Fit with Death

Doc Blevins charmed a seed wart off'n the mule, but he couldn't help Brother Ox's side-pleurisy

by JESSE STUART

• FICTION •

"It's Ox," Ma screamed. "Look at 'im down in the snow. Look at 'im down there kickin like a shot rabbit. Look at Big Eif Tuttle standin above 'im laughin fit to kill. Look at that Rosebud Frazier standin there! I wonder if Eif has hit Ox. I wonder if he's stabbed Ox. I wonder if it's Ox's side-pleurisy that's botherin 'im again."

"I'll see about it, Ma," I says. "I'll go over there. I'll take my gat. If Big Eif has stabbed Ox, I'll let 'im have it betwixt the eyes!"

"Don't take that old gun, Henry," Ma said. "We've had enough trouble." Ma followed me out the door. I made headway across the bottom by the house toward the Whetstone bridge. When I looked back the February wind was liftin Ma's shawl from around her shoulders. She was runnin through the wet slushy-snow behind me.

"Wat's the matter with Ox, Big Eif?" I asked.

"It's his side-pleurisy," says Big Eif. "Old Ox can't take it. He ain't no man. Gits out and keels over like a baby!"

"If you had the side-pleurisy once," I says, "you'd keel over like a baby too!"

I was mad. Just to think that big brute would stand up and laugh at poor Brother Ox down in the snow writhin like a addled snake. Ox's face was against the snow. His face was red as a sliced beet. He was moanin and he was carryin on something awful.

"Is Ox stabbed?" Ma screamed as she run up where we's standin.

"No, Ma," I says. "It's Ox's side-pleurisy that's botherin 'im again."

Ox had his hand on his side. He would moan and hold his hand on his side. He would draw up nearly double. He would draw up like a jackknife; then Ox would straighten his legs out on the snow and draw them up again. Ox was in a heap of misery. We had seen 'im suffer like this before but this was the first time that we'd ever seen Ox down on the snow with a fit of side-pleurisy.

"Let's get Ox to the house," I says.

Rosebud stood and looked at Ox like her heart would break. Tears come to her eyes. I could see why Ox loved Rosebud Frazier. She was a purty gal if I've ever seen one. I could see why Big Eif Tuttle loved Rosebud but I couldn't see why any gal would love him. He just stood there with his big fire shovel hands on his hips and laughed and laughed at Ox. He shook all over when he laughed.

"This ain't no laughin matter, Big Eif," I says. "Brother Ox is in pain. He's been afflicted with side-pleurisy all his life. It comes and goes on Brother Ox. If you ever had the side-pleurisy once you wouldn't be standin up there laughin at Ox."

"No you wouldn't," says Ma, "and little gal you wouldn't have a big ugly devil like 'im around if you really loved my boy."

"He follows me," says Rosebud. "I can't hep it if he follows me."

Ma was mad. She took Ox by one arm. Big Eif reached down to pick up the other arm.

"Don't touch me, Big Eif," Brother Ox groaned. "I don't want you to touch me. I'll die before I'll let you touch me. You think I'm goin to die and you'll get Rosebud. You are just standin there waitin for me to die. I ain't goin to die, Big Eif. I aim to get well. I'm goin to marry Rosebud soon as I get well."

"If that onion-poultice don't work this time," says Ma, "I'm goin to try a yarb remedy on you, Ox. That'll fetch you sound as a silver dollar."

"He's goin to a doctor," I says. "There ain't goin to be no poultices nor yarb remedies this time. There ain't goin to be no charm doctor either. Doc Blevins charmed a seed wart off'n our mule's shoulder but he never charmed Ox's side-pleurisy."

"Let's get Ox to the house," says Ma. "Let's get 'im off'n this snow."

"We're taking 'im to Greenup," I says.

"Little Sandy River is up," says Ma. "We can't get 'im across Little Sandy. We can't ford Little Sandy."

"I've got a john-boat," I says. "I can take Ox in the boat."

"The river is out of banks," says Ma. "It's too rough."

"I ain't goin to let Brother Ox die," I says. "You don't want 'im to die. We've got to get 'im to Doc Morris soon as we can get 'im there."

"Damn it to hell nohow," says Brother Ox, "I wish you'd make up your minds and take me some place beside lettin me lay on this snow."

"Ox, Honey," says Rosebud, "I'm ready to hep you. I'm ready to go with you any place. Let me take you by the hand."

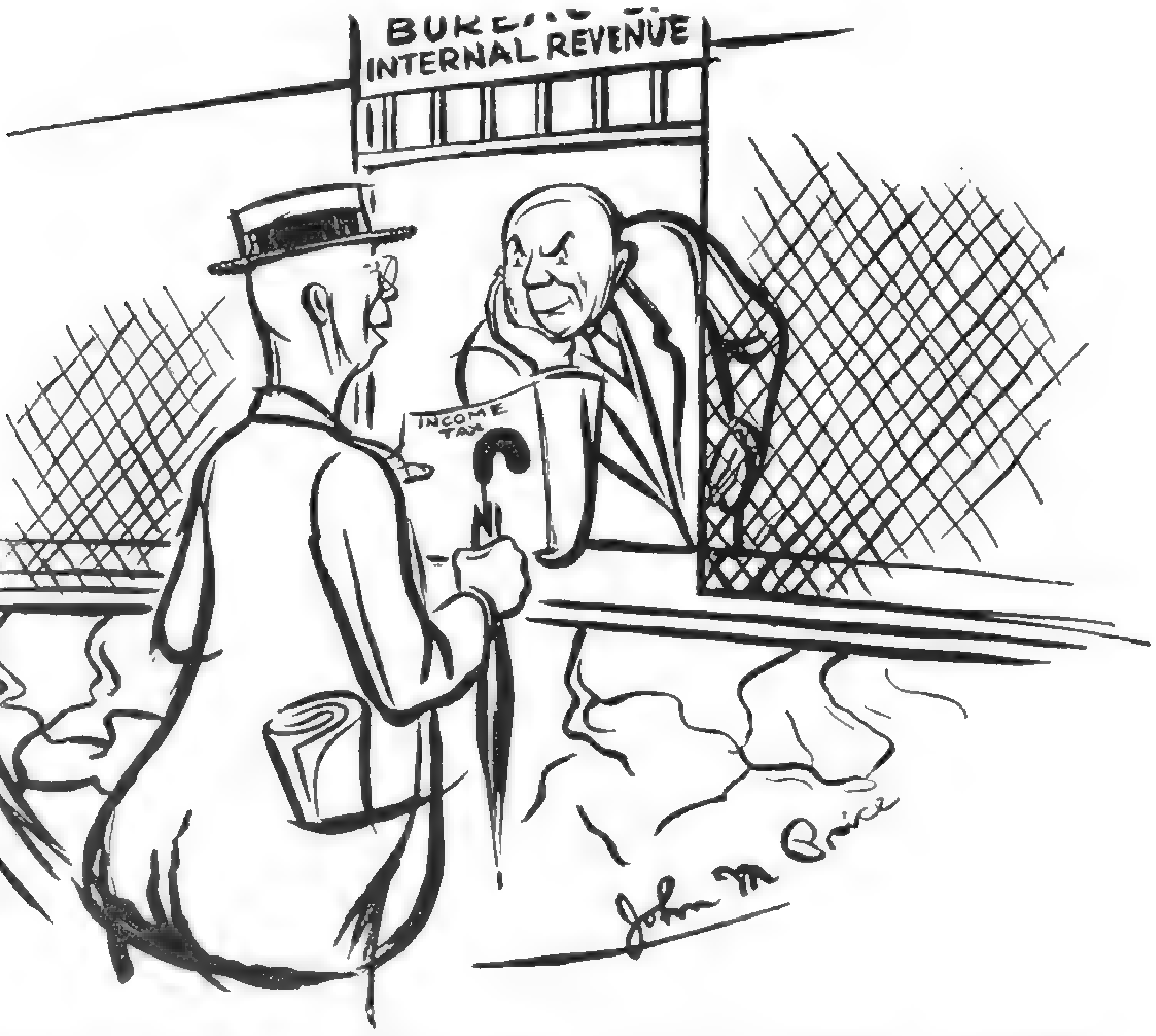
Rosebud got hold of one of Ox's arms. Ma took the other arm. I carried one of Ox's legs under each arm. We started across the bottom for the house. Big Eif followed us. He laughed all the way across the bottom. He walked with his big arms folded across his chest. He walked bare-headed in the February wind. His beardy face wasn't fazed by the cold February wind.

"You don't need to follow us, Big Eif," Ox moaned. "We don't need you along."

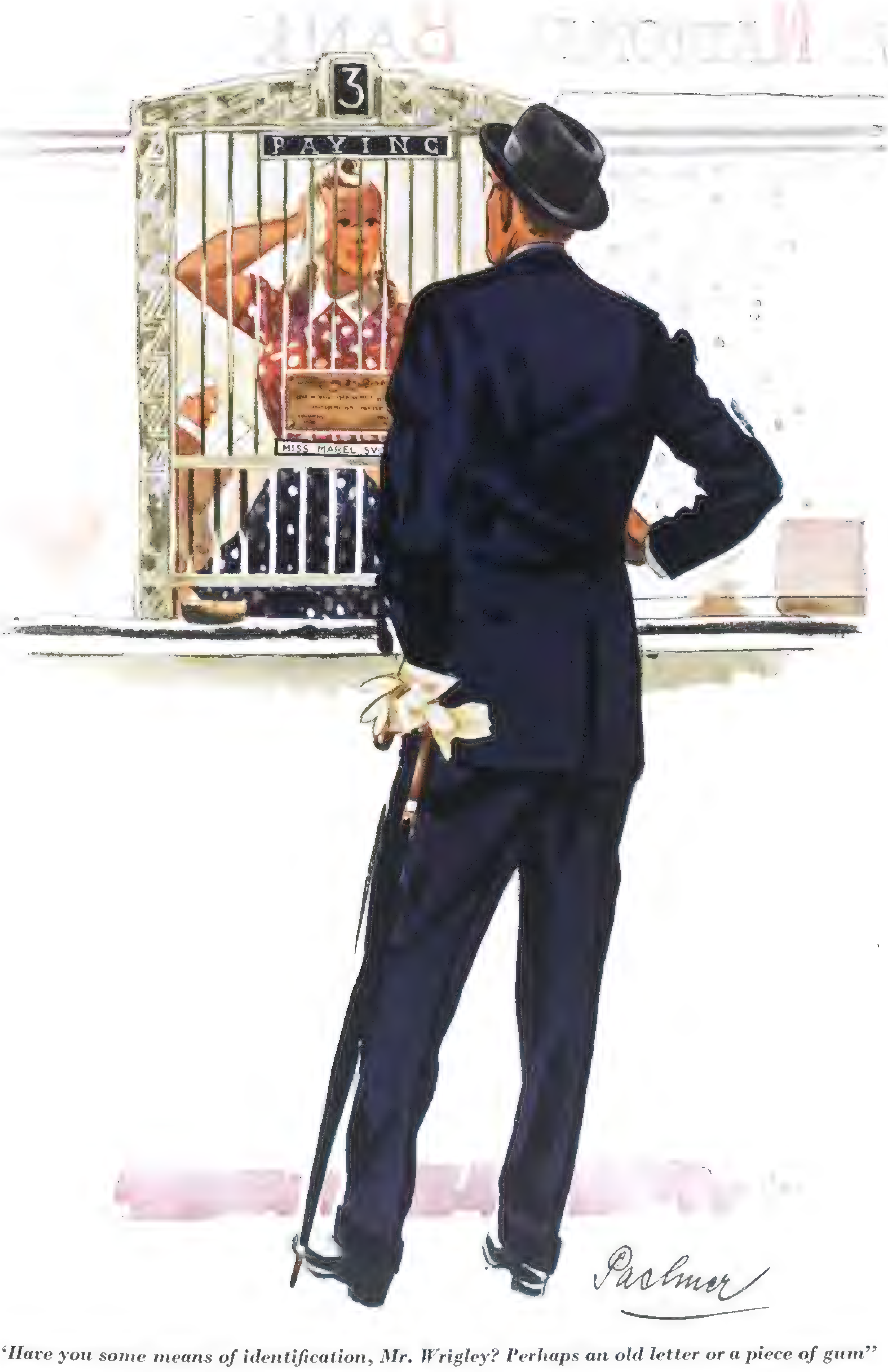
"I want to know you better in your lifetime," says Big Eif. "I'm afeared, Ox, that I'll never see you a livin man again. I'm afeared I'll haf to hep dig a hole to put you in out on the graveyard pint."

"I'll be back plowin these Whetstone hills," says Ox. "I'll be makin a livin for

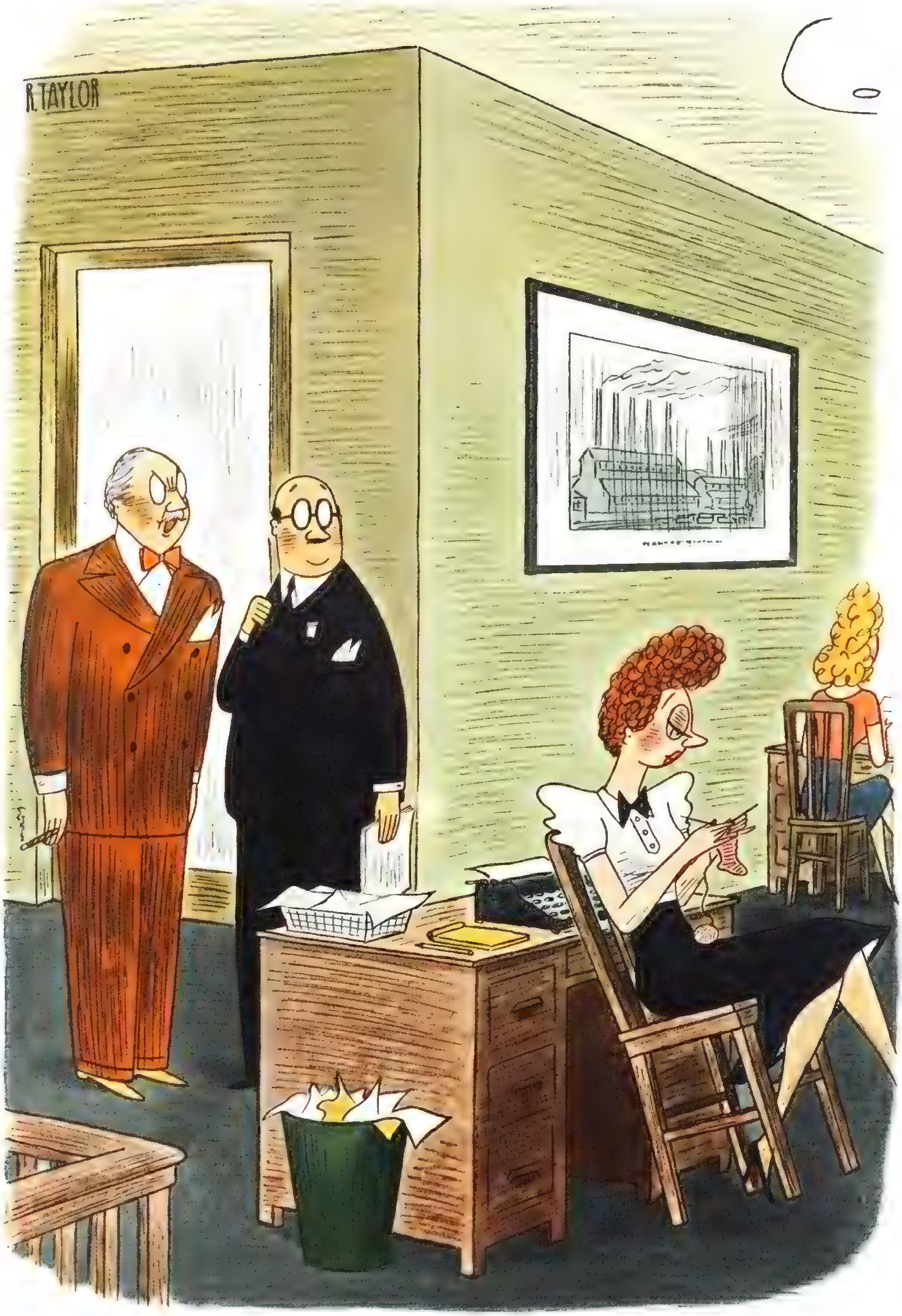
Continued on page 132



"I thought about it months ago, but I just kept saying to myself, 'Oh, I'll do it tomorrow!'"


3
PAYING
MISS MABEL SVO
Palmer

"Have you some means of identification, Mr. Wrigley? Perhaps an old letter or a piece of gum"



"See here, Radcliffe—that girl's mind isn't on her work!"

Two Heroines Unsung

Timely reminder to brass hats, that our first A.E.F. casualties in World War I were not killed by the enemy

by NORMAN KLEIN

• ARTICLE •

CONTRARY to popular belief, the first casualties of the American Expeditionary Forces in World War I were women, not men . . . Two young women. Quiet-voiced, clear-eyed, and unafraid. They never knew what hit them. And neither did any of us, for a while.

Their case was one of the most incredible in the war. Nothing exactly like it has ever happened before, or since.

Call them, and rightly, two "forgotten soldiers"—Miss Helen Burnett Wood and Mrs. Edith Ayres. Miss Wood came from Evanston, Illinois, Mrs. Ayres from Attica, Ohio. For twenty-three years, now, they have been heroines unhonored and unsung.

No one seemingly remembers them.

No Legion drum-majorette ever has lifted a patriotic bare knee in time to any bands parading around their statues.

In fact their dying, horribly mangled, apparently was no more than an ephemeral monument to officialdom at its worst. Somebody that day was doing a stately minuet around a Maypole beribboned with red tape.

You see—Miss Wood and Mrs. Ayres were killed by American shellfire.

* * *

To this eyewitness, their brief but dramatic—and, for a time, utterly mysterious—tragedy still is rather vivid. It comes back to me in broken flashes. Let me write it just that way—tell the story for the first time since that dream-like Spring afternoon, a Sunday in May, 1917, when, young and trembling, I wangled home a wirelessed scoop to the *Chicago Daily News*—the first scoop, and one of the few, during our participation in the war overseas.

Oh, yes; I know that some of you of veterans' age may be saying to yourselves: "Very strange. It is news to me. . . . Let's see now. Didn't I once see a statue in Kansas City to the first fatality, an officer in the A.E.F.? On the Paseo, out in K.C., I recall—"

And another may exclaim, "No. The first were three enlisted men—railroad engineers, I remember; killed while fighting off a German raiding party with axes and shovels—"

Not the first. I'm sorry but you are wrong, both of you. Let's get our American history straight before memories haze up reality. The Kansas City statue honors the memory of Lieutenant William T. Fitzsimons. I was very much present—jounced off the ground, out of a sleep—when German air bombers on the night of September 4, 1917, killed this young officer (as well as Privates Rudolph Rubino, Jr., Oscar C. Tugo, Leslie G. Woods) at Dannes-Camiers, France. They were, in truth, the first Americans killed by the enemy.

Two months later, the first of the combatant forces killed in front-line action were Corporal James B. Gresham and Privates Thomas F. Enright and Merle D. Hay, Co. F, 16th Infantry, caught in a trench raid at Bathelemont, November 3, 1917. (Destroyers were given their names.)

But that was later, a half-year later.

Perhaps posthumous honor matters little. What good does it for these gallant fallen? . . . still, there they are—names on American warships; on granite and bronze. But the names are of men. They were not the first of the A.E.F. casualties. Two women, in the midst of nervous laughter, were. Why not honor them?

All that I can do now, perhaps, is to relate an obscure and bizarre incident. It may serve as a timely reminder to the brass hats, the so-called desk fighters and port admirals, and to all others in Washington who are entrusted these days with billions for national defense. Indeed—if heeded—my warning, some day, may save American lives. I pray that it may be so.

* * *

We were about the most un-military detachment that ever went to war. Cockeyed romantics, all—one of three shiploads totaling 900 people which were the very first of the A.E.F. to shove off for Europe . . . Base Hospital 12: a Middle West mixture of 250 or so. Surgeons, doctors, dentists, X-ray men, a parson who never did appease his hunger at the table. And nurses—the cool-eyed, sweet thermometer-shakers from Cook County Hospital, Chicago; in a pleasant aroma of soap, with marvelous complexions, though pale after the long winter; and ward-trained to walk toe first, much as do ballet dancers.

And that wild assortment of enlisted men: Bible students chiding us for swearing when drill blistered heels; rich men's sons clubbing up with pugilists; and college football stars; long-haired concert pianists; pre-medic students off for the "great undertaking," their own postmortem jest; police reporters, opera tenors wa-wahing without stop, poets, and plain drunks.

England was desperate. France was shaky. And it was this fantastic chorus that Washington hustled off to France to ease their minds.

We went so fast we had no o.d. uniforms. We embarked in "civvies." A debonair one even took along his tuxedo! (And in it, later, he crashed a party one night at Le Touquet, Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig's headquarters.) We were laden with fancy luggage, ukuleles, typewriters, golf caps, big and little cameras, H. G. Wells' *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*, and tennis rackets.

In New York the night before sailing, we tried to kiss the girls good-bye. War had been declared the month before. None knew troops were sailing. The newspapers were

Continued on page 120

Gregory d'Alessio

"He should be told that's passé"

The Legion of Tomasova

She was kindly as the earth she tilled, and gave the soldiers something they could never buy

by FRANK CLARK

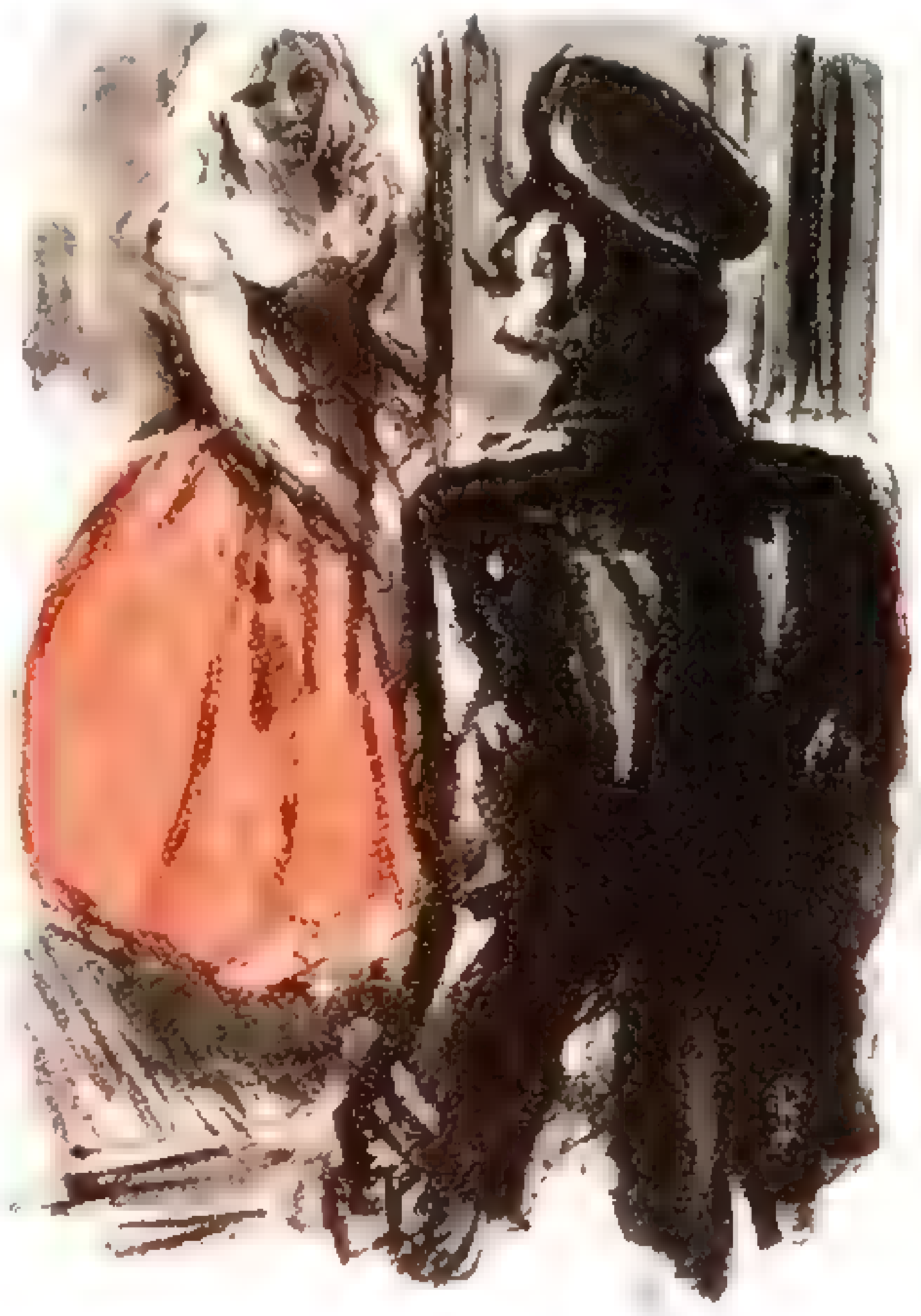
• FICTION •

The snow lay over the gently rolling Ukraine. My outfit plodded along on its way to the delousing station, back from where we had been fighting the Russians.

The morning was brisk and clear with the sun spraying diamonds over the drifts and casting the silhouettes of the silver birches, long sharp and blue. The pines looked grave and pleased, like priests in their white caps.

Gaily the boys sang:

"Not far away is the town of Stager
Helling there is our bold old major . . ."



We passed the ruins of a large country house. We passed thatched cottages full of the military, and the regimental cemetery. Over our officers' graves were slim crosses but our men's resting places were unmarked. We buried our enemies the Russians where they fell and their popes and the few peasants left in that part of the country, set up a Greek cross over every single grave. In our army, in death as in life, the gentlemen had the better of it.

"Not far away is the town of Maptan
Helling there is our gay young captain . . ."

The top sergeant and I were discussing the miserable condition of our pack animals. They were ill fed and the stabling was inadequate.

As we passed a well kept farmstead, I pointed, "There. That's the kind of thing we ought to have." Beside a warm looking barn the manure pile steamed and the clean straw shone like gold.

The cottage was of the usual type, built of logs and whitewashed. Smoke came friendly out of the chimney. A couple of children, little girls, ran out of the door and down to the road to watch us. They waved and grinned. Their faces were as red as apples from the heat of the stove and the sharp air.

The top gave me a knowing look. "No use thinking of that barn, chief," he said.

"Eh?"

"It seems," he said, "that the gentlemen of the neighboring batteries pay visits to that house . . . one at a time."

The pack animals were forgotten.

Being deloused took some time but when it was finished, I was shaven, pomaded, once again a young buck of a peace-time lieutenant. Leisurely I mounted and rode back from the town. There is something about being twenty-two, nicely washed and in a good uniform, astride a horse in the lively winter morning. The sergeant's remark stuck in the center of my mind. Aslant in the saddle, I loafed carelessly into the barnyard . . . if there was going to be trouble about this . . .

A woman came out of the cottage, walked over with swinging strides, took the reins from my hand and led the horse into the stable. At the moment I could not have described her for a court martial, except for the smooth strong way she moved and the flash of her white teeth when she smiled. I had not seen a woman close for half a year, not any kind of woman. My heart beat heavily and painfully. Her nearness affected me as though I had drunk a quart of brandy, intoxicated me to a sort of violent stupefaction.

In the barn I put my arm around her waist. She was almost as tall as myself. I pulled her to me and looked into her face without observing it. It was a woman's face.

"Let us go into the house," she said and, as if by magic, we were in the cottage. To tell the truth it was nothing like what I had expected and I partly came to. One did not expect cleanliness and neatness in such a place. The room was spotless but what was more astonishing was its air of abundance, almost luxury. A gilded mirror, perhaps once in the country house we had passed, reached from the floor to the ceiling. Opposite it was a fine big couch, a piece of furniture one would never see in a Russian farm house. It was covered with a white army issue blanket.

I stood with my cap in my hands and stared about.

"Sit down, lieutenant," she said in Russian. "You cannot stay long. In the evening I expect a gentleman from the artillery."

Soothed by the tone of her voice, as though she had put a cool hand upon me, I looked at her for the first time with wonder and admiration. A beautiful woman in a country of beautiful women, the strong fair women of the Ukraine. Perhaps now my imagination plays me tricks, perhaps the urgency of my desire dulled my critical faculties at the moment, but she seemed to me perfect, agonizingly and breath-takingly lovely. The detail of her is stamped upon my mind after twenty-five years like the print on a page.

She was very big, a muscular well-rounded person in her middle twenties. Her profusion of ash-blonde hair smelled faintly of the scent used by sporting non-commissioned officers of the cavalry. Above a bust such as one sees in heroic sculpture, rose a columnar neck. The face was rounded, the brows arched over eyes the color of the sky. The nose was firmly chiselled, the mouth full, the chin a delicate oval.

Her hands were in proportion to the rest of her, large and strong and evidently accustomed to the work of the farm, but nicely kept.

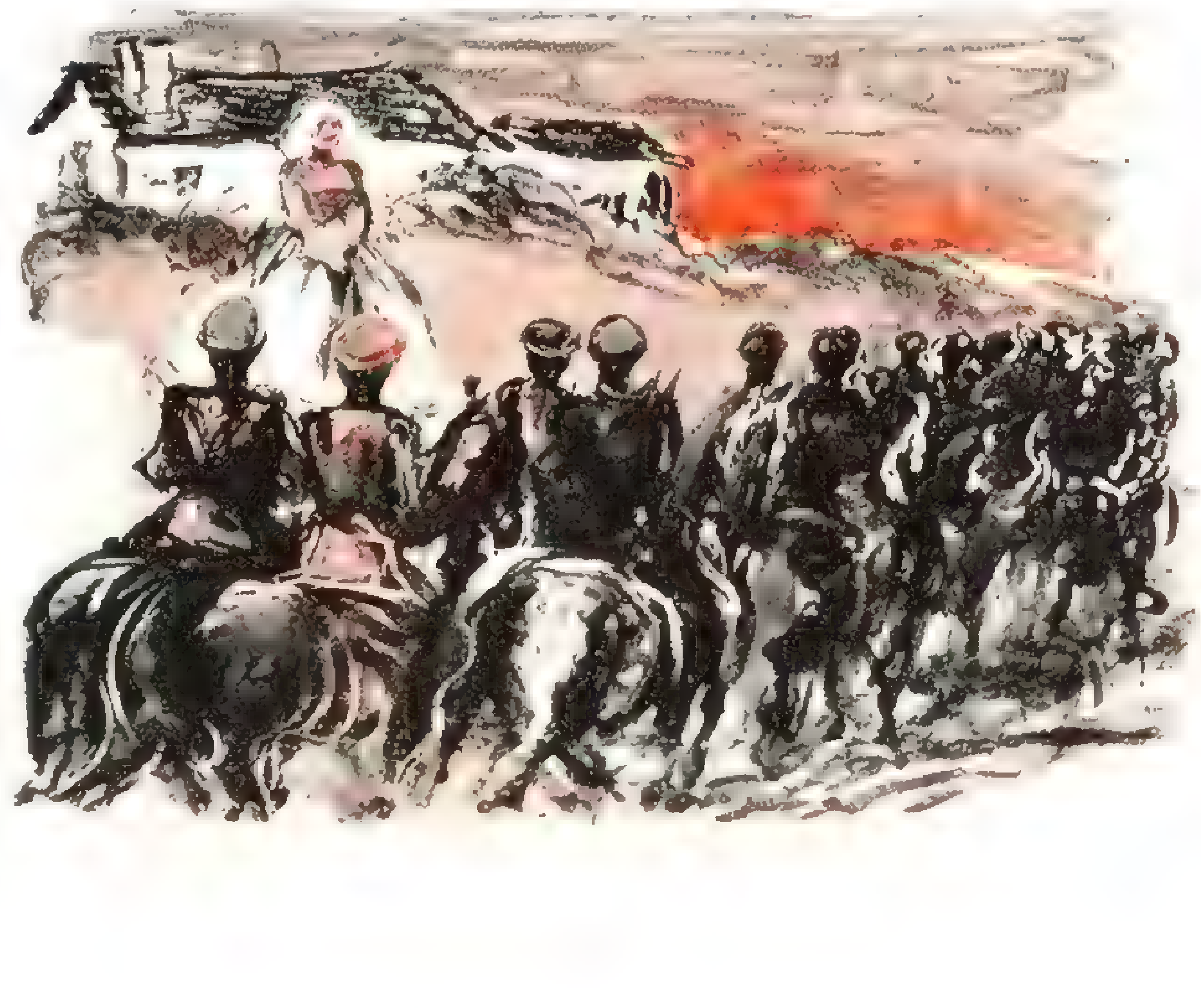
I can see her now. How firm and round, outlined under her sweater, rose her shoulders and breasts. In spite of their size they seemed light above the billowing folds of half a dozen petticoats. I remember the various colors of those petticoats which she carefully folded and placed on a chair, and the homemade chemise of white linen. All her movements were informed with ease.

But the woman had more than physical beauty. On her face was the expression of some profound occult female knowledge. She had that extraordinary gift with which so few women are endowed, popularly called sex appeal, a poor expression. I was drawn to her not only by my own need and the overwhelming pleasure of the eye, but even more violently by this mysterious quality observed in a half lift of the eyebrow, a half smile on the red lip.

When she sat down on my knee I shivered with a delicious pain. Her skin was the color of new milk and she smelled like milk, warm and sweet, fresh from the udder.

* * *

As usual we drank and gambled in the mess in the evening. With a queer sort of quiet, wild happiness in my heart I played



as if I were dreaming, and every card turned to gold in my hand. The spare cash of my comrades flowed into my pockets.

I slept, and in a moment it was morning and I was asking for a few hours leave with small hope of getting it. I was prepared to report sick and sneak off anyhow but the captain was kind. I rode down to the farmstead and this time at a gallop.

Again with her a content and delight such as I had never felt before, flooded my whole being. We talked as best we could with my Russian and her few words of Hungarian. We exchanged friendly smiles and caresses. We laughed as if neither of us had a care. I drank but she did not. Tomasova never drank.

I had bought her a small gift, a sweater knitted for me by a girl friend at home. How insignificant the girl friend seemed then. I blushed to think of our polite puerile relationship and quickly forgot to blush in the pleasures of the day.

Very soon it was dark. Outside the snow came down heavily and we were cozy and gay within the brightness of the lamp's circle. About overstaying my leave I did not care, happy and reckless with the brandy and the woman. It would have been wonderful to have rested there forever, if time had stopped and the night and the cold heavy snow and the war, infinitely distant and unreal, were blotted out. In the middle of these musings there came a knock at the door.

"Don't open!" I said quickly.

She insisted. The knock came again and with an easy assurance she strode across the room.

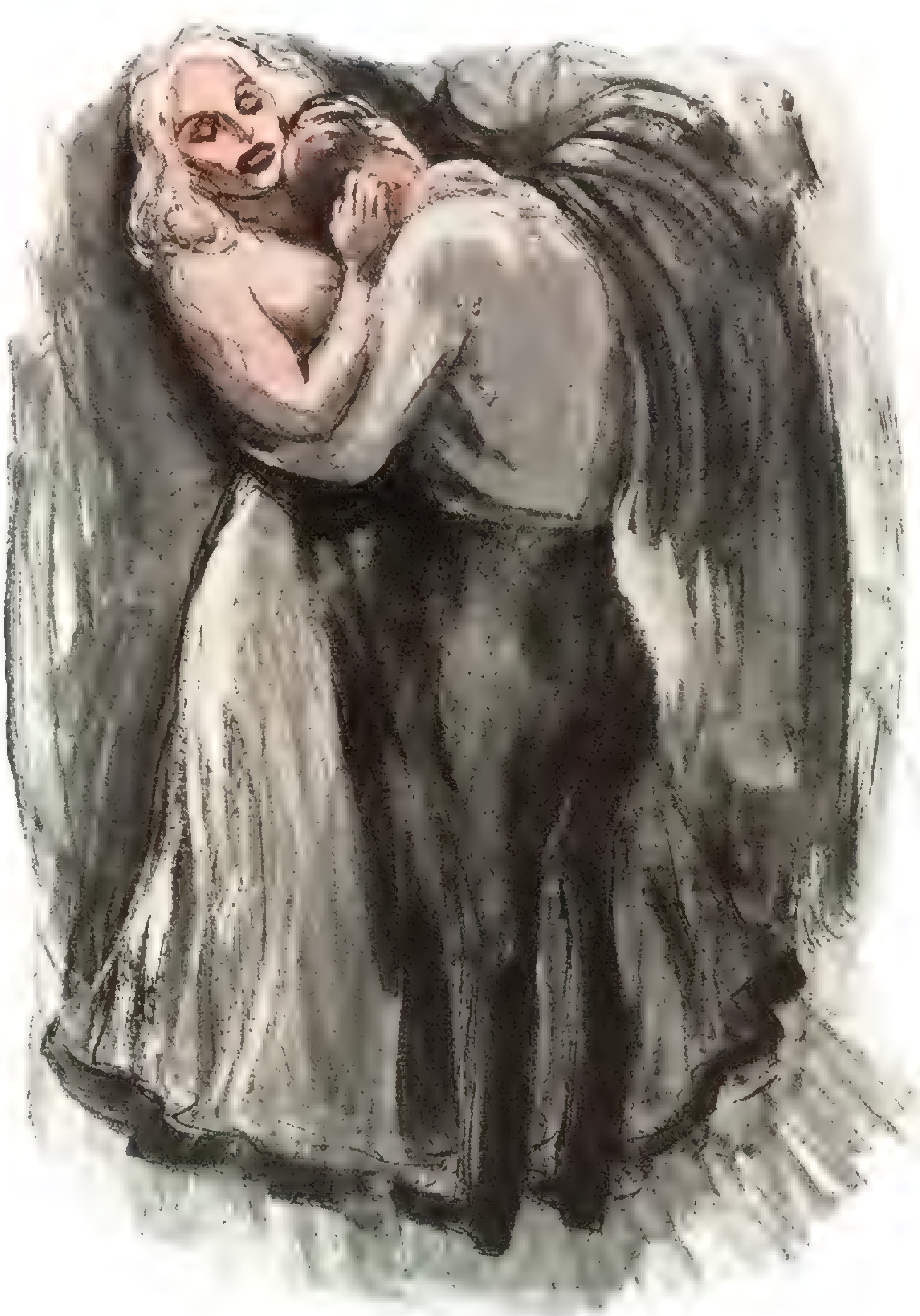
Covered with snow, a captain of artillery, commanding a near-by battery, came in brushing and stamping. I knew him but it was obvious he was no more pleased than I by the encounter. He took off his coat and sat down and while she put the teapot on, made a perfunctory attempt at conversation, asking about food in the mess and friends. There were long silences.

Finally he blurted out, "This is unfair. You have been here since morning. Make yourself scarce!"

He was my elder in rank and age and by all the conventions I should have taken my leave with what grace I could muster, but in actual fact I could not go . . . would not and could not.

Growing pale, the captain asked me more formally to leave. I sat as though my breeches were glued to the chair.

The woman, although she could not understand the language, had little difficulty in understanding what the conversation was about. She smiled, friendly and tolerant, and beckoned me into the kitchen. She spoke to me in her dark warm voice in soft Russian. "You should go," she said gently. She had my great coat over her arm and, taking the lantern, she led me like an embattled lamb, out to the barn. There I kissed her, resentful and full of love, and impolite, rode off without paying my respects to the artillery left in possession.



The next day shortly before noon the battery commander and his second turned up in my dugout, much to my embarrassment. The boys pulled out some bottles of cognac, sat down and made themselves comfortable, apparently expecting me to entertain them.

After the third or fourth round the captain, looking into my formally polite face, suddenly burst out laughing.

"Now look here," he said, as though he were my uncle, "it's no use being so gloomy about this, young fellow. You can't have her any more than I. She's public property. Everybody felt much as you do the first time, but you must understand that this affair must be attended to in a gentlemanly and comradely manner. You are not to go there any oftener than the rest of us. The poor woman has got to get her work done and she must sleep sometimes."

"Do other people know?" I said refusing to admit the obvious.

They both roared with laughter. "Other people? Everybody knows . . . everybody except you."

In my confused state of mind I refused to understand them and their talk and even at the moment I was trying in the back of my mind to cook up a scheme to see Tomasova as soon as possible.

The captain read me as though he were reading headlines. "You will get into trouble with your commander," he said, smiling. "Besides that suppose you found some young gentleman of the high command there? . . . Remember you were very lucky. You were there two days in succession. I don't believe that ever happened to anyone before."

The night after that I ran away, left my company without leave and rode hell bent through the sparkling night. It seemed to me that the stars danced in the sky to my galloping. I patted the mare's neck and urged her on. Such a brilliant laughing youthful happiness infested the universe I shouted with delight. The saddle leather creaked in the frosty air, the hoofs pounded, rhythmical, beating out a merry tune over the snow. In these spirits I dashed into the barnyard, swung a leg and hastily led the mare into the barn.

There, peacefully munching some hay and looking at me with a supercilious eye, was an officer's mount, well accoutred and sleek. It was like the *Arabian Nights*. I could not take it in, understand it, like the horse of xo, like a buffet in the face, a shot in the dark that goes home in the flesh.

But . . . I certainly would not stand for it. They could not do this to me. What was this insult? It was nothing. I was prepared to commit any crime, against the code, against comrades, against man or God. I was utterly miserable and I was utterly determined, and I marched through the snow to demand admittance, come artillery, come generals, come the high command . . . and knocked furiously.

Tomasova opened. She came out into the cold night and pulled the door to behind her.

"I cannot see you," she said, and before I could reply, "But what an impatient man you are."

The revilings I had in mind died at the sight and touch of her. The soft Russian speech, the firm velvety intonations were like a salve to my bitterness. A little unwillingly she came with me to the barn and I kissed her and rode off hastily to my destination.

On the way back I tried to analyze the situation. I must be losing my mind. I saw myself court-martialed for desertion, reduced to the ranks . . . maybe shot. I had behaved like a fool, like an unsophisticated child, a prey to my passion, not like an officer and a gentleman. I made up my mind never to go again.

For three weeks I stuck to this resolution, going about my duties like an automaton. I was accustomed to the routine and I could manage it without thinking. This was the

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Dub, Dub, Toil and Trouble

Men cry tears, lugs bet their shirts, friendships go bust, everything happens on the golf course—but relaxation

ANONYMOUS

▪ SPORTS ▪

Editor's Note: *This piece caused such a commotion in our own editorial rooms, bringing our golfers close to blows, that we felt it would hardly be fair to withhold from our public the chance to get in on such a good fight. You remember, of course, that old definition of golf as "the difficulty of attempting to put a small ball into a wee hole, with instruments ill-adapted to the purpose." Well, so far as we know, that never made anybody either abandon or refrain from taking up the game. Probably this anonymous article won't, either, but it ought to bring every good golfer to the spirited defense of the sport.*

The first time I ever held a golf club in my hands and took a poke at a ball it ended disastrously, as you probably have already guessed. But the disaster was not only the score of 40 some strokes I piled up in three holes; it lay also in the fact that the whole game had been conceived in that moment of madness which is apt to descend at any time on three guys sitting around a jug and consuming it not wisely but too well, as the old melodramas used to say about loving.

One of the trio was a veteran golfer who played consistently in the low 80's. The second guy was in my shoes; he'd never played golf in his life. But it was the golfer's whiskey and the golfer's room; he insisted that we try to play, using his clubs, so after a few more cogitative snorts, we acquiesced. We felt we owed it to him as his guests.

It was a bleak day in late autumn, so we took the rapidly lightening jug along with us. We sung and we missed but we didn't care. When we connected with the ball it went either deep into the rough or over in a pasture or sometimes even back of us in the most approved boomerang fashion. Still we didn't care. At the second hole the caddies deserted us. Again we didn't care. At the third hole our dub companion fell into the creek. Once more we didn't care. But he did, and when we hauled him out he decided he'd had enough. We all had another drink around and went home.

But the bug had bitten me, even through the haze of the corn and the hilarity of that mad Lewis-and-Clark expedition over what was, fortunately, a deserted golf course. As soon as I was financially able I bought some second-hand golf clubs and joined the local country club, where my dues were halved because mine was that magic sesame of the amateur chiseler—"newspaperman." I never took a lesson but I am not proud of that fact; my game stank and it still stinks, and it probably always will, for I have grown incapable of taking the game seriously—except at times. I am usually too engrossed in my fellow players.

I had been told that golf was a great index to human nature, but I soon discovered that was a classic in understatement. Golf has educated me more in the vagaries of the feeble reed that is man than a complete encyclopedia on psychology ever could have done.

I have played with tall golfers, short golfers, lean golfers, fat golfers, stingy golfers, generous golfers, drunk golfers, teetotaler golfers, honest golfers, cheating golfers, loquacious golfers, taciturn golfers.

I have seen a man of eminently respectable position in his community stand on a tee beside a road and in a palsy of rage pluck his clubs one by one from his bag, as his caddy solemnly held it for him, and hurl each club as far as he could throw it, then stalk off the course, climb into his car and roar off. The next day he was playing again, with a new set of clubs.

I have seen fervid church-goers hurl clubs at caddies, robust and vigorous men grow white and sick on the links and literally fight back tears, men whose finances I knew were straitened bet far more than they could afford, then lose and pay off with set faces and trembling fingers and come back the next day for "revenge" that proved even more disastrous.

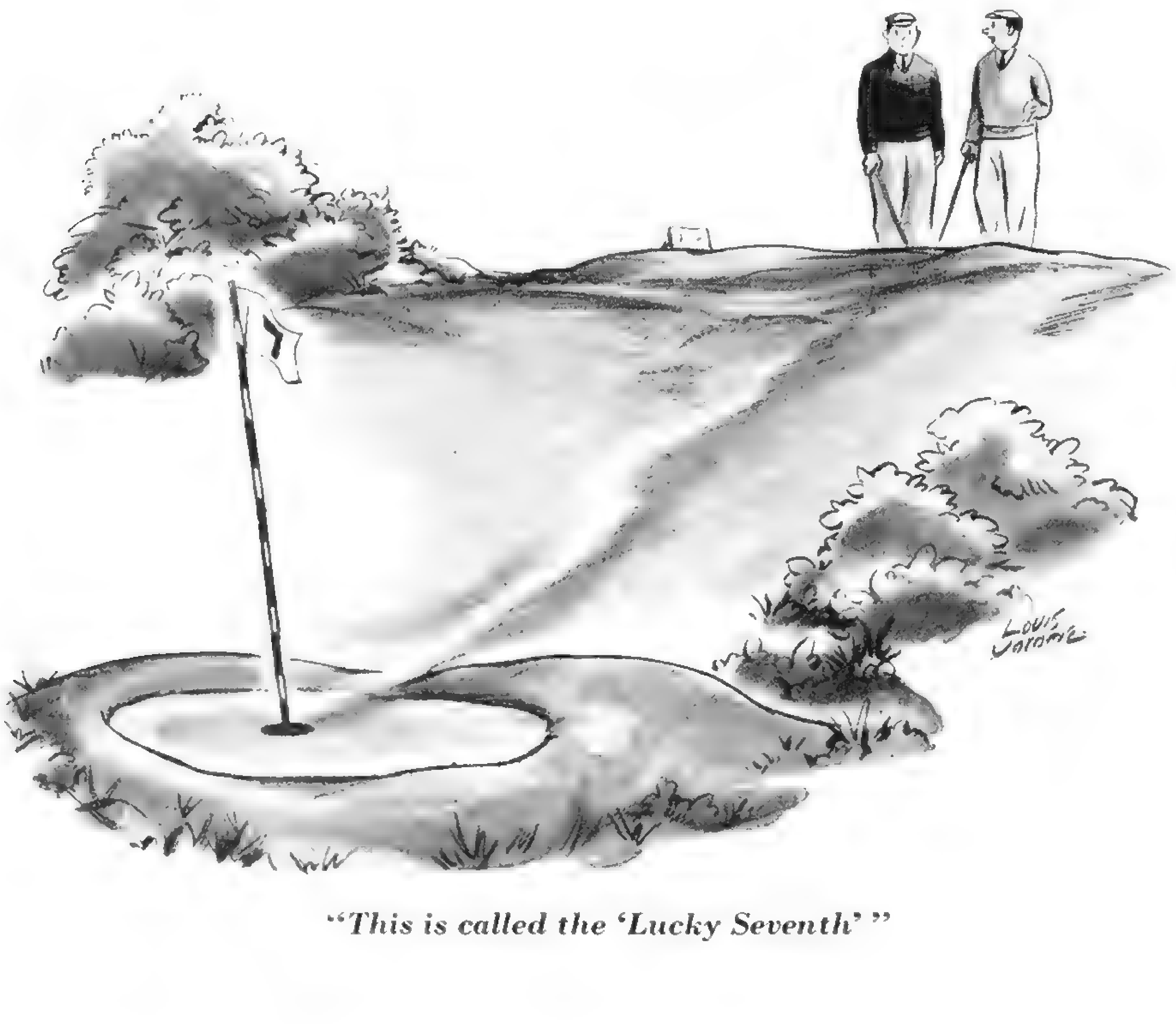
I knew one dub, a married man, so mad about the game that he got to slipping away from his office and playing six or seven holes in the morning or early afternoon. He got caught and he was out of a job.

I always get a belly laugh out of hearing golf's old refrain—how relaxing golf is, how beneficial the exercise and open air, how heart-warming the comradeship. I have seen more friendships smashed on the golf course than under any other circumstances except across a poker table when the participants were drinking. As for the relaxation and exercise of golf—well, the exercise is there admittedly; but the relaxation is, as the old cliché would have it, conspicuous by its absence.

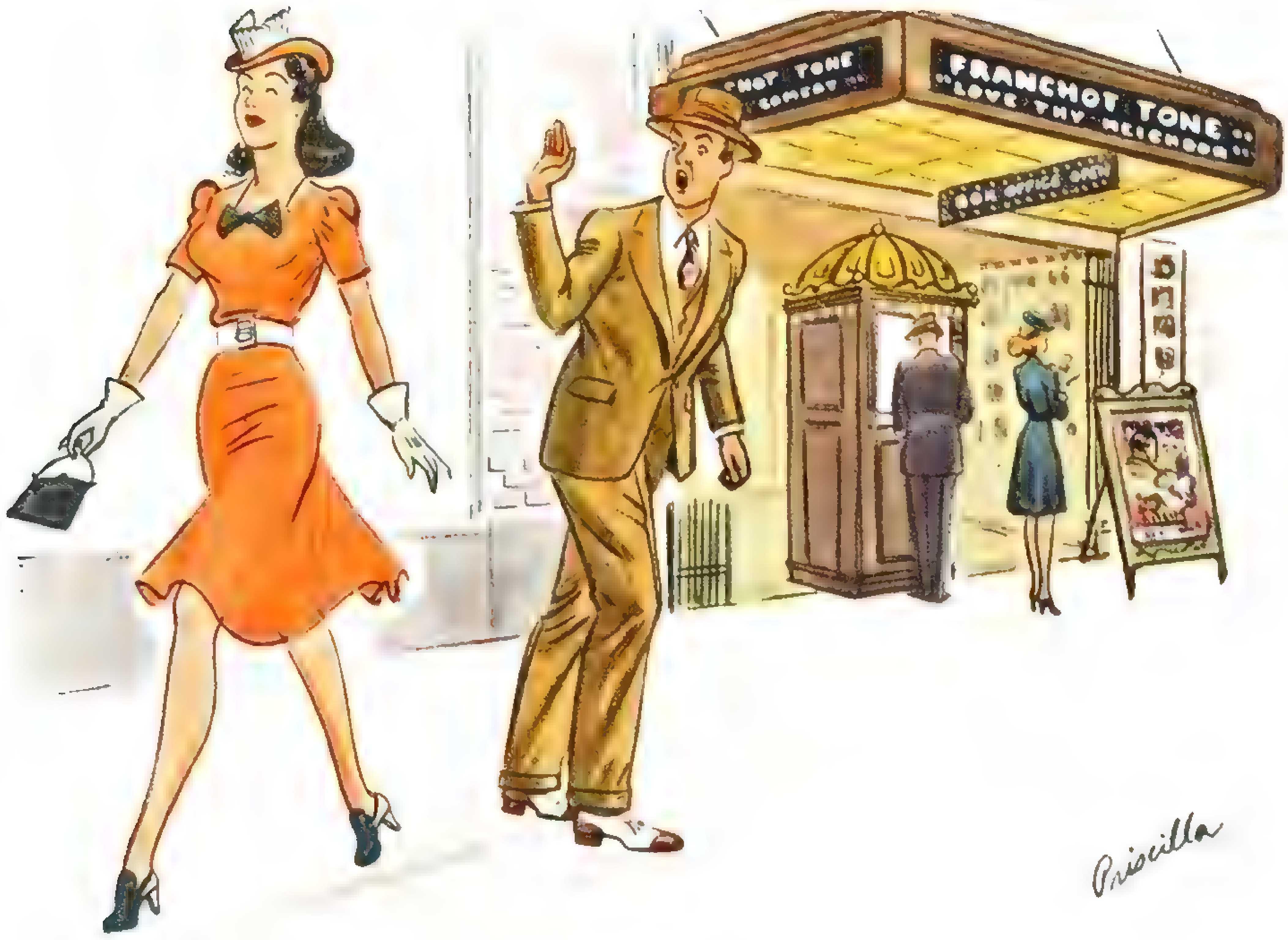
Certainly it shouldn't be—but it is. Not one out of twenty golfers I've ever known played the game strictly for fun. Whether it was simply the intensity of their combative desire to win, or the too-large gambling stakes they were after, or their own sense of fierce frustration at their inability to master the game technically, they came in from 18 or 36 holes far more harried and fatigued mentally than they were when they teed off on number one.

Golf has all the potentialities of being what its enthusiasts say it is—a zestful, not too strenuous pastime, salutary both mentally and physically. But nearly every golfer I've ever known (including myself) stubbornly sabotages all the good that is golf and distills from it all its evils of savage strain and a bitter, nerve-twanging tension. It's not golf's fault at all, it's the player's; but it's done nevertheless and done with such reckless abandon that the idea of golf played as a pastime becomes a grinning mockery to thou-

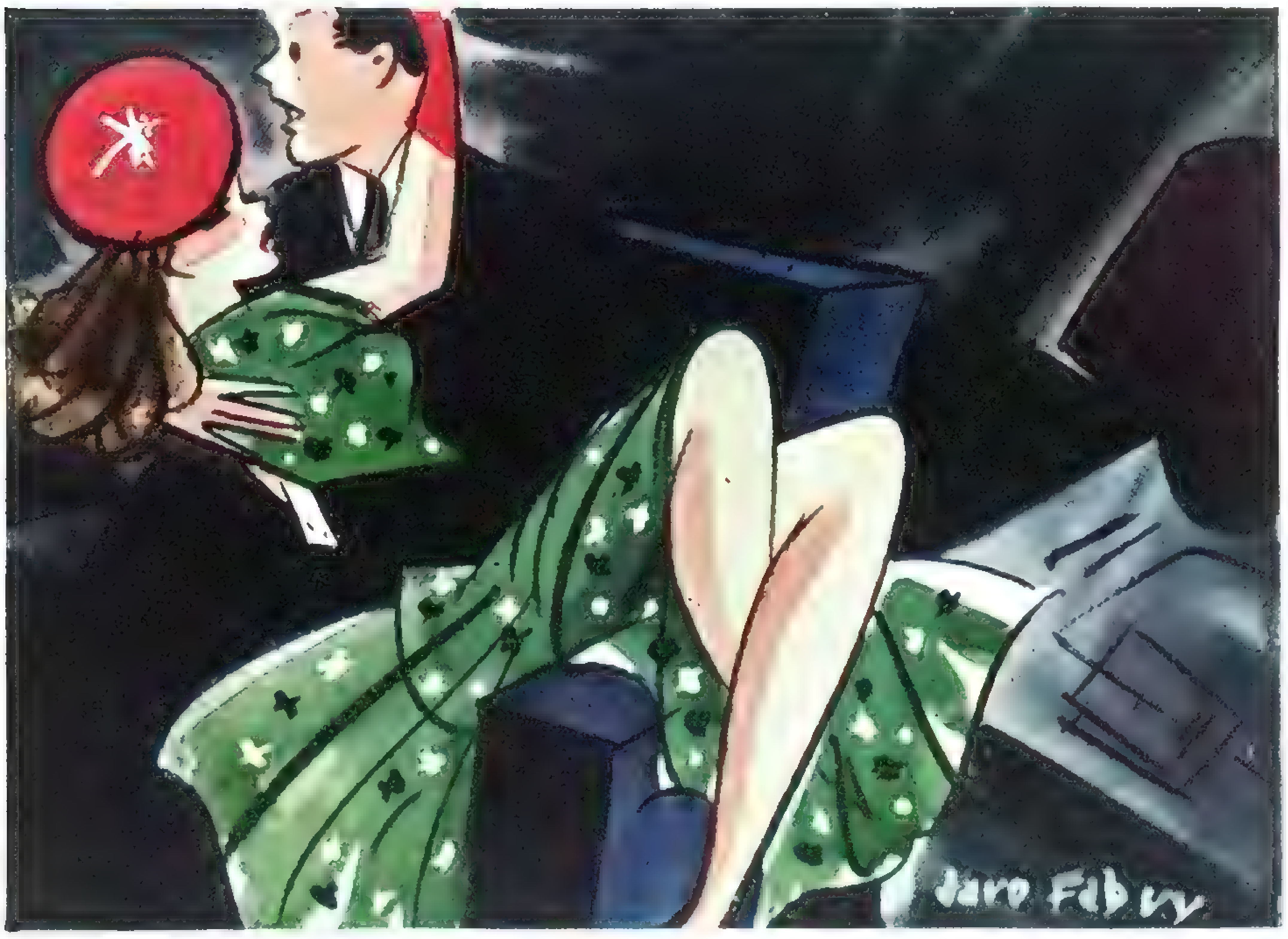
Continued on page 119



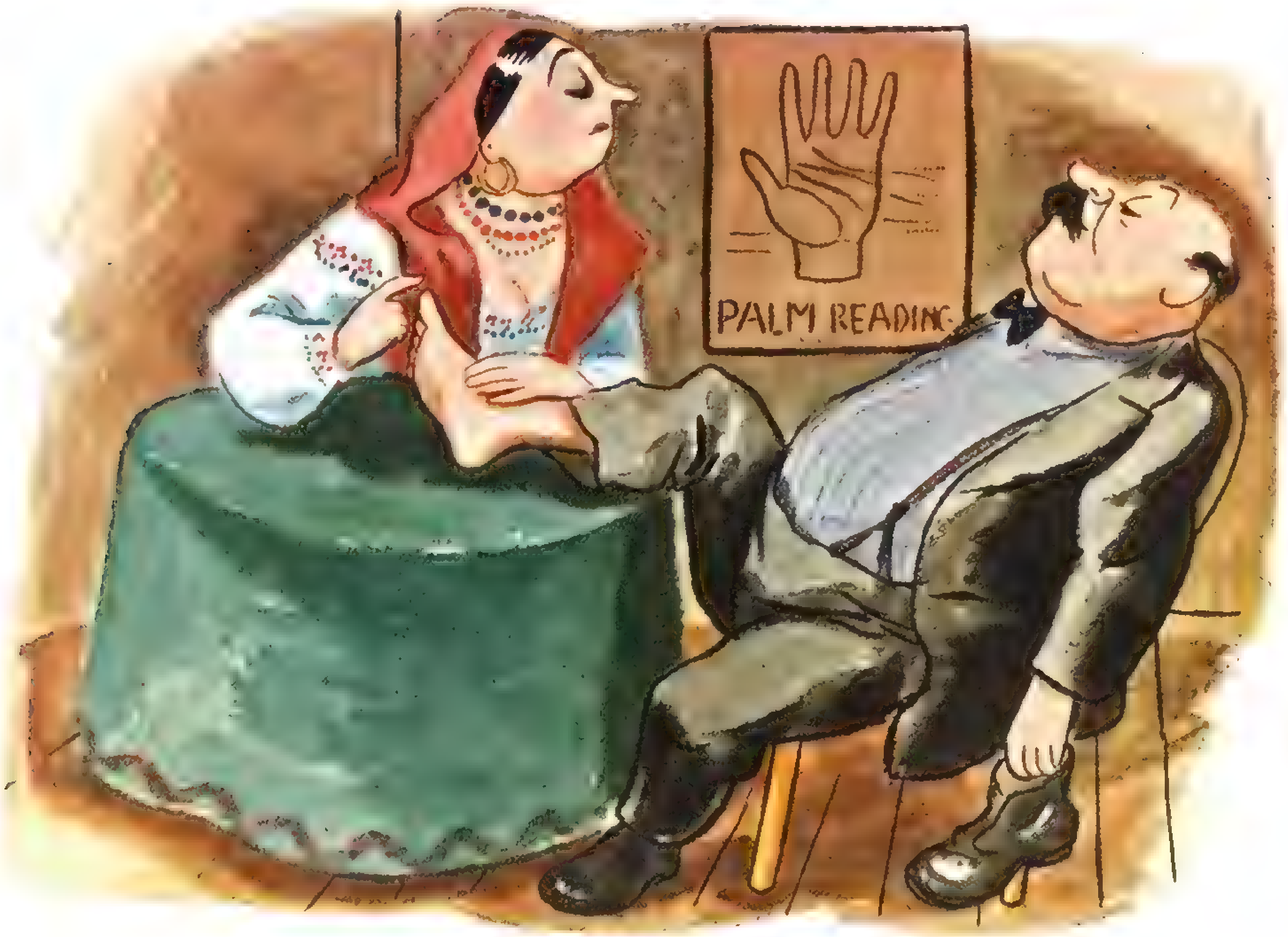
"This is called the 'Lucky Seventh'"


FRANCHOT TONE
LOVE THY NEIGHBOR
BOX OFFICE OPEN
Priscilla

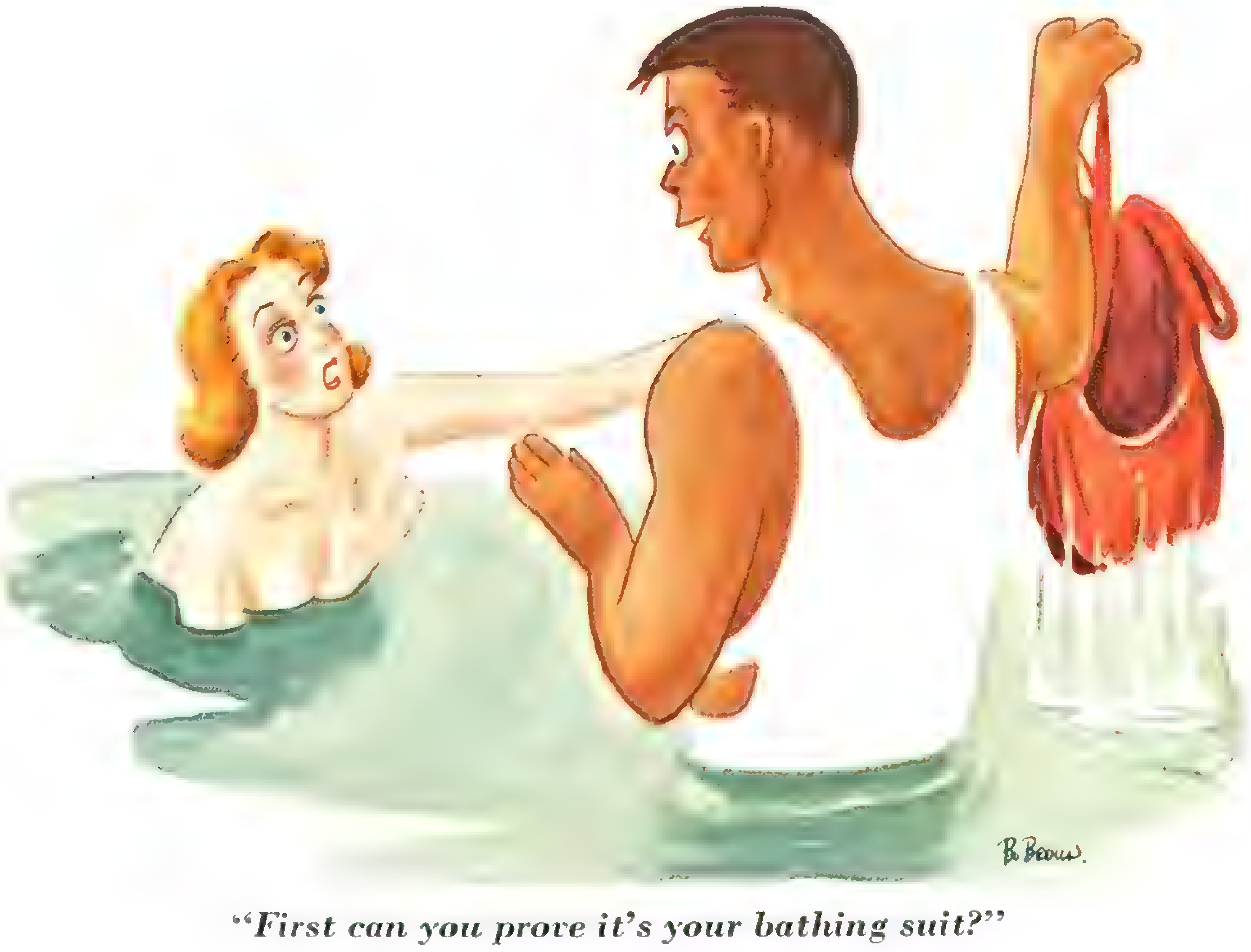
"All right, all right—let Franchot Tone take you home then!"



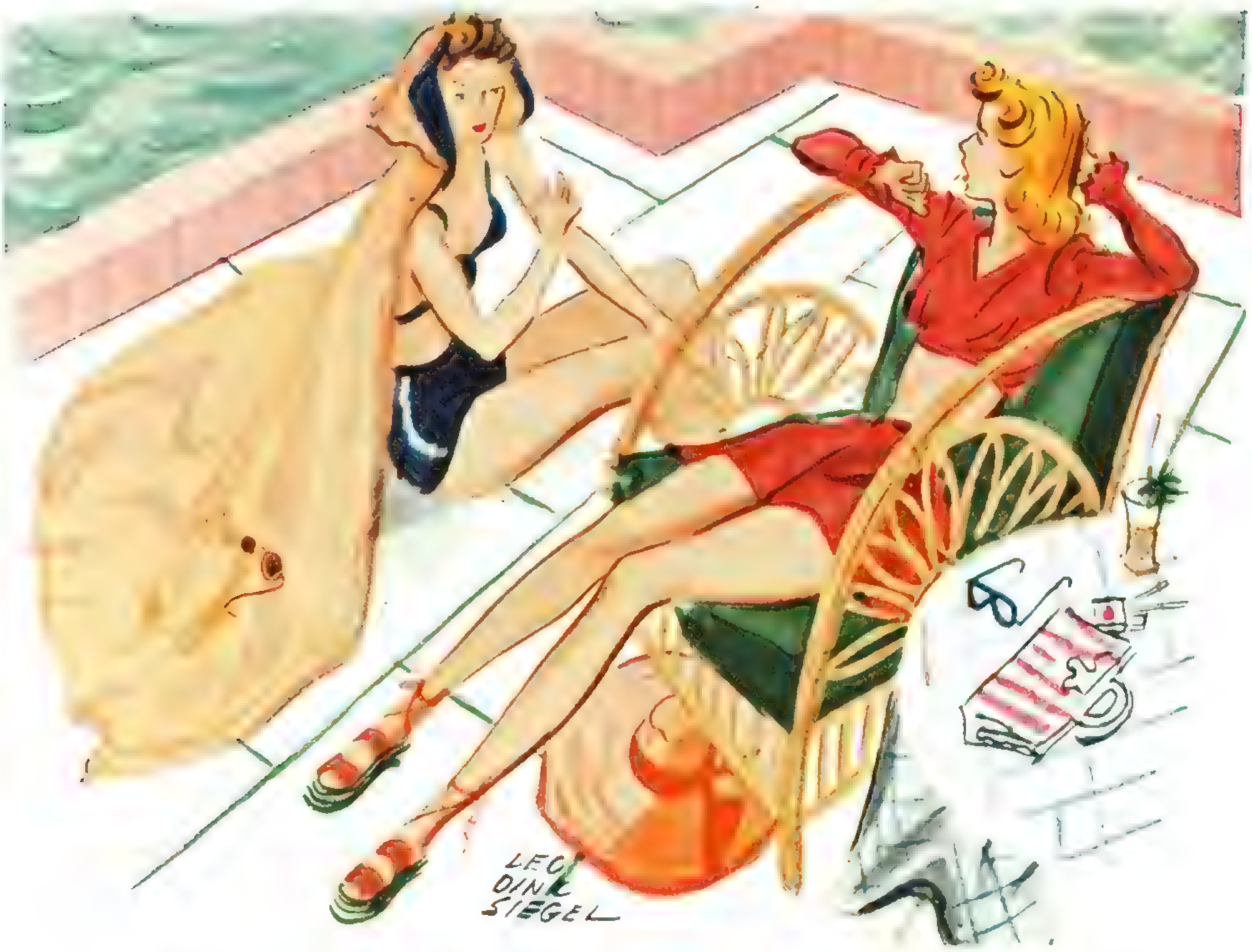
"Your references are excellent, Miss Cummings—it's now a question of salary"


PALM READING

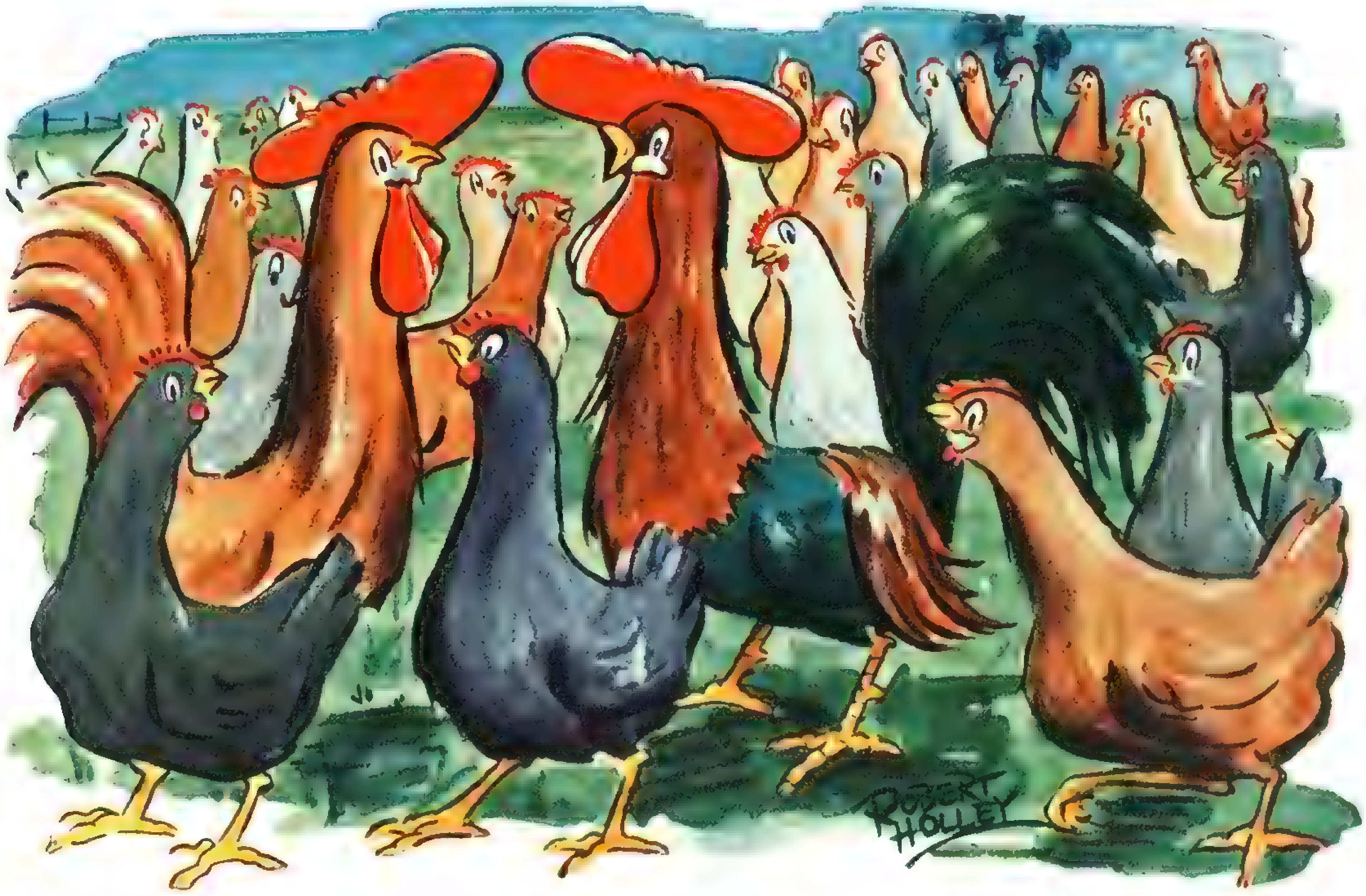
"I must warn you this will be somewhat of an experiment"



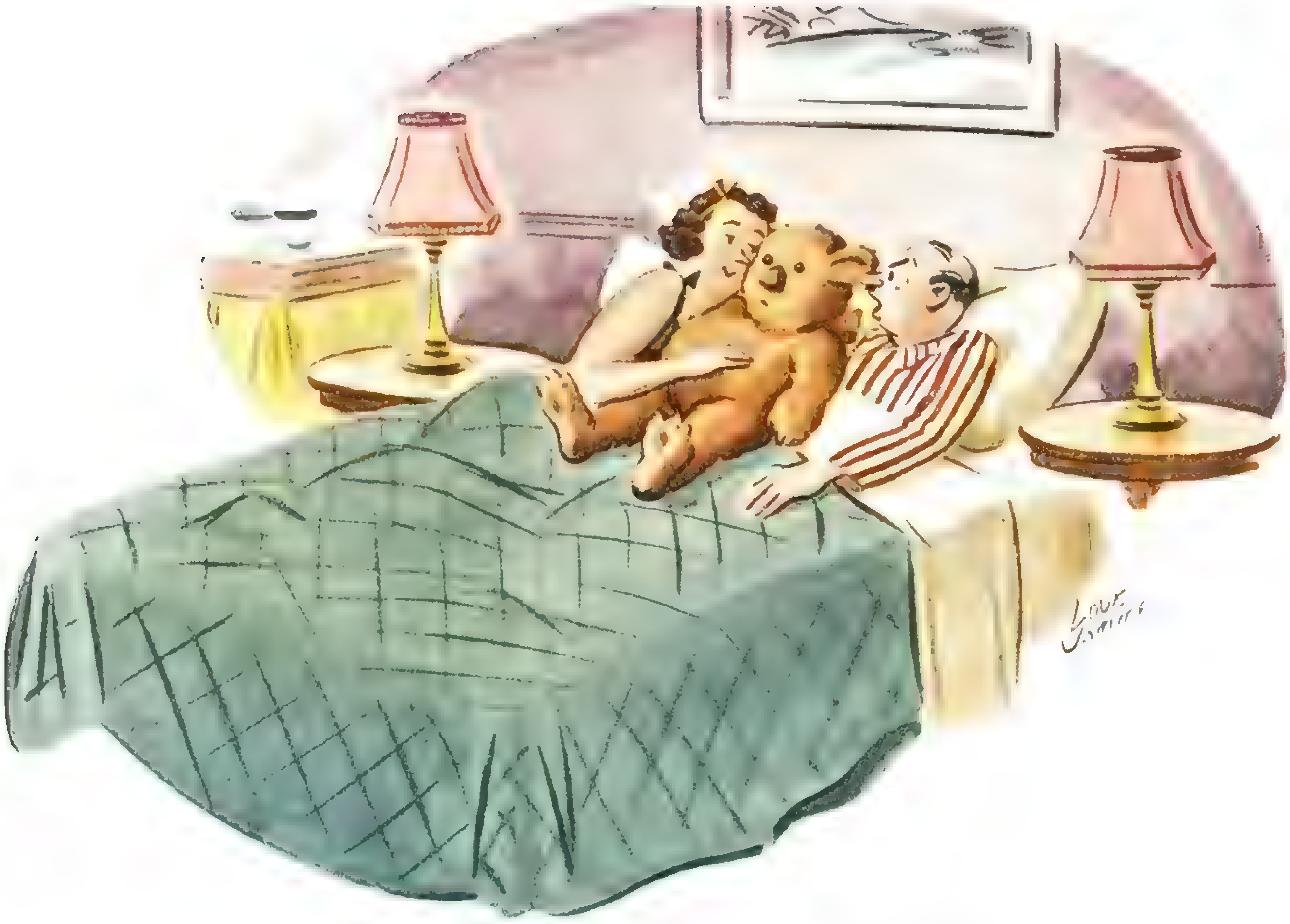
"First can you prove it's your bathing suit?"


LEO DINK SIEGEL

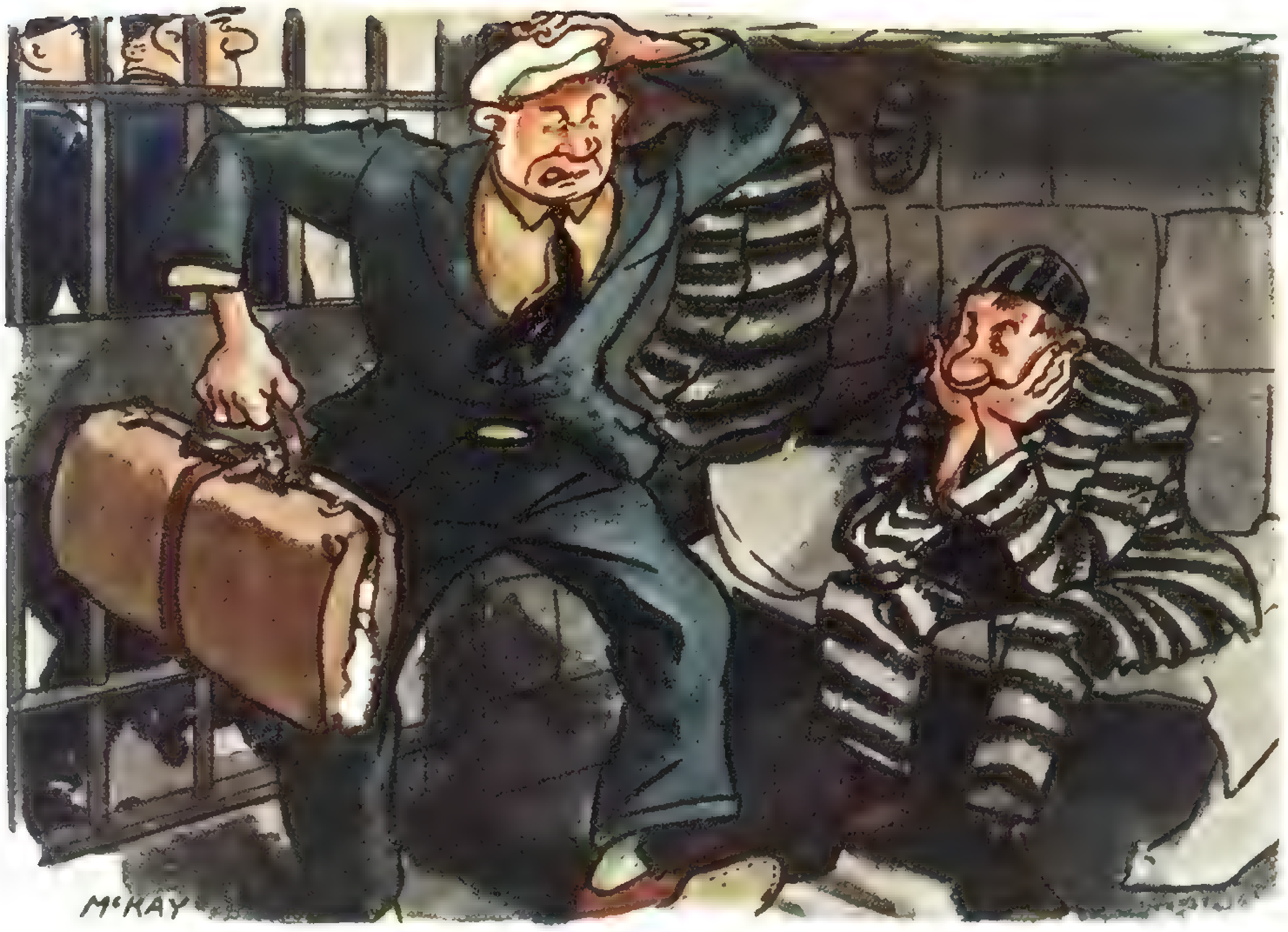
"I don't know why he calls me his dream girl unless it's because he's always trying to catch me napping"


ROBERT HOLLEY

"What we need is some sort of cross indexing system"



"Aren't you ever going to grow up?"



"Darn it! I keep thinking this is 1950!"

Most Horse Races Are "Fixed"

The handicap system is open and aboveboard and makes the sport exciting for bettors and owners

by LOUIS F. CAHN

• SPORTS •

℞

They tell a race track story about George Bernard Shaw. It seems that when he was asked to go to the races, he muttered into his beard: "I *know* that one horse can run faster than another—why should I go to see it demonstrated?" G. B. S., in addition to being a pungent writer, has a highly developed nose for publicity, and he must have chuckled happily when a chorus of five million British voices answered him: "But *which* horse, Mr. Shaw, *which* horse?"

It is this question of "*which horse*" which lends racing its eternal fascination. The slogan "may the best man win" holds good in most sports—but not, emphatically not, in racing. In fact, the main idea in racing is *how to keep the best horse from winning!* And "fixing" the races so that the best horse does not always win commands the time and talents of some of the most sagacious—and, paradoxically, the most unimpeachably *honest* men in the race track business.

Talk of "fixed races" usually conjures up a sinister picture of vicious gamblers and tough jockeys conspiring in the dingy backroom of a tenderloin saloon. Actually, fixing races is a nice problem in applied mathematics worked out under the pitiless glare of publicity by those highly specialized experts—the *track handicappers*.

You see, if the best horse always won, there wouldn't be much interest in racing. There wouldn't be enough competition; a few horses would walk off with all the purses and the betting would dwindle to practically nothing because there would be no odds on the "sure thing" and there would be no one to bet against it.

Of course, that isn't literally true. There are natural rivalries; horses vary in form from week to week, even from day to day. They get better—and they go stale. Then, there's the element of racing luck, and the judgment and abilities of the riders. And with these elements to consider, there are always bound to be thrilling, exciting races and a certain amount of "upsets." But for racing every day in the week, seven or eight races a day, the handicap system or some variation of it, is necessary to make the sport interesting to both the bettors and the owners.

And this handicap system is nothing more or less than "fixing" the race so that the best horse *is not sure* of winning! In theory, the handicap system should make every horse in the race *finish in a dead heat*. Of course, they *don't*. But due to that system—and its variations—we get plenty of "photo finishes" and "blanket finishes" in every day of racing. And it is this uncertainty, this "share-the-wealth" system of racing that gives the underdog a fighting chance, that keeps the public interested in the races in good times and bad and makes possible $100,000 purses and $5,000 stud fees.

The handicap system in racing is based on the weights which each horse carries—the actual weight of the jockey and his tack plus enough lead pads to bring the total weight to the assigned amount. It is obvious that a man could run faster empty handed than if he were encumbered by a suitcase in each hand. And if they gave Glenn Cunningham heavier and heavier loads to carry in his suitcases, there would come a time when you or I could beat him—even if the time of the mile race would be something like ten minutes flat!

That is a crude, but easy-to-understand, explanation of the handicap system. It is not quite as simple as that, but basically the theory is the same.

I mentioned the variations of the handicap system. They are three in number.

First, there is the regular handicap where the track handicapper who is an expert judge of horses *arbitrarily* rates each horse entered in a specific race and assigns weights which in his opinion will give every horse in the race *an equal chance to win*. The better the horse, the more weight he must carry; the slower the horse, the lighter his burden.

Over a long period of years and thousands of races, an *equation* of weight and speed has been worked out. It's only approximate, of course—but in a general way, it is sound in theory and practice, and it is just about the best guide available. Here it is—and remember it, because it may help you pick winners some day.

1 pound=1/5 second=1 length

That is, if a horse carries one pound more than in his last race (all other conditions being the same) he will run one fifth of a second *slower*. And if he carries one pound less (again, if all other conditions are the same) he will run one fifth of a second *faster*. And in that fifth of a second a horse can just about run his own length—about ten feet.

The joker is that "if." *If* all other conditions are the same. They rarely are. The horse may be feeling better or worse. He may have a different position at the start. He may run wide at the turn—or cut through on the rail. He may get bumped and lose a precious stride. His rider may make a mistake. He may lose a shoe. He may step in a "soft spot" on the track. The track may be fast, slow, muddy, sloppy, or cuppy. But all of these "if's" are present every race, every day, *whether or not the handicap system is used*. They are part of what is called euphoniously "racing luck." As they are unpredictable and can happen to one horse just as readily as another, the handicapper simply ignores them and assigns his weights on what, in his opinion, are the sheer abilities of the horse.

For an example, take the Santa Anita Handicap worth more than $100,000, which was run on March 2nd. Over one hundred

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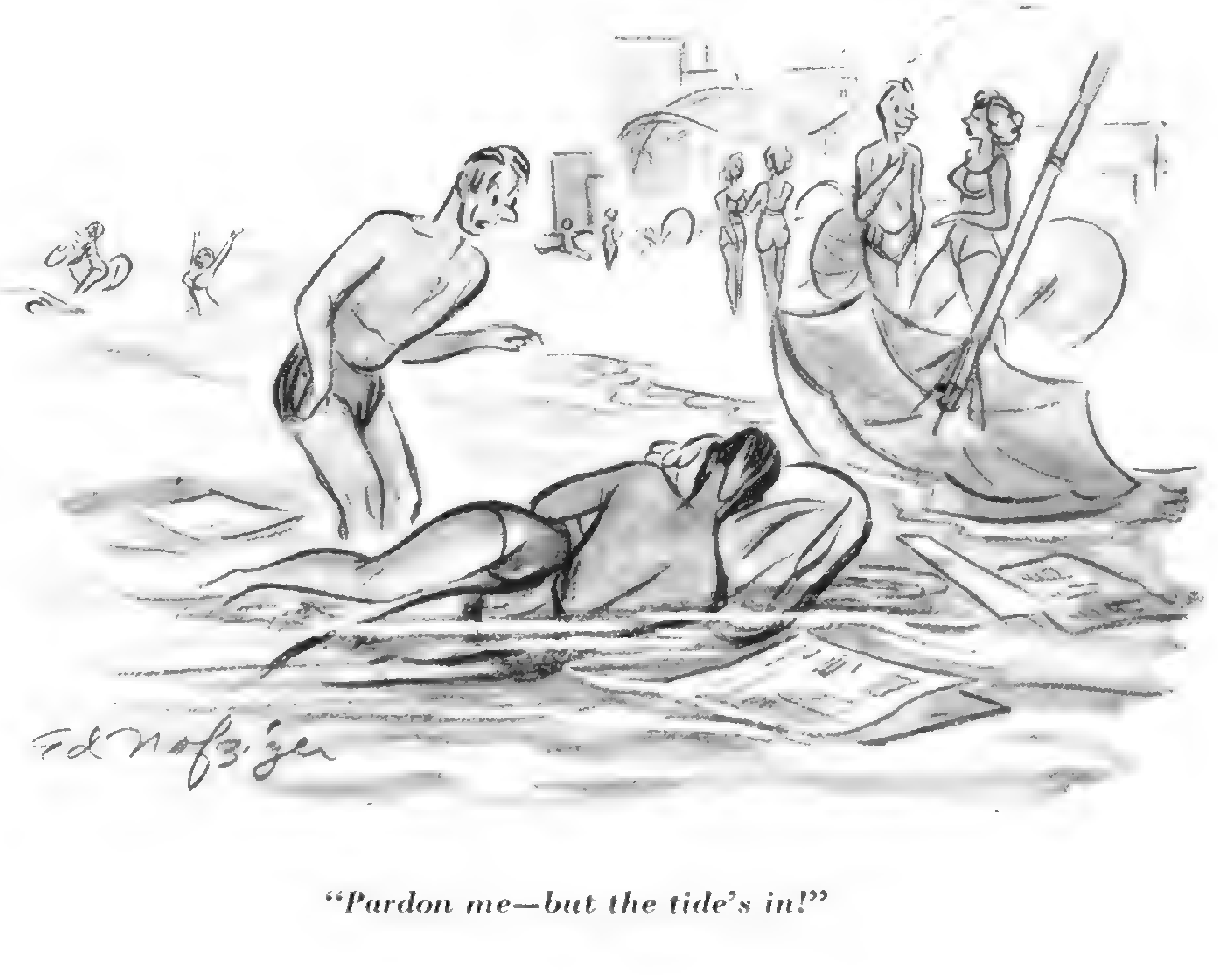
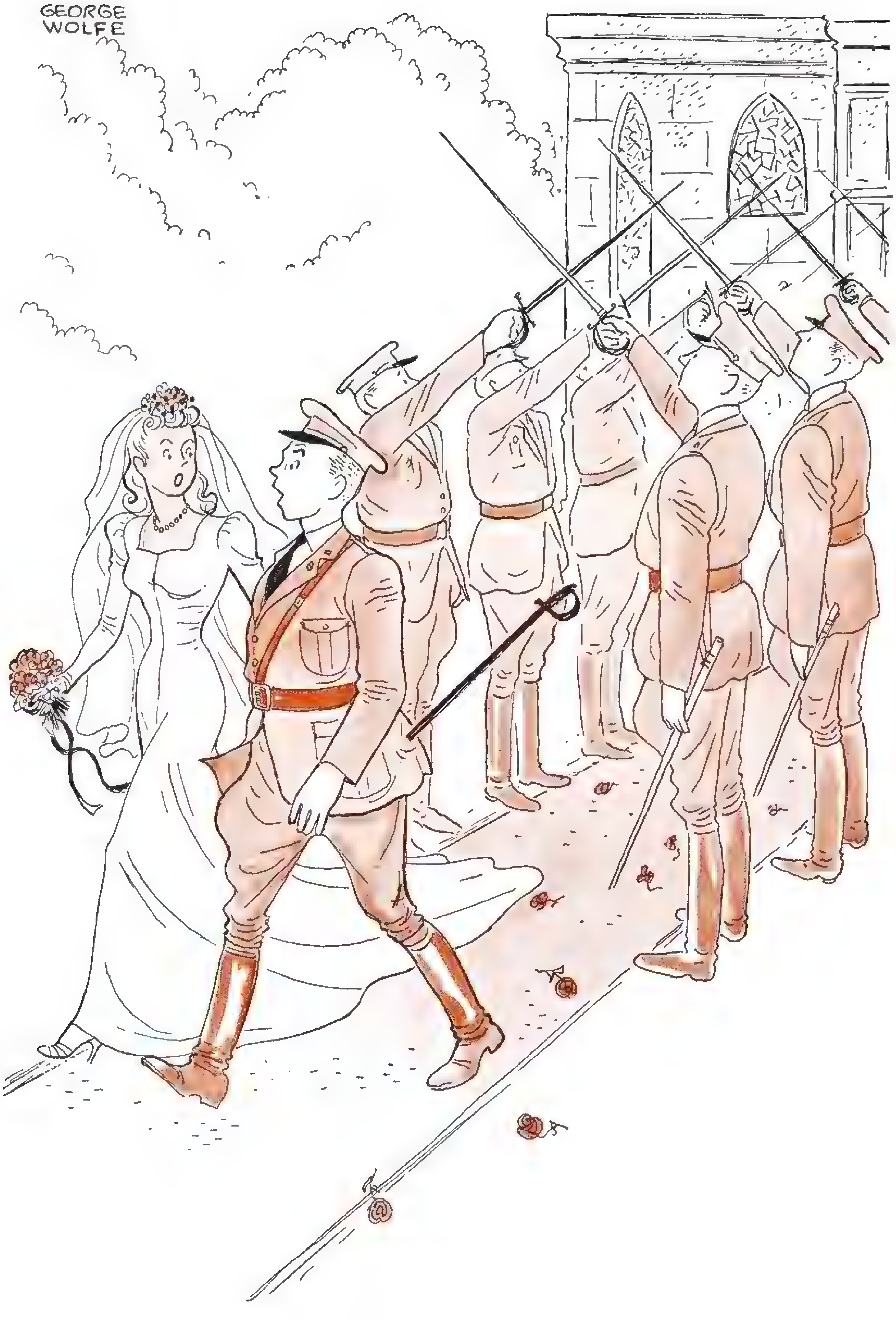


"Pardon me—but the tide's in!"


GEORGE WOLFE

"Sore loser, that Patterson!"

The Miracle of Chyapenkin's Sword

The marvel was that the lieutenant proved his intelligence, which none in the regiment knew he possessed

by JOE ABRAMS

FICTION

THE subject of miracles often arises when one is deep in his cups; but when two are deep in their cups it is almost certain to arise, even more certain than our somewhat exaggerated accounts of exploits *d'amour.* My companion, whose name I have not troubled myself to remember, and whose face I shall always want to forget, drunkenly considered himself an expert on miracles.

"There have been no miracles," I said, "since Bible days."

He pointed at me disdainfully. "You are a heathen," he told me. "You are a sophisticate, an unbeliever, a . . . a . . ."

"Nevertheless, I do not believe in miracles. We military men are factual. I was a soldier in the Czar's own army, and soldiers in the Czar's army do not believe in miracles!"

"A soldier!" he snorted. "I don't believe it! I don't believe you ever held a rifle in your hands."

"I was an orderly," I replied with dignity. But I noticed there was a faraway look in his eyes.

"My uncle was a soldier in the Czar's army too," he said half to himself. "My uncle was a fine man . . . until he married for the third time. His third wife destroyed his illusions. My uncle believed in miracles."

"A great tragedy," I murmured sympathetically. "He should have known better."

"My uncle believed in miracles because he once saw one happen, saw it with his own eyes. Up to the day he died he believed he was a holy man because he beheld the miracle and God allowed him to live afterwards."

"Your uncle was mistaken. What he saw may have been a series of coincidences (we were speaking in Russian. I could never say 'coincidences' in English) such as frequently occur, but it was no miracle."

"You are an ignorant fool," he said. "I tell you, he beheld the miracle with his own eyes. And if you do not believe, you are either a fool or you have sold your soul to the devil!"

"I am not a fool, and my soul is my own," I countered.

"You have not heard of the miracle of Chyapenkin's sword?"

"Yes, I have heard."

"Then you are a fool if you disbelieve. The miracle of Chyapenkin's sword actually happened, because my uncle was there, and he saw it himself."

I drained my glass of vodka and leaned over the table so that my eyes held his firmly. "If you will listen," I said, "I will tell you the true story of Chyapenkin's sword so that you will never again believe . . ."

"My uncle saw it with his own eyes. It was a miracle."

"The only miracle on that day," I said, "was that Chyapenkin should have proved his intelligence, which nobody in the regiment believed he possessed."

"It was a miracle."

"I spoke before of coincidence. This meeting of ours is another, because I, myself, was Chyapenkin's orderly. I was there when it happened, and I know the entire story. If you wish I will tell you precisely what happened that day in St. Petersburg. And I will tell you why it was no miracle."

"A miracle," he said. "A great and wonderful miracle."

* * *

Michael Chyapenkin was not a good soldier, and so he was assigned to the supply service. He was very short and very awkward, with great broad shoulders which formed the base of an inverted triangle. He always seemed about to topple forward because of his topheaviness. I myself was the envy of most of the other *dienschiks* because of the essential good humor of Chyapenkin. He always treated me well and kindly and occasionally allowed me to drink his liquor, of which he always kept a good supply on hand. My great problem was to make his uniforms look well on him, but this was well-nigh impossible, because Chyapenkin was one of those unfortunate souls who never look well in clothes of any kind.

One day Chyapenkin came to his quarters and sank in a chair with a long, weary sigh. A good orderly knows what to do in such cases. In less time than it takes to tell I had placed a drink before him. But Chyapenkin was not himself. He hardly looked at the glass.

"Astrenkov," he said, "I am sick at heart."

"The lieutenant has been working very hard," I said.

He shook his head sadly and sipped half-heartedly from his glass. "No, I have not been working hard. I am accustomed to work. When I was on my father's farm I worked fourteen, sometimes eighteen, hours a day."

He rubbed his hands together and then ran his fingers through his hair. "Astrenkov," he said, "I am a murderer!"

I tell you frankly I was shocked. "The lieutenant is joking."

He almost shouted. "The lieutenant is not joking!" I was still. One knows when to keep the silence. "Last week," he went on, "I caught one of the village peasants stealing from the commissary. He had broken into the storehouse and was making away with a jar of jam. I brought him before the military court and he was sentenced to Siberia, ten years in Siberia for stealing a jar of jam. Very well, I thought, it is ten years. It is bad, it is tragic, but it is not a man's life. He will live through it. You see my point, Astrenkov?"

I nodded in agreement.

"But today there is a notice posted. The matter has come to the attention of the Czar himself. He thinks the peasant should be an

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"Boy! Chocolate icing!"

Indivisible Nation

Gorham's return to nature kindled such public fury, it became a major issue in the presidential campaign

by ROBERT HENDERSON

• SATIRE •

ON THE afternoon of Friday, August 16, 1940, Mr. Herbert Gorham of New York abandoned his brokerage business, and, animated by patriotism, took to the woods. He had begun a letter of explanation to his partner, but after writing a dozen lines, had thrown it away. It was more fitting to vanish.

All of his life, Mr. Gorham had longed to be an Early American. He knew that in the rigors of the frontier lay virtues his countrymen had forgotten, and he wished with his whole heart that they would return to coonskin caps and truly private enterprise—that they would eschew politics, and solve their own and the nation's problems in a high-minded, primitive way. Since they would not, he was determined to do so himself, and from this wholesome decision arose an issue so sinister that it thrust itself into the Presidential campaign, frightening and delighting everybody.

Late that Friday afternoon Mr. Gorham's office boy, Charlie, dreaming of the day when he would be a rich and influential blackmailer, was rummaging through wastebaskets, hoping for advancement. He came upon Mr. Gorham's unfinished letter, put it in his pocket, and read it that evening, at home in Queens. "It says here the boss is going to live in a log cabin," he told his sister, Alma, a thin, introspective girl. "Like a damn Inniyan."

"If you ask me, I wouldn't put it past him," she replied.

"Yeah, a dope," Charlie said. "He's got written 'Everyone talks about Americanism, but talk alone is not enough.' See? A screwball. He don't like the way they run the country."

"Give that here," said Alma.

"Missis Nosey," Charlie said. "Is it your business? A personal letter?"

By Wednesday of the next week, Mr. Gorham's partner had become greatly alarmed. He notified the police, who agreed to get in touch with him if anything should turn up. The papers mentioned the disappearance, hopefully tracked down three ladies known to have dined with Mr. Gorham, and, irritated at finding them all safe at home, dropped the whole matter. On Saturday, Alma, who had spent the week keeping an eye on Charlie, asked, "What did you do with that letter?"

"A letter?" Charlie said. "Listen, I don't even know what you're talking about."

"I been thinking, that's all," said Alma.

"I tore it up," said Charlie.

On Monday Alma went into consultation with an official of the Citizens' Committee, an organization designed to combat the inroads of foreign powers upon the borough of Queens. She quoted Mr. Gorham's letter. The official said, "This is big. Go straight home and don't breathe a word."

His colleagues were divided about a proper course of action, some feeling that local pride demanded the case be handled on the spot, and others pointing out that it was a matter of national concern, since Mr. Gorham was probably not in Queens and might conceivably have crossed a state line, penetrating Jersey. Ultimately this view was adopted and a message was sent to Washington, where a committee of greater scope was also alert to un-American activities. A secret investigator went at once to Queens; G-men disguised as bird lovers, hiking parties, and traveling salesmen, filtered unostentatiously into groves and hamlets near New York, ready for anything; and in next to no time, the story had made the front pages. Pictures of Alma often accompanied it.

The press, unwilling to minimize the gravity of the situation, announced that the financier Gorham, who believed Americanism was not enough, had destroyed a number of incriminating documents and had then gone into hiding to perfect a plan of action. That evening, reliably informed young men swarmed into New York night clubs, guarding their secrets busily and stumbling over columnists in their eagerness to be the first to withhold the actual facts. At dawn the columnists, bruised but resolute, went to their typewriters and wrote, "What financial biggie who recently *pfftt* under mystifying circumstances is now known by insiders to be the Charlie McCarthy of larger interests?"

By mid-morning the news had leaked out. At first these larger interests were assumed to be Wall Street, but it was quickly realized that, instead, they were the men *behind* Wall Street. Presently the chairman of the Congressional Committee made a speech complaining that ten days had passed before he was told of Mr. Gorham's plot, and charging conspiracy to suppress and conceal.

The Committee at once impounded and published the membership list of Mr. Gorham's bowling club. At the conclusion of each of his broadcasts, Walter Winchell cried ominously, "Where is Herbert Gorham?" and it then became apparent to the whole nation that a threat to its safety had been uncovered in the nick of time.

Fear swept the country. The consensus was that what Alma could tell was probably plenty, and that Mr. Gorham ought to go back where he came from. In an Iowa filling station a motorist with a New England license asked, "What do they think of this Gorham business out here, son?"

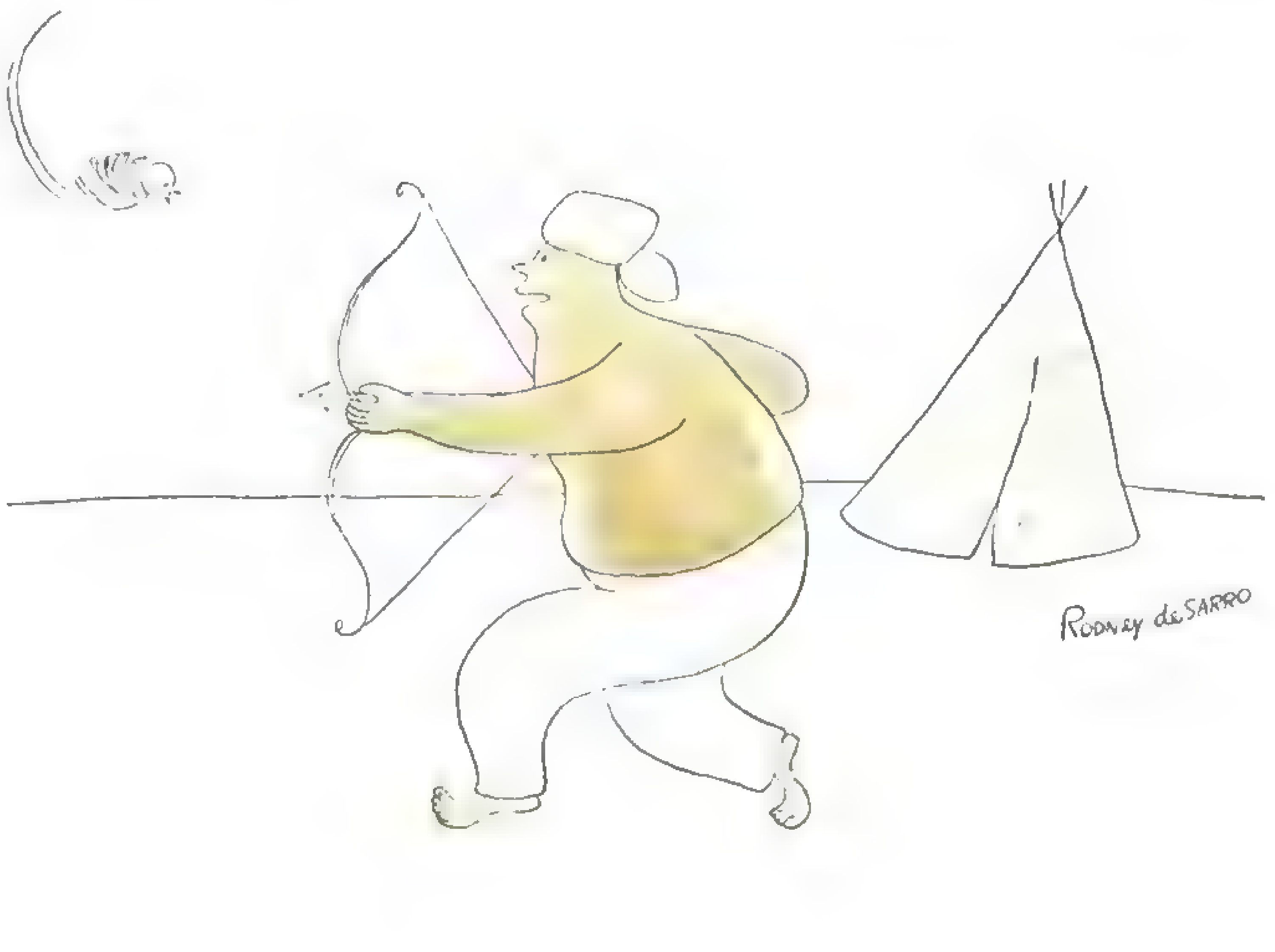
"Don't look so good," the attendant said.

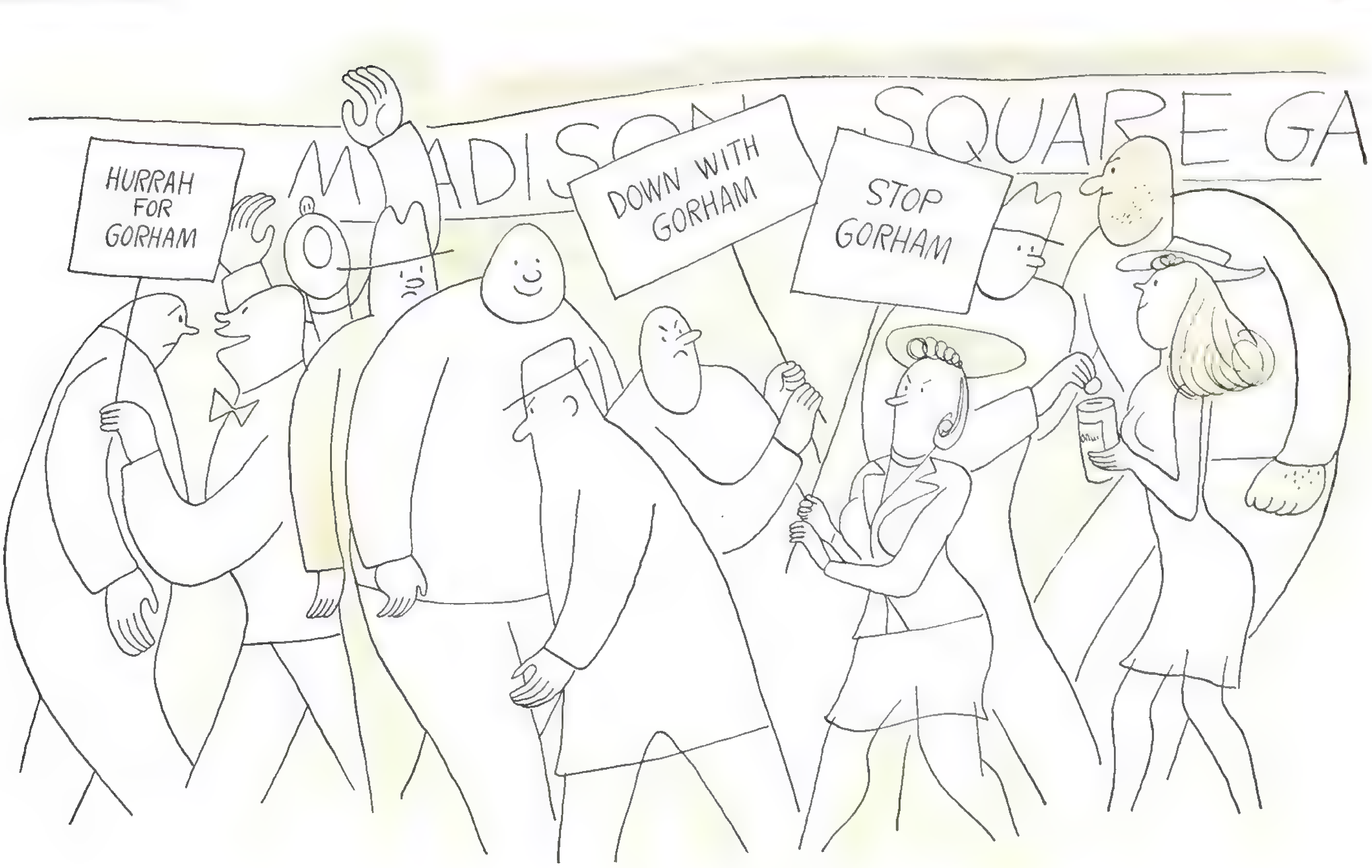
"Certainly looks bad in the East," the motorist said. "Can't see what they think they're going to do about it, either."

"Ain't much they *can* do, things the way they are," the attendant said.

"Coolidge wouldn't have stood it a minute," said the motorist.

People everywhere co-operated eagerly in the great manhunt, and from coast to coast scarcely a single American who saw Mr. Gorham failed to notify the authorities. The police hurried here and there investigating these reports to the neglect of their usual duties. Crime increased deplorably, fomented by Mr. Gorham and recognized gloomily by the liberal journals as the method Mussolini had used to get his start. Cartoonists sometimes pictured Mr. Gorham as fraternizing with serpents, and sometimes as a serpent





himself. His name was ordered expunged from all printed matter entering the state of Massachusetts. A New Jersey judge granted an injunction restraining him from circulating petitions. A bill passed by the California legislature barred him from relief. In Georgia, a Negro whose other children were called Beauregard, Stonewall, and Bull Run, christened his fourth Herbert Gorham, and was visited by night riders who made him take it back. Colleges closed their faculties to Gorham. The D.A.R. refused him a hall.

In September, the Civil Liberties Union announced its belief that Gorham had a constitutional right to vanish if he chose. Unanimously the leaders of the nation's industry denounced this as an attempt to subvert the very basis of American democracy, and many leagues were formed for the protection of the Founding Fathers. It was then that the major political parties realized heaven had sent them an issue.

They had been hedging. Here, at last, was an issue less complex and ambiguous than unemployment, agriculture, or foreign relations—an issue so clear-cut, so visible, that it was possible to deal forthrightly with it. The people (with the exception of Westbrook Pegler, who said Mr. Gorham was good riddance) were united in demanding that Herbert Gorham be found. The Republicans very harshly accused the Democrats of not having found him.

The Democrats scornfully challenged the Republicans to show that they could have done it better. The great debate continued deafeningly until the second week of October. At that time, Mr. Gorham came out of the woods. He was cold.

He was at once taken into custody and released on bail, pending an investigation of his income tax, and the voters were promised that, if he was found in default, the law's sternest penalties would be visited upon him. Bewildered and resentful, he took an apartment and secluded himself there. After a brief, stunned interval of surprise, the people adjusted themselves and were as clamorously interested in his reappearance as they had been in his absence. Various malcontents took up his cause, and meetings, dances, and moonlight excursions were arranged to raise funds for his benefit.

Gifts were arriving constantly at his door, sent by manufacturers who wanted him to recommend their products. He was offered membership in an aboriginal tribe, then on view at the World's Fair, and a grass hut on the grounds. But he remained indoors and silent, having his meals sent in from a delicatessen shop, until the day a resourceful public relations counsellor rode up in the dumb-waiter along with lunch.

At first Mr. Gorham would only repeat that he hated politics, and that he wished the counsellor would go away. The counsellor insisted that at a time when the very life of the nation hung in the balance it was the duty of the man of the hour to speak, and promised that, after Mr. Gorham had done this, the people would almost certainly forget that he existed.

Late in the evening Mr. Gorham, worn out, agreed to address a meeting in Madison Square Garden the following night. The counsellor left by the front door, and soon the extras were on the street.

The meeting was to take place at eight o'clock. By six the neighborhood was crowded with people, milling slowly. Vendors of soft drinks, sheet music, and tin horns had taken up their stands and were selling briskly. Police lines formed at six-thirty. The Garden was packed by seven. At half-past, Mr. Gorham arrived in a press car with a motorcycle escort, and just before eight o'clock he peered through a door at his audience. He had never seen anything like it.

Suddenly, Mr. Gorham understood. Here, he knew now, was his unparalleled opportunity. Here were twenty thousand people waiting to hear his message. It was true that he had not, himself, been a success in the woods, but he had been old and alone. Others could go to the land and to its simplicities, even if he could not. When he had spoken to them, they would. It had been short-sighted of him to resent their interest in him; it had been churlish.

Outside, in the street, the picketing had begun. Lines of disheveled men and women marched and countermarched, demanding that Mr. Gorham speak. Others, carrying placards, wanted him not to. Many shouted for the police to stop the pickets, and were heckled by those who insisted the police stop the meeting. Various boys from Brooklyn kept talking about the Dodgers and got into fights.

A man giving out handbills advertising conducted tours of Chinatown and Greenwich Village was demonstrated against by a truculent group who said the handbills were made by the wrong union. Girls asking for contributions to Gorham's defense circulated through the crowd shaking coin boxes. They were closely followed by other girls shaking boxes dedicated to stamping him out.

And in the Garden, under the cluster of bright lights, Mr. Gorham stepped forward. Smiling, he raised his hand. Before him and all around him the bedlam grew. The crowd outside surged against the doors. Pop bottles had begun to fly in the balcony. The packed aisles heaved with anger. All over the floor, arms flailed and fists shook—not at him but at one another. "Fellow Americans—!" Mr. Gorham began, over and over, smiling, trying to make his people hear. #

Too Many Tennis Players

Why America has failed to win the Davis Cup more than once during the last thirteen years

by CURT RIESS

• SPORTS •

FOREST HILLS is half tennis tournament, half sports amusement park.

The National Singles Lawn Tennis Championship is played off there annually on the grass courts of the Westside Tennis Club. It's a strange spectacle, and a unique one—altogether different from any other great tennis tournament like the Wimbledon, Auteuil, Sydney or the Riviera tournaments.

The clubhouse in the background, a mammoth edition of an English clubhouse, more or less represents the tennis side of the thing. If you look for them, you'll find the players and club members on the terrace. Here they sit around in beach chairs sipping iced drinks and looking very remote and *distingué*, as if tennis were still their own private affair.

In and around the stadium the atmosphere is more like Madison Square Garden. Here, hot dogs and soda pop reign. Here, are ten to fifteen thousand spectators who have paid money. For them there is nothing private about tennis. For them it's just another spectacle, another big fight. If they can't see blood, at least they want to see a lot of sweat.

Forest Hills is supposed to be an international tournament. But for the past ten years—or ever since Tilden's fall—it hasn't really been that at all. And thanks to Mr. Hitler, this year it won't even pretend to be international. It will actually be a grand review of America's two hundred best tennis players—which is about all that it has been for the past few years anyway.

They start simultaneously on twenty-five courts. On twenty-five courts the golden youth of America play tennis. Those who aren't champions yet are all coming men, to be sure. But then, who can watch twenty-five matches at the same time?

In a way, Forest Hills is a symbol. There are too many tennis players in America. The tragedy of the American tennis player is the tragedy of quantity plus.

Not so long ago tennis players didn't give a hoot about having anyone watch them play. They played tennis for fun—even in America.

Still, it's significant that tennis comes from England. It was essentially English because it was the private pleasure of gentlemen who played for amusement or exercise. They played when they felt like it and when they had leisure. Before the turn of the century, a pastor from Yorkshire could win the great tournament at Wimbledon, though he was without any training. Better yet, when he couldn't go on playing because he had to hurry home to give a sermon, nobody thought anything of interrupting the tournament. The doctor, Joshua Pim, one of the best players of his time, sometimes lost to vastly inferior opponents because he never played to win. All he cared about was improving his own stroke.

All these players had the same attitude. They felt that tennis was a private affair. They didn't play to represent someone or to defend something. *They* won or lost, not their clubs or their countries.

The Davis Cup put the kibosh on this idyllic state of affairs. Just as tennis at the start of the century was essentially English—even in America—because it was private, so the Cup was American—because it symbolized the spirit of struggle for victory. Playing for the Davis Cup meant you no longer played for fun; you played to win.

It's easy to see that the English wouldn't care for that. And it took them some time to get into the spirit of the thing. In 1900, when Gore Black and Barret came to America for the first Davis Cup Matches, their hosts thought they were slightly cracked. Because instead of rushing out to the courts, they first went to see Niagara Falls. And then they were beaten. But they didn't take that to heart either. When they got back to England, Barret said, "I can't help laughing when I think that I covered 6800 miles to play thirty games."

It didn't take long for the Davis Cup to end the privacy of tennis. In 1902 the governing board of the Crescent Athletic Club decided on a sensational innovation. The public was informed through the newspapers that it could actually watch the Davis Cup matches if it cared to. The Club courts, which were out on Long Island, could be reached by boat in about two hours. It meant a whole day's excursion. But since the admission was free—wonder of wonders!—four thousand people went to see the matches.

No doubt about it, inviting the public was a revolutionary step. When later on, the guests became paying guests, that was nothing fundamentally new. The decisive move had been made when the public was admitted at all. After this, tennis was no longer a private affair of the players or a club or a sect or society. By admitting the public, tennis became a show. And during the following years it became more and more a spectacle.

Exit the gentleman who played tennis for pleasure. Enter the tennis star.

Young Dwight F. Davis had donated the Cup to stimulate interest in tennis in this country. And interest did grow. The size of the stands grew. And with them grew the number of boys and girls who took up tennis seriously.

Today, in the United States, more tennis is played than in any other country in the world. It is played the year round. There are thousands of indoor courts and hundreds of thousands of outdoor courts. In Florida and California it is played all winter long. In the East it is played spring, summer and fall. According to some estimates, there are between six and eight million tennis players in this

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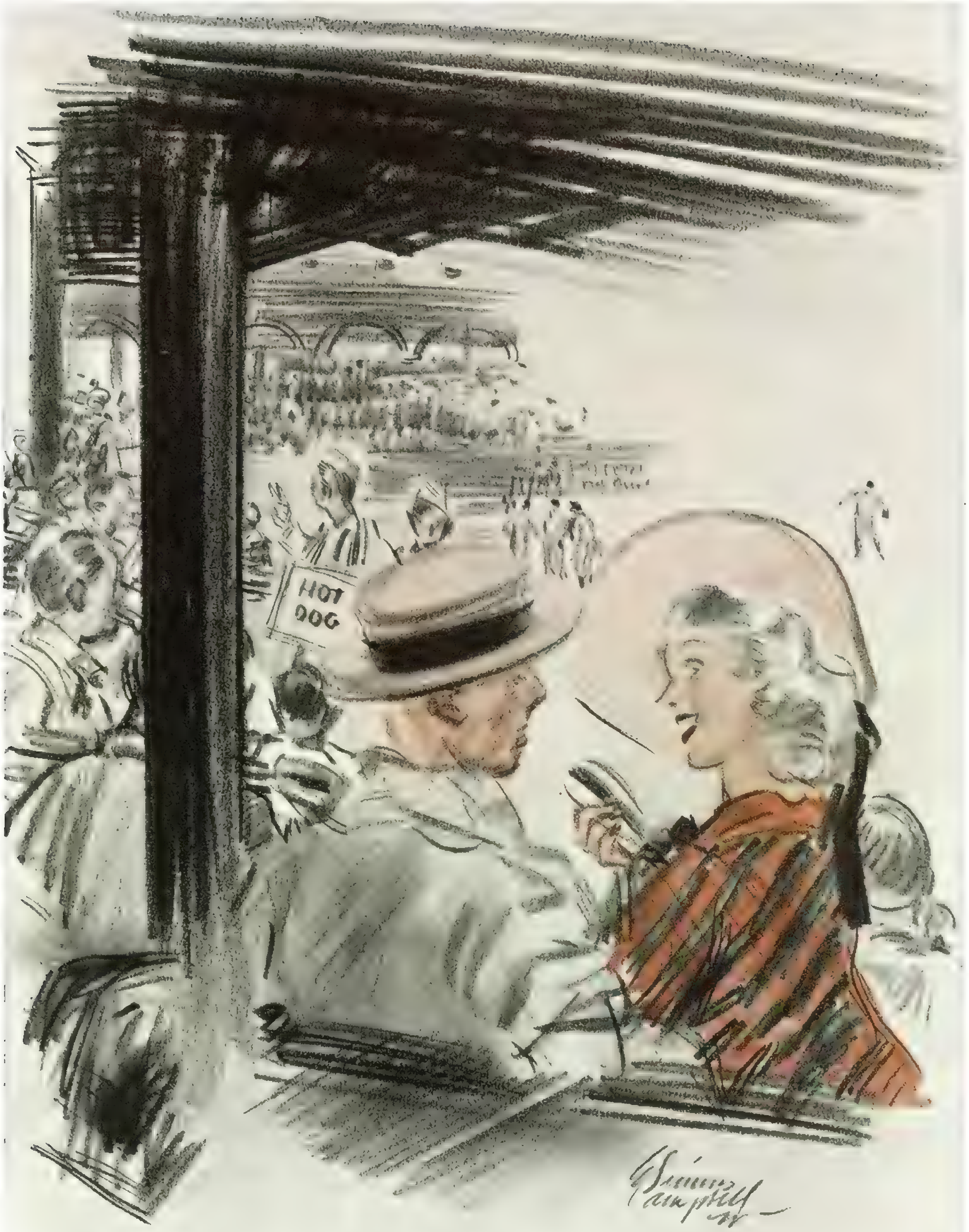
"I saw this same program at Mayo's last week!"



"I get it now—they play baseball so people will come and buy the hot dogs!"

In the Land of Egypt

Slaves rowed the Holy family across the Nile, singing, "But the doors in thee stand shut as the granite of the tomb"

by MANUEL KOMROFF

• FICTION •

When the caravan of Ben Shaba arrived at the bank of the Nile they all dismounted and thanked God. Joseph unbuckled his sandals and waded in the cool refreshing water. He dipped his hands and wet his brow.

"The whole history of our race is closely bound to this river," he said. "Here on the banks of this stream the noble Joseph was brought before the great Pharaoh to explain his dreams. And here also was his brother Benjamin brought before him. And here did the Egyptians put our race into bondage. And here, also, on the very banks of this river, a little child was found floating in a wooden crib. And Pharaoh's daughter took up the infant and he was called Moses. And Moses was close to God and he liberated the Jews from bondage and brought them back to Judea and gave us our law."

He dipped his hand again in the river and brought his fingers to his lips.

The mother, with her child, also dismounted and came to the water's edge, where little ripples lapped close to her feet. They found a green place shaded by tall date palms and here they rested and waited for the great ferry to arrive.

Smaller ferries came and left at fairly frequent intervals, but the great barge ferry, capable of taking a whole caravan of a dozen or more camels, was only sent across the river when the signal flags were raised. This flat barge was rowed by twenty-four Egyptian slaves. They were chained to each other and the metal clank of their chains was heard far across the river.

While the little family waited under the palm trees they refreshed themselves with food and cool water which they bought from a water vendor near the dock. The clank of the chains grew louder. At last, after several hours of waiting, Ben Shaba's eight camels were led, not without a good deal of pulling and shouting, into the ferry. They were brought to a kneeling position and the front legs of each were tied together with a short cord to prevent their rising. Then the ropes were cast off and the barge drifted slowly away from the dock.

The master of the boat gave the signal by shaking a rod to which small bells were attached, and the slaves dipped their oars. A young man who wore a finely spun cotton mantle and a white head covering came forward with a harp and took his place in the center of the barge. He was the minstrel who sang the songs of the slaves to which the rowers stroked in rhythm. A small boy also was part of the crew and he had but one duty and that was to dip his long-handled wooden ladle into the river and pour the water over the heads of the perspiring oarsmen. He went from one to the other, down the full length of the barge and up the full length of the other side. Each received a refreshing dash of water over his head.

As soon as the oars dipped into the water the minstrel strummed on the strings of his harp and began one of the songs of the slaves. From time to time some of the men raised their voices and sang out the words with the minstrel. The language was ancient and while the words seemed simple, the meaning was quite obscure. The minstrel sang.

* * *

Hail to thee, great sky, hall of the sun and of all the stars.

Hail to thee, great earth, hall of the trees, the stones, the fields, and men.

Hail to the weight of the trees and the weight of the stones, for the name of man is Burden.

Hail to the sun, which beats its heat upon the head of Burden.

For so have you been furnished by the one who hath builded all.

And it is he who hath made thee to be weighted down and dwelt in.

He permitteth thee to be obedient to those of the West.

He permitteth thee to be obedient to those of the East.

He permitteth thee to be obedient to those of the South.

He permitteth thee to be obedient to those of the North.

He permitteth thee to be obedient to those who live in the hall of the earth.

For thou art the obedient one, in which he dwells.

And the sun beats its heat upon thy head.

* * *

The little boy went from one to the next and each received a dipper of cool water poured over his head. The blades of the oars struck the water in unison and the metallic chains rang out the beat. But above all this was heard the high-pitched voice of the minstrel. He paused for a moment and then continued another verse of the song of the slaves.

* * *

Thou doest for him what he says must be done with his voice.

Thou liftest up to him the water-fowl that are in thee.

Thou liftest up to him every tree that is in thee.

Thou liftest up to him the cakes and fruit that are in thee.

Thou liftest up to him the gifts that are in thee.

Thou liftest up to him everything that is in thee.

Thou art the long hall in which he dwells.

And the sun beats its heat upon thy head.

But the doors in thee stand shut as the granite of the tomb.

They open not to those of the West.

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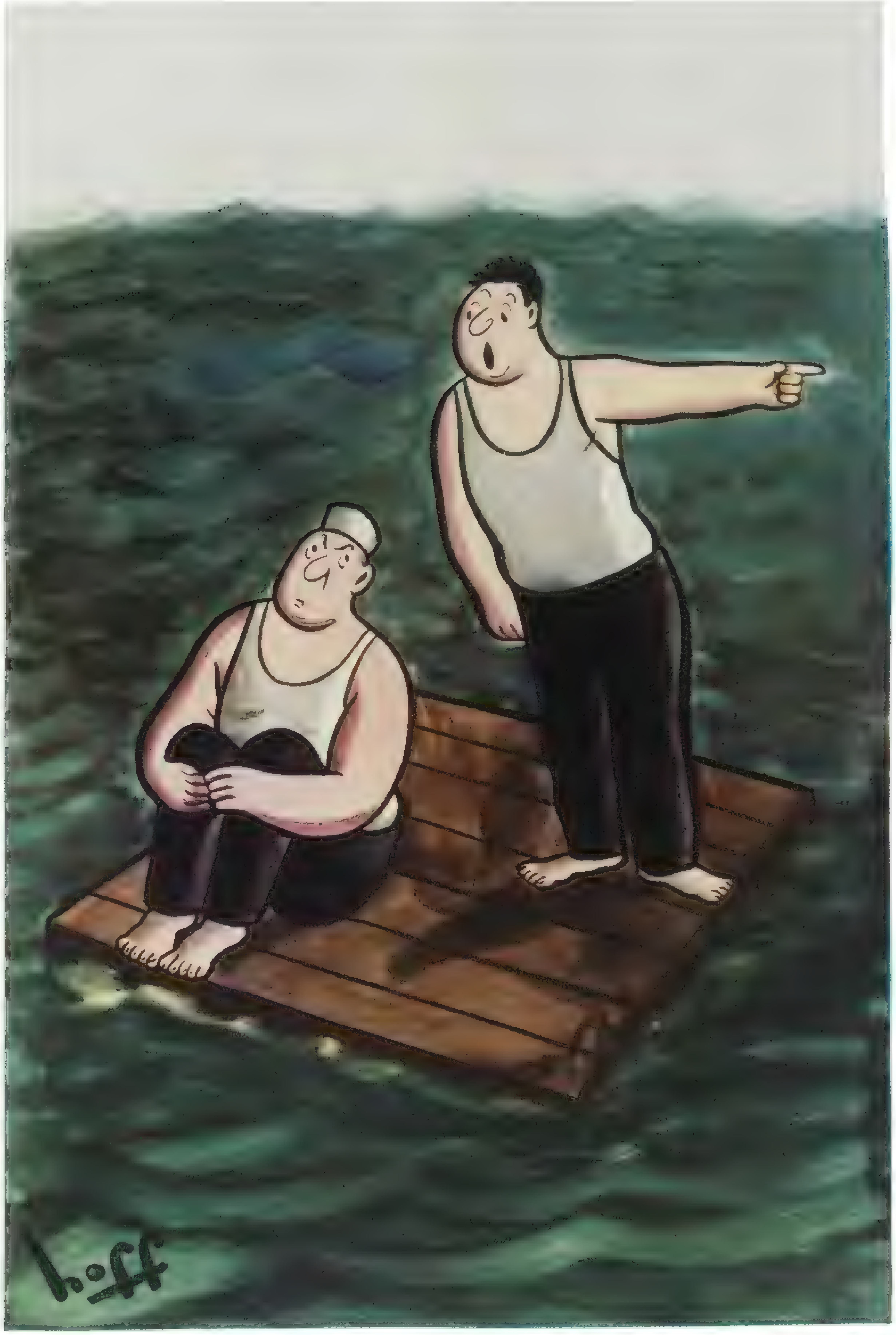


"Let's paddle—who knows, there may be two gorgeous shipwrecked blondes over yon"

Art Comes to Hollywood

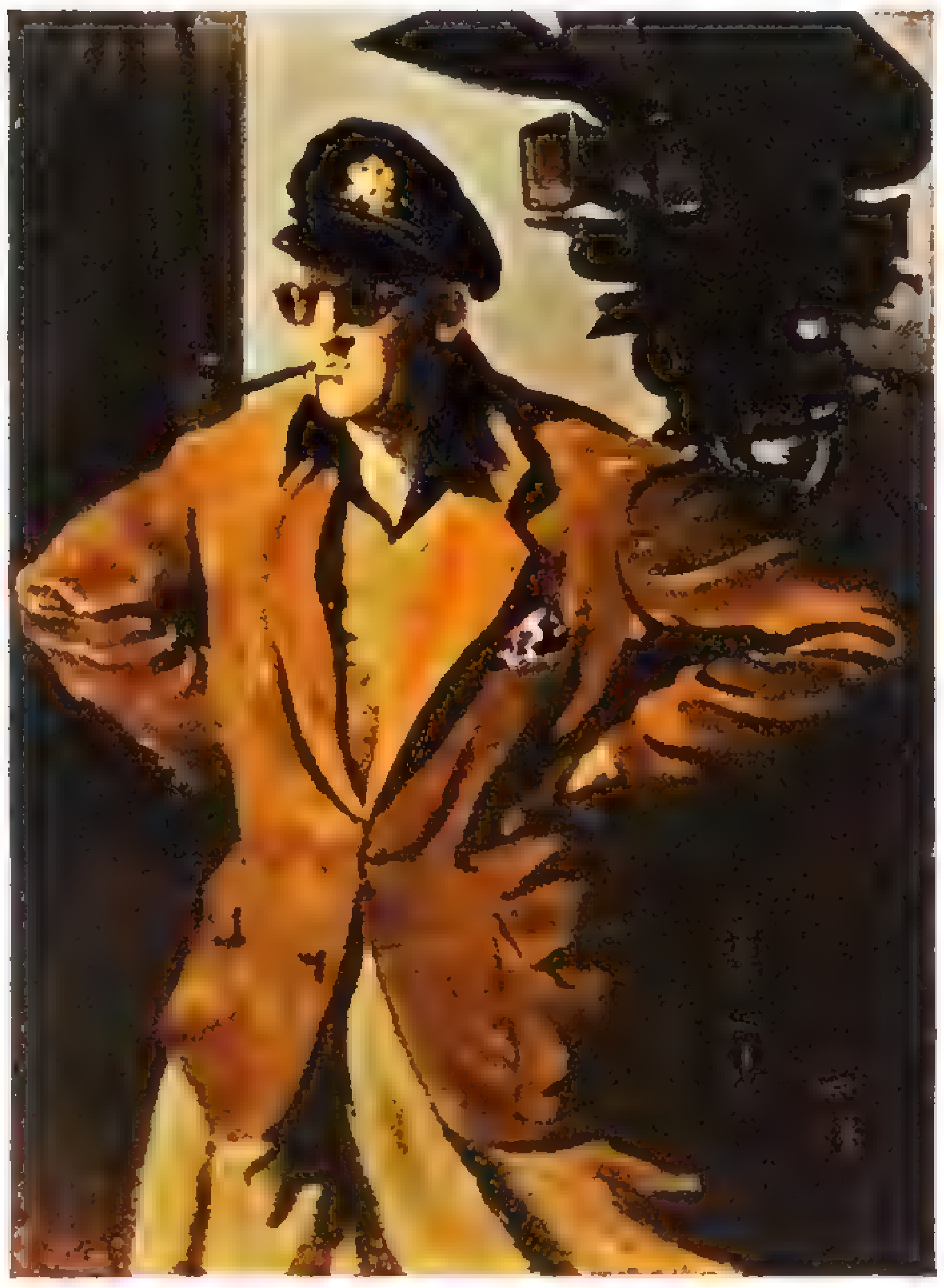
Fifty thousand smackers for a team of artists to paint the take of *The Long Voyage Home*

by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •

THIS is going to be a rough outline of the story of how art came to Hollywood and of how Hollywood came around toward the general direction of art—living American art. Hollywood is full of narrowly clever people who are supposed to be sophisticated but who are naïve as children with respect to activities and values outside the world of money-making and ostentatious expenditure. But, generally speaking, Hollywood knows about art. It has heard about pictures—not photographs—that stand still. It has heard about painting and sculpture—the old masters, the recent masters and contemporary artists, in America and elsewhere. Greta Garbo, Myrna Loy and Miriam Hopkins, among many others, are supposed to have a more than passing interest in the subject. There are collectors in Hollywood. Who has not heard of Edward G. Robinson's collection of modern art, and who hasn't read that Thomas Mitchell bought a Rembrandt a few months ago? For many years Hollywood has been a fairly profitable one-week stand for travelling dealers with stocks of pictures. There is intellectual and cultural tone in picture buying. After a while you might even learn to like the things for themselves, and not only for their re-sale, trade-in value. Aside from the fact that it has money to spend, Hollywood ought to be interested in art because, now and then, it produces art, setting aside even Walt Disney's tremendous venture in co-operative picture-making and picture-organization. *Of Mice and Men* and *Wuthering Heights* and *Stagecoach* are also works of art. And, besides, there are painters in Hollywood, good ones as well as bad ones, technicians who work for the studios and paint in their spare time, if any; portrait painters come from far distances to get a lick or two at the Hollywood honey pot and, in addition, a group of landscape painters who find in Southern California the forms and colors, the sky, sea, mountain and terraces recalling the French Riviera in which they spent their youth. To sum up, Hollywood has seen canvas and smelled oil paints.

Art already had come to Hollywood, but quietly and incidentally. Hollywood had come to art, but in a purely personal manner. Buying a picture wasn't good for much more than a stick of type in the papers. You could get much more attention by adding a good horse to your racing stable. Art had yet to come to Hollywood with a brass band and a battery of floodlights, to the click of cameras, the clink of champagne glasses, the buzz of a couple of receptions, the scurrying of press agents and reporters, and to the crossfire of conference talk on the exploitation value to Hollywood of American art and artists.



GEORGES SCHREIBER decided to paint the portrait of the man who brought Eugene O'Neill's sea drama and all of its colorful characters to life on the screen. After John Ford had completed the last scene for his production of *The Long Voyage Home* he hurried to Schreiber's studio and posed in his own yachting cap, dark glasses, puffing his pipe, for the artist.

It all began one day when Reeves Lewenthal, director of one of the more spacious (and enterprising) New York galleries devoted to the exploitation of art produced by living Americans, was "in conference" with Walter Wanger, one of the more intelligent and socially conscious moving picture producers, in Mr. Wanger's office. Mr. Lewenthal was in Hollywood to arrange for the forthcoming exhibition of a group of paintings by ten of the artists whom he represented and he was conferring with the producer in his other capacity as president of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, in whose quarters the exhibition was to be held. The conversation ranged over a field not too wide. Mr. Lewenthal, characteristically stalking unconventional game, broached one of his favorite themes, the use of art by industry. No one else was present and I cannot report who said what and who raised whose ante, but when Mr. Lewenthal rose to leave, one of the most interesting gentleman's agreements ever entered into even in Hollywood had been roughly outlined and agreed upon. As this is being written, one of the slowest artists in America (and one of its most famous) is putting the finishing touches on the canvas the completion of which consummates the deal.

Wanger had just put into production, under the direction of John Ford, *The Long Voyage Home*, prepared for the screen by Dudley Nichols from the four one-act plays by Eugene O'Neill, of which *The Long Voyage Home* is one. The screen play, at the moment of production, was to provide the subject matter and the atmosphere, the characters and the settings for treatment by living American art. Mr. Lewenthal was to bring to Hollywood nine of the ten artists whose paintings were to be exhibited at the Academy of Motion Picture Arts. Each was to have a studio on the lot, enjoy free access to the stages during production and have the use of a private projection room in which to see the rushes of each day's shooting. Each artist was to have perfect freedom in the choice of the scene, character or group he wished to portray and equal freedom in the size and proportions of his picture, as well as in the medium. There was to be no restriction. Completed paintings became the full property of the Wanger studios which would have as unrestricted a freedom in the exploitative use of the art thus produced, in color reproductions, in advertisements, promotion, etc. The studio would pay to Mr. Lewenthal's gallery, the Associated American Artists, $50,000 for the nine paintings and, in addition, travelling expenses both ways and the artists' living expenses for the period of their stay; the studio was to supply also easels, canvas and frames, as well as other needed materials, excepting paints and brushes. (Except for the gallery commission, the $50,000 will of course be distributed among the artists.)

The contract already has been ratified in the deed and more than ratified. Mr. Wanger will have eleven paintings, including a portrait of himself, instead of nine, two of the artists having insisted upon contributing two paintings apiece. The eleventh picture, by Grant Wood, is being worked upon at Sioux City, Iowa, and Mr. Wood is therefore the only artist not represented in the color reproductions accompanying this text. The works are large, every artist having extended himself to give his best.

Whatever use the Wanger people may make of the paintings to promote the moving picture, the promotion will not be without value to the artists. Let it be granted that Mr. Wanger isn't spending $50,000 plus for art, but for moving picture promotion. Let it be granted that such a sum could build a fair-sized art museum in a middle-sized town and that with the plus sum alone, an intelligent curator could purchase the nucleus of an art collection. Nevertheless, in spite of himself, Mr. Wanger will give a gentle shove to the cause of art. It may be done with jungle tom-toms and blinding white lights, but it will be done so that we can give Mr. Wanger the benefit of the doubt. He might have done as much for better artists, and assuming that

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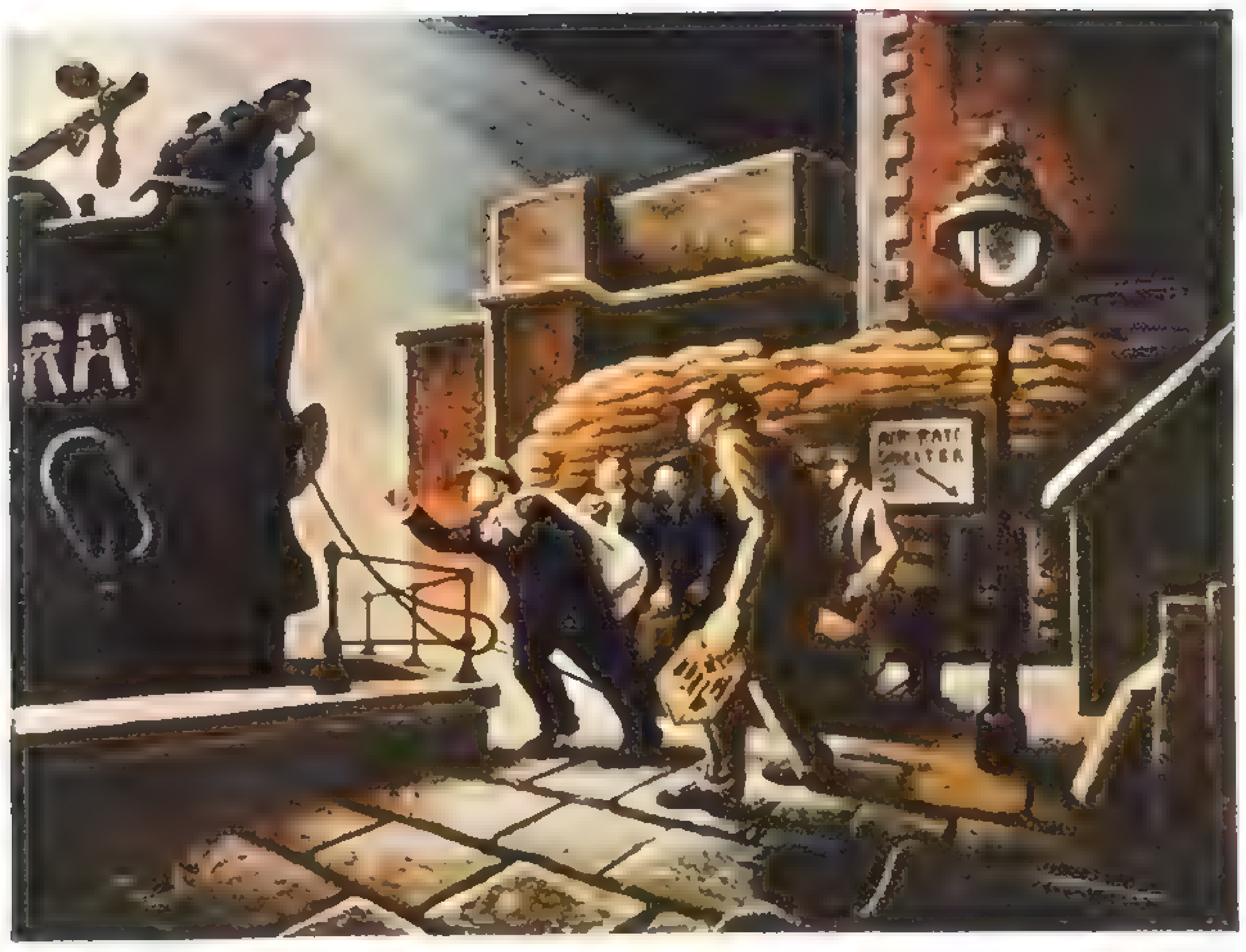
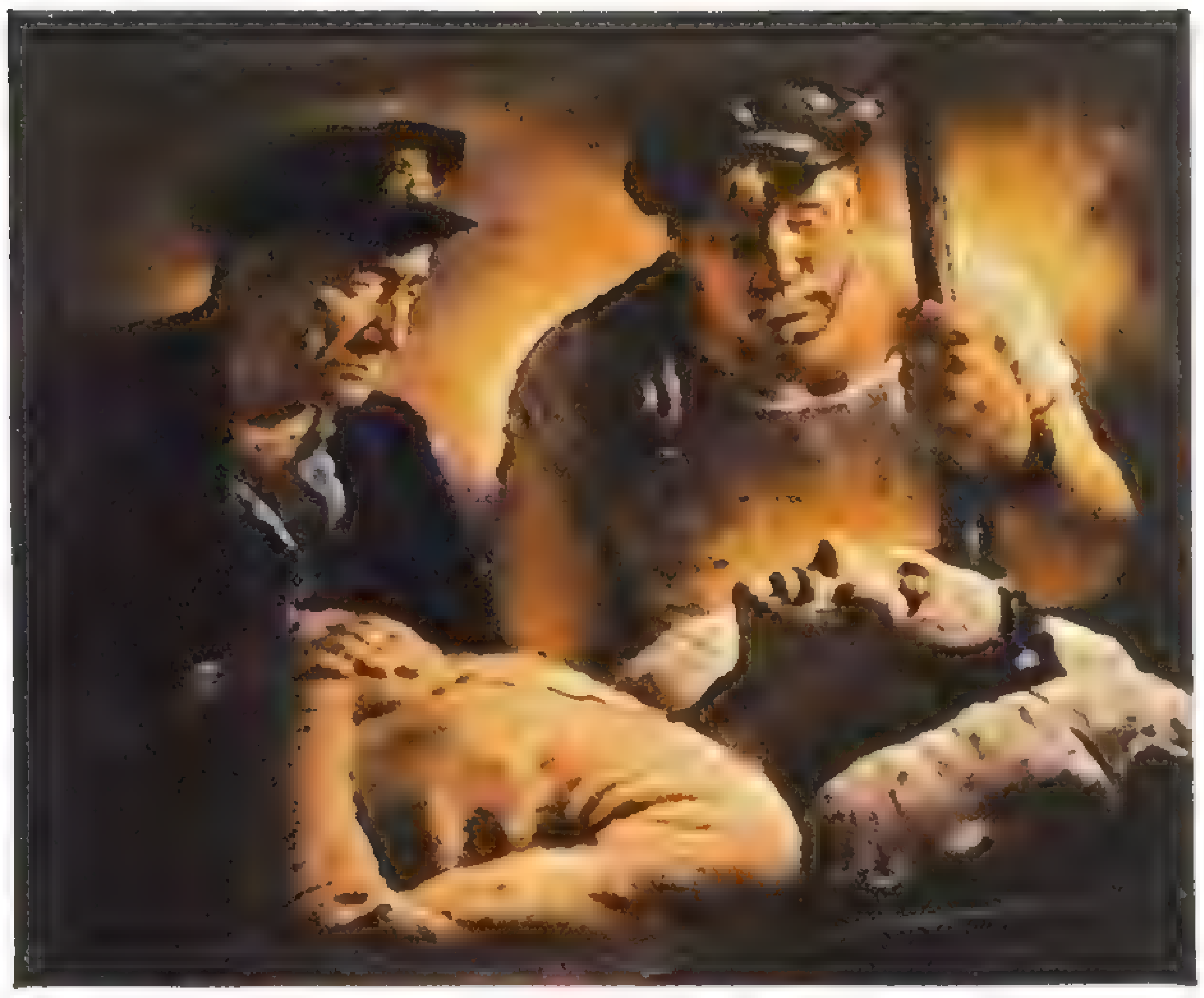
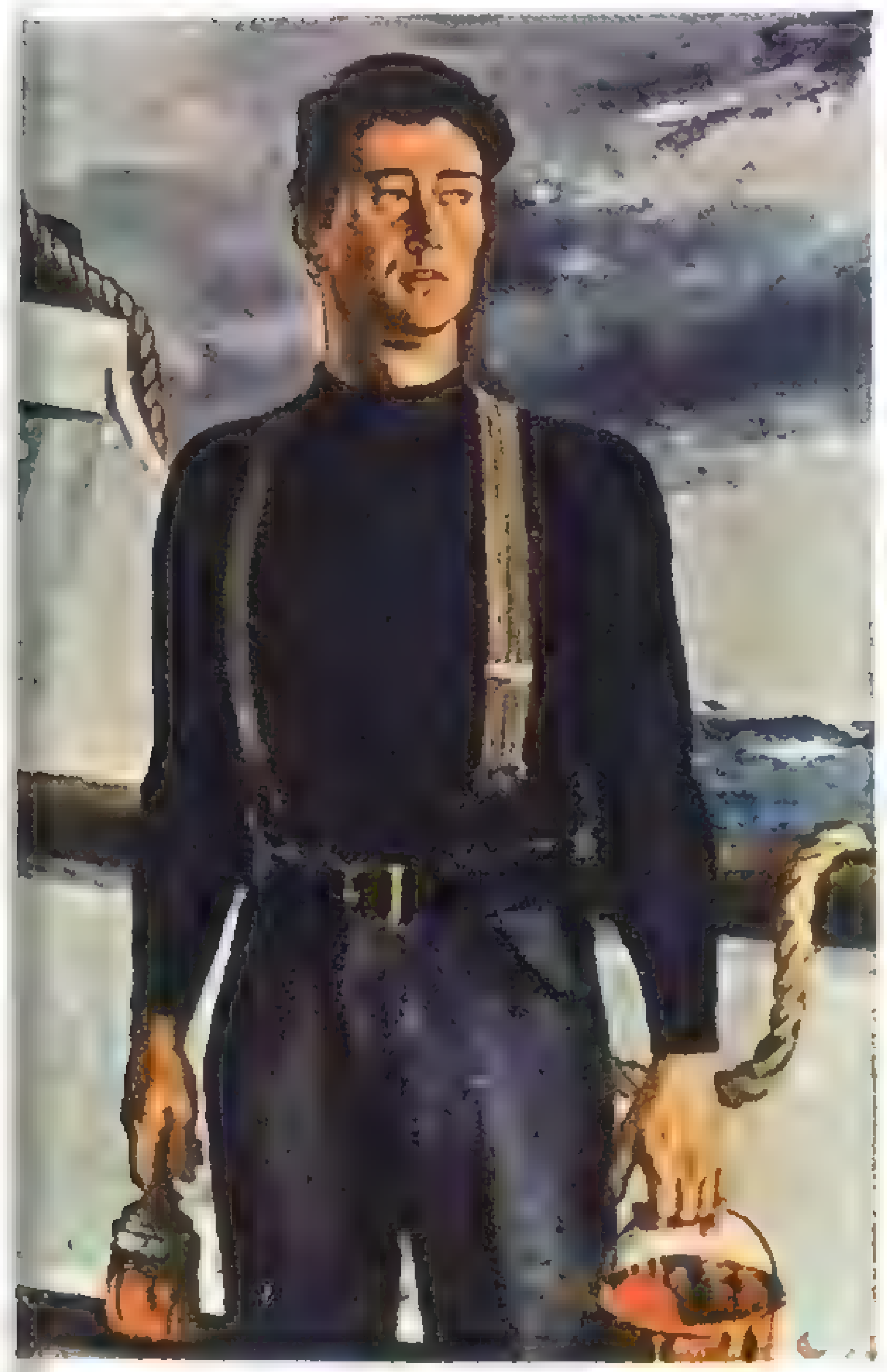


THOMAS HART BENTON has painted the crew of the *S. S. Glencairn*, docked after the long months at sea, shaking their fists at the captain of the rival tramp steamer, *S. S. Amindra*, which is just ready to pull up anchor at the London docks. Note the foreboding of war in the air-raid precautions introduced in the background.



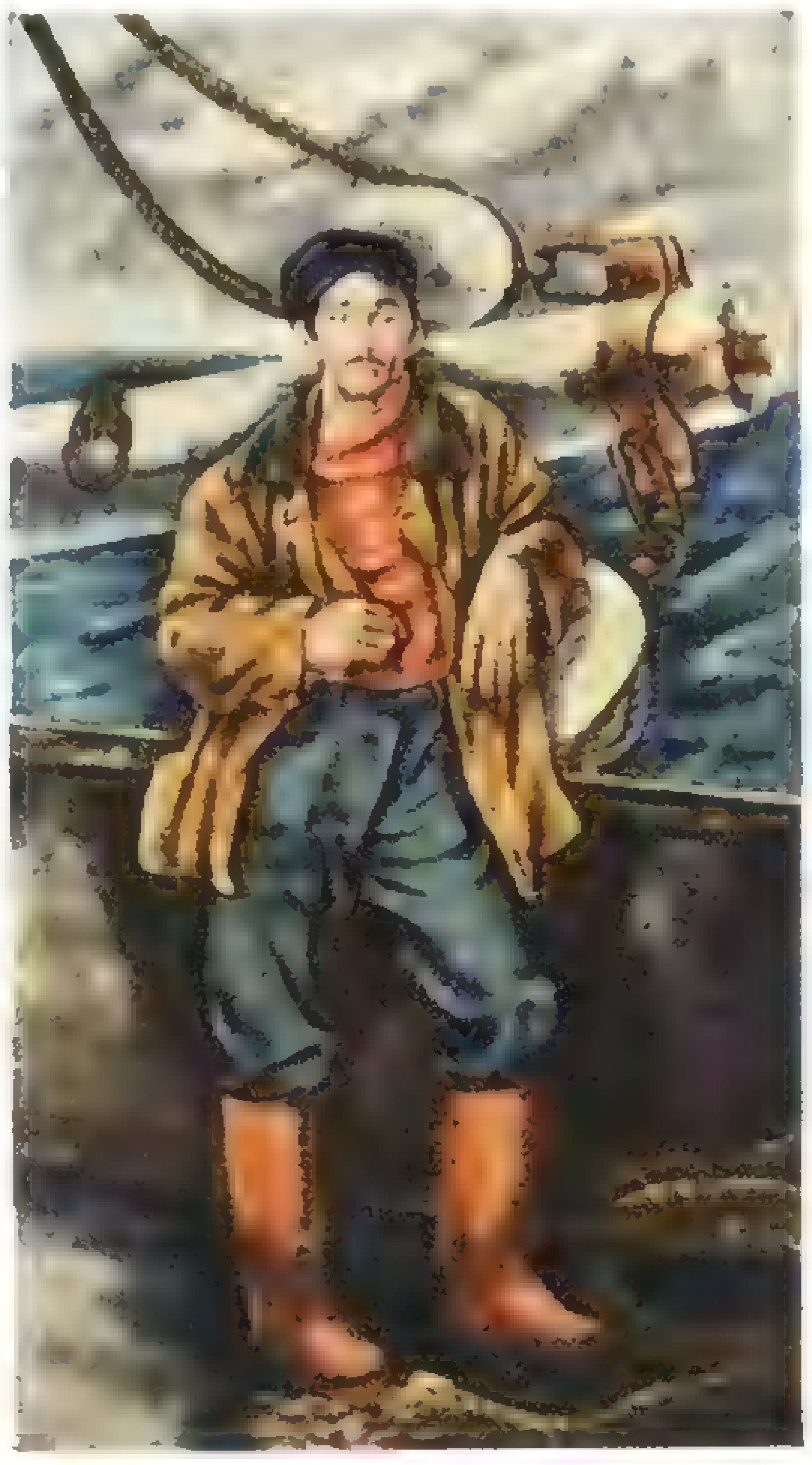
JAMES CHAPIN chose for his subject the scene in which Yank (played by Ward Bond) lay dying after his fatal injury in a battle with the storm waves, his captain (Wilfred Lawson) and a buddy (Joseph Sawyer) by his side. Chapin made charcoal sketches during the take, then had the various actors pose for the finished color work.



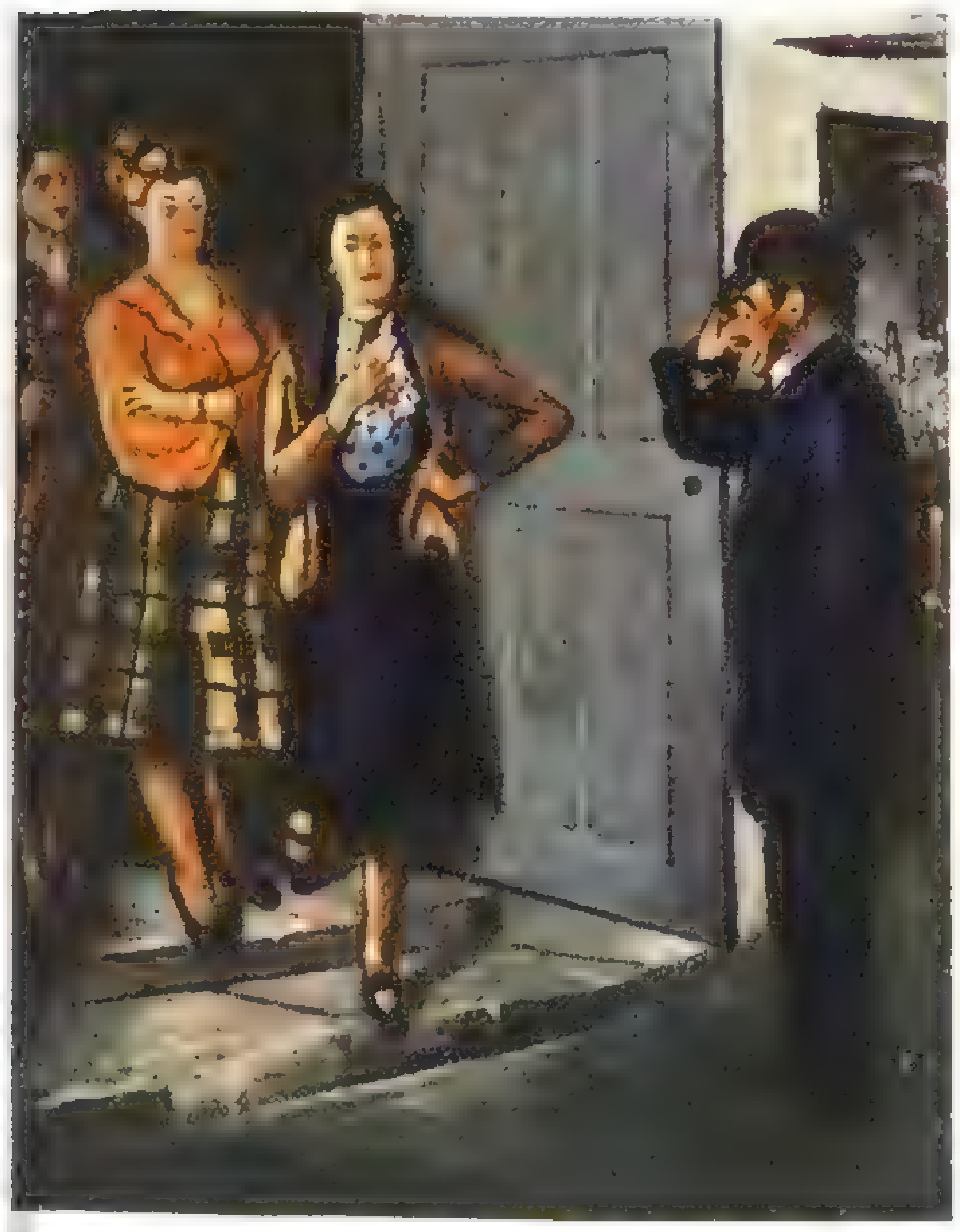
RNEST FIENE elected to paint this portrait John Wayne playing the part of the giant, pressionless Swedish seaman, Ole Olsen. ayne came from scenes of putting camouflage on *S. S. Glencairn* to Fiene's studio for posing.

A Portfolio of Paintings
for
The Long Voyage Home

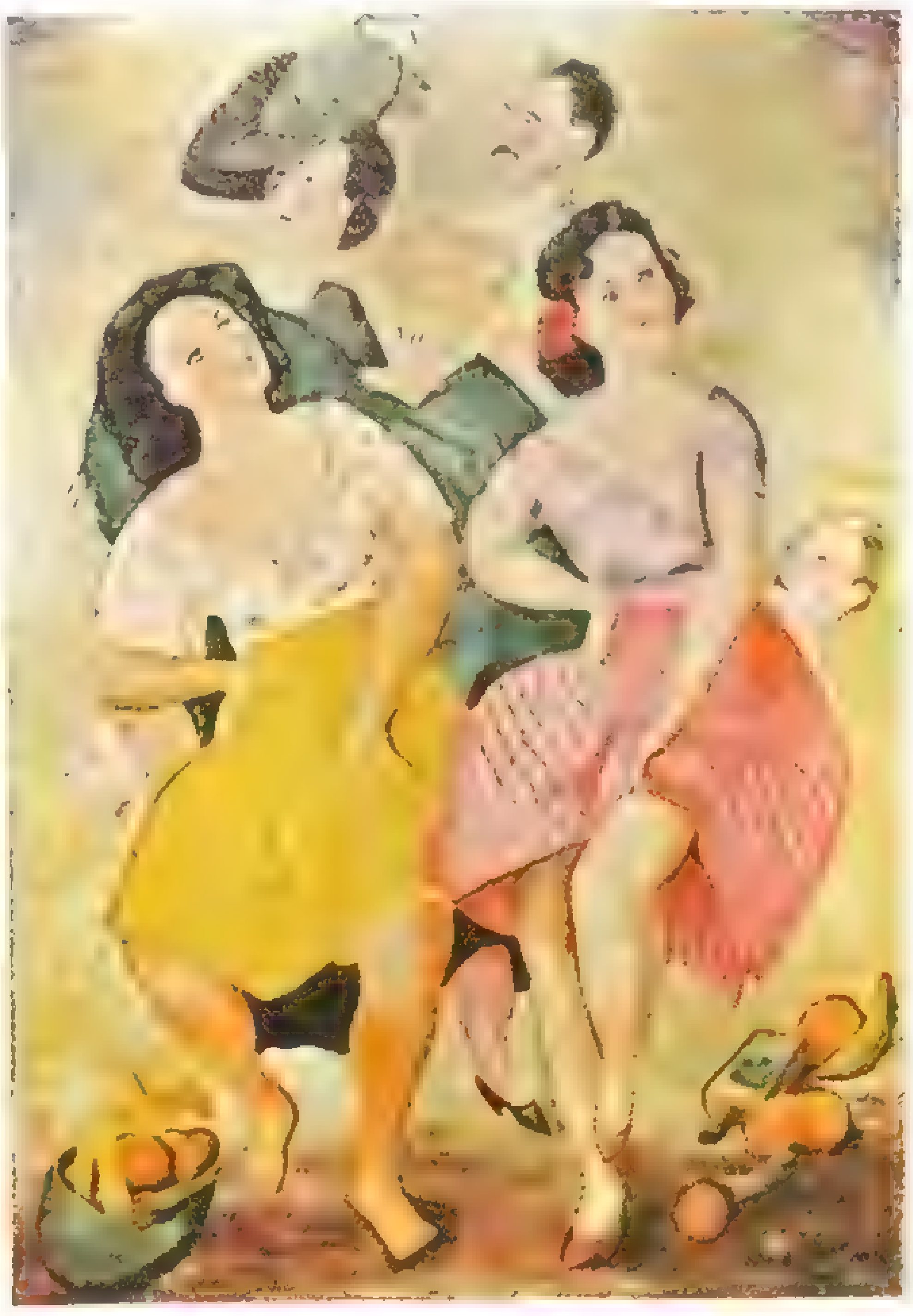
THIS portfolio is a selection from the series of paintings done by nine American artists from the filming of the Argosy production of Eugene O'Neill's drama, *The Long Voyage Home*. They were reproduced from Kodachromes by permission of Walter Wanger, who owns all copyrights. The series is on display during the month of August at the Associated American Artists Galleries, 711 Fifth Avenue in New York City. After the completion of this exhibit the paintings, eleven in all, are scheduled to go on tour through the principal art museums of this country. A color portfolio will be exhibited in those cities where the original paintings are not available, and a brochure describing the artists' techniques will be sent to libraries, schools, and colleges. Color reproductions will also appear, according to present plans, in a limited edition of the O'Neill play.



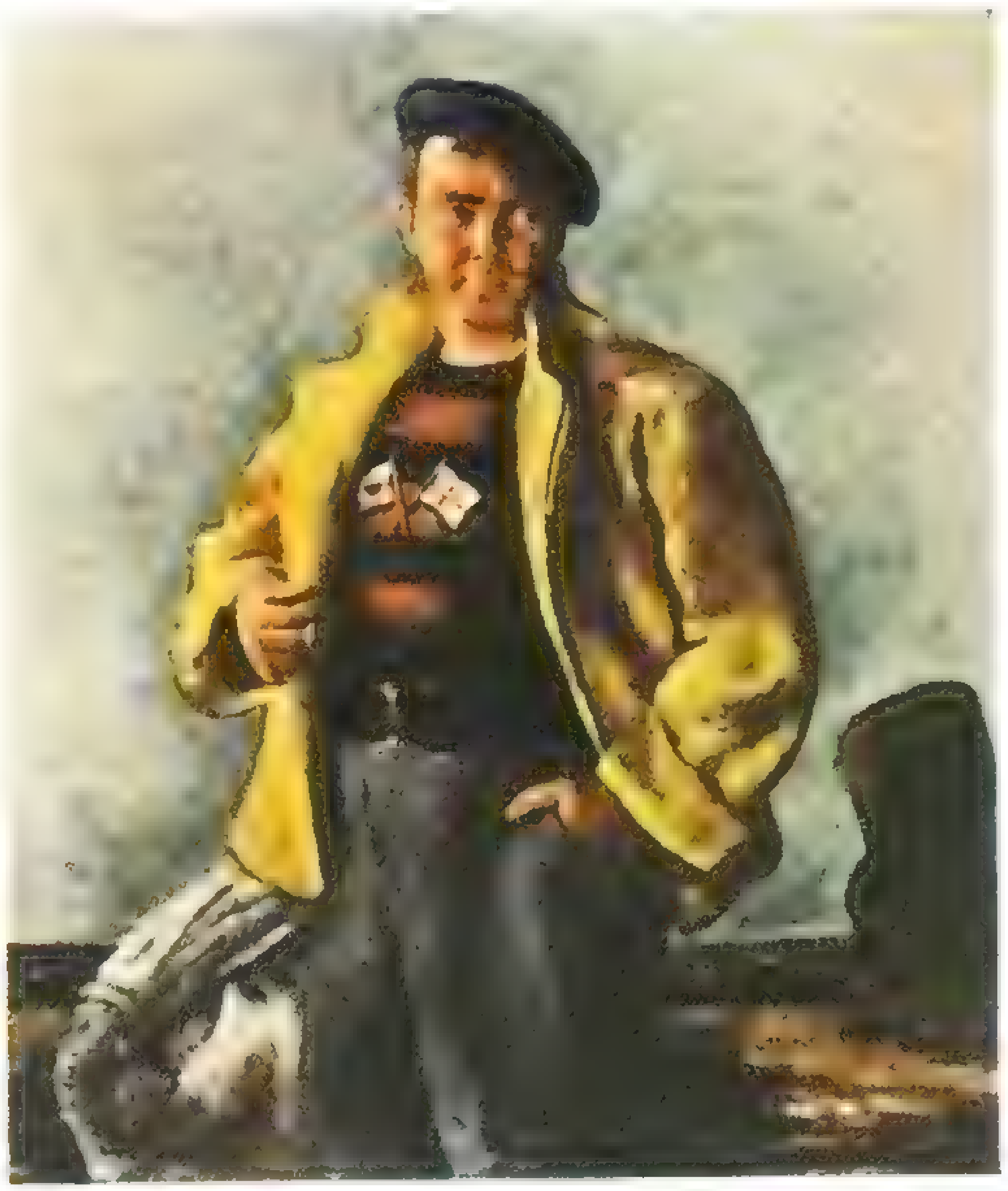
GEORGE BIDDLE, Philadelphia scion, found for this study a most sympathetic, almost poetic, character in the extremely sensitive young Norwegian sailor, the role played by the actor, John Qualen.



PHAEL SOYER, who has been called the East-Side s, and is known for his paintings of dancers and dere- selected for his assignment this picture of Barry erald, a seaman on shore-leave, who is visiting the women of a Limehouse pub during his first night ashore.

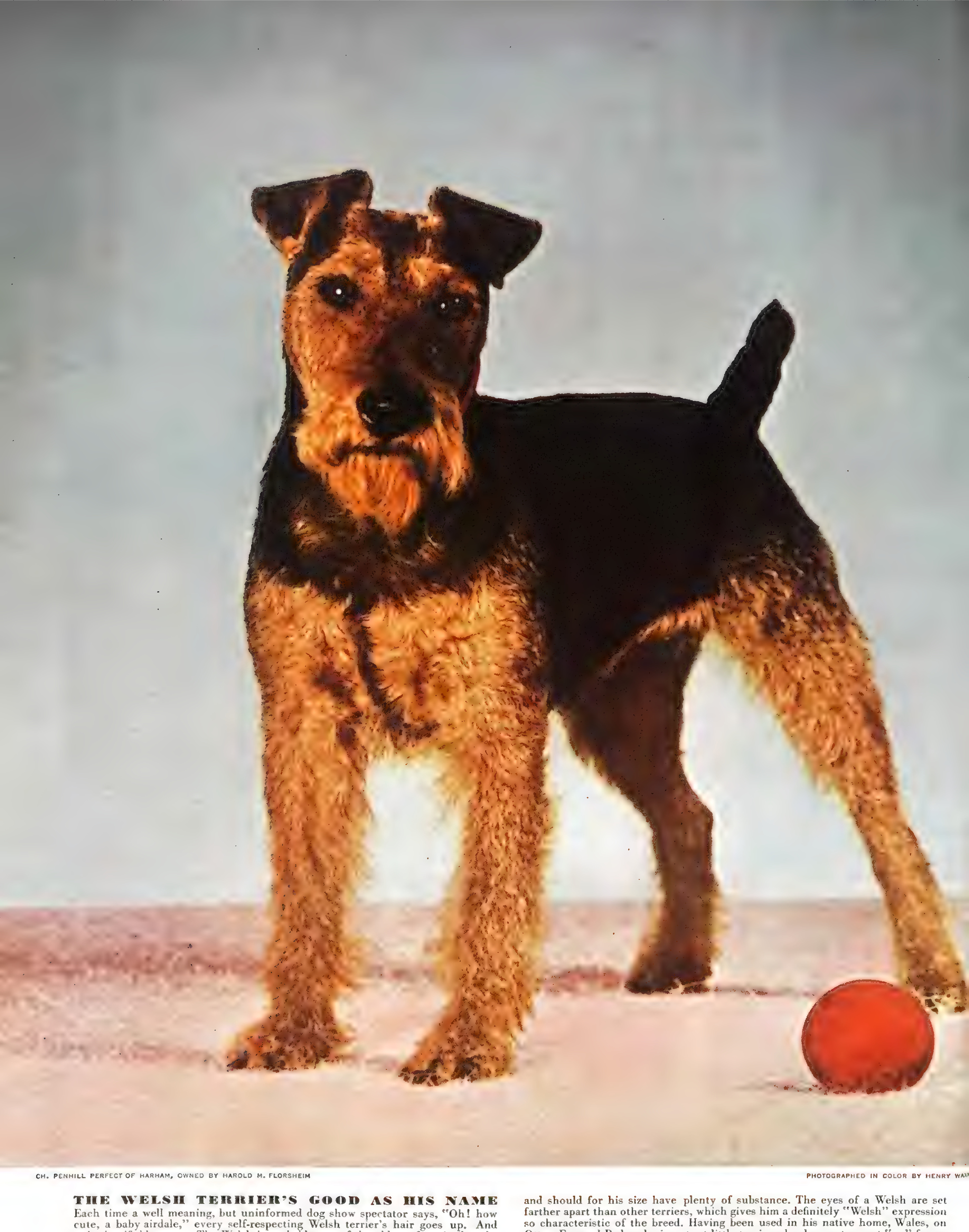


LUIS QUINTANILLA found inspiration in these Caribbean "bumboat" girls, a boon to tired merchant seamen. Carmen Morales, Judith Linden, Rafaella Ottiano, Barry Fitzgerald, Constantine Romanoff, and Thomas Mitchell appear on this canvas.



ALL PAINTINGS © WALTER WANGER

ROBERT PHILLIP, whose style has tagged him the American Renoir and who is known as a collector's artist, has captured here the roguish Irish character of Driscoll, the veteran seaman, always ready for a fight or a frolic. This leading role is portrayed by Thomas Mitchell.



CH. PENHILL PERFECT OF HARHAM, OWNED BY HAROLD M. FLORSHEIM

PHOTOGRAPHED IN COLOR BY HENRY WA

THE WELSH TERRIER'S GOOD AS HIS NAME

Each time a well meaning, but uninformed dog show spectator says, "Oh! how cute, a baby airdale," every self-respecting Welsh terrier's hair goes up. And quite justifiably so . . . The Welsh is probably one of the oldest of terrier breeds. Antique paintings and prints show a small rough-haired black and tan dog which a century ago was known as the old English Terrier, or Black and Tan Wire Haired Terrier. And even now the color of the Welsh is unchanged since then. A Welsh should stand about fifteen inches at the shoulder and weigh around twenty pounds, and should for his size have plenty of substance. The eyes of a Welsh are set farther apart than other terriers, which gives him a definitely "Welsh" expression so characteristic of the breed. Having been used in his native home, Wales, on Otter, Fox and Badger he is a stout little terrier who does not accept "no" for an answer when in any kind of a personal jam. And while his self-assurance often leads to misunderstandings on the part of other dogs, a Welshman may be left at home to look out for the children with the certainty that even the most foolhardy interloper will think twice before doing any trespassing. —CHASE HERENDEEN

Voice From the Past

Next to refusing the reward, perhaps Herman Miller's biggest mistake was letting in those newspaper reporters

by PARKE CUMMINGS

SATIRE

"You are Herman Miller?"

"Yes, your honor."

"And your occupation?"

"Harness maker."

"What?"

"Harness maker, *Harness maker!*"

"Miller, you will address the bench in a more deferential tone. The repetition was quite unnecessary."

"Excuse me, your honor, but I can explain why I have become a bit sensitive about—"

"Never mind. Miller. Herman Miller. Hm. It seems to me that I read something in the paper yesterday about a Miller who is a harness maker, and if my recollection is correct, the references were quite complimentary. They had no relation to the charges with which you are now confronted."

"Yes. About my finding that eleven thousand dollars in cash that Kimball & Reid's messenger boy dropped, and—"

"Now I remember. You returned it to the firm, and refused to accept a reward. Well, I regret that your subsequent actions appear to be considerably less praiseworthy. These are serious charges against you. Smashing a door pane in the office of the *Daily Star*. Forcing your way into the *Morning Standard* office, pushing several typewriters on the floor, and striking a reporter."

"A photographer, your honor."

"A photographer, then. You are also charged with using abusive language in the ante room of the *Dispatch*, and destroying miscellaneous belongings of the weekly picture magazine, *Snap*. Now then, Miller, do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

"Oh, guilty, your honor. Absolutely guilty."

"Very well. Before passing sentence, let me remark that it would have been better if you had celebrated your commendable exploit in a more sober fashion."

"Oh, I wasn't drinking, if that's what you mean. I never drink. I've always felt that drinking gets you in a state where you don't know what you're doing."

"Just a minute. Am I to understand that you *were* aware of what you were doing when you committed these offenses?"

"You bet your—I mean yes, your honor. Perfectly aware. I was just angry."

"Angry? I think you had better explain. Angry at whom?"

"At just about everybody. I'll go back to the beginning if I may. I was walking along Lincoln Street when I found this bag on the sidewalk. I looked to see if there was anybody who might have dropped it, but I couldn't find anybody, so I reached down and picked it up. I saw that the bag had the name of Kimball & Reid on the outside of it. It was locked, so I didn't know what was inside of it."

"What did you do then?"

"That's an awfully funny question."

"You will refrain from comments of that kind! Moreover, I fail to see what was funny."

"Well, naturally I took it to Kimball & Reid's. It said right on the bag that it belonged to them, so what else could I have done?"

"I believe there was some comment in the papers that you might have kept it."

"How could I have kept it? The bag didn't belong to me!"

"H-r-rum! Proceed."

"Well, when I returned it, everybody in the firm was very excited. One of the officials got a key, opened the bag, and counted the money. A lot of them gathered around me, and said some very nice things about me, and finally the man who opened the bag offered me a reward of five hundred dollars."

"And you refused?"

"Of course! What right had I to accept a reward for not stealing something that didn't belong to me anyhow?"

"You will confine your replies to factual answers, Miller. Is that all that transpired at Kimball & Reid's?"

"No, da—I mean no, your honor, it was not. They asked me for my name and address, and, like a fool, I gave it to them."

"Did I understand you to say 'like a fool'?"

"That's right. Because if I hadn't done that, I would never have committed the offenses with which I am charged—and which I admit. I went back to my establishment, and started in on the afternoon's work, but I didn't get very far. I hadn't been at my desk more than fifteen minutes before several reporters came in, and that is where my troubles really started."

"Go on."

"First of all they asked me just how I felt when I saw the bag, how I felt when I picked it up, how I felt when I returned it, how I felt when they offered me the reward, and how I felt about a hundred other things. I couldn't see that this was of any interest to anybody, but I'm a pretty patient man, and I told them the best I could. It was when they started asking about my business that I began to get annoyed."

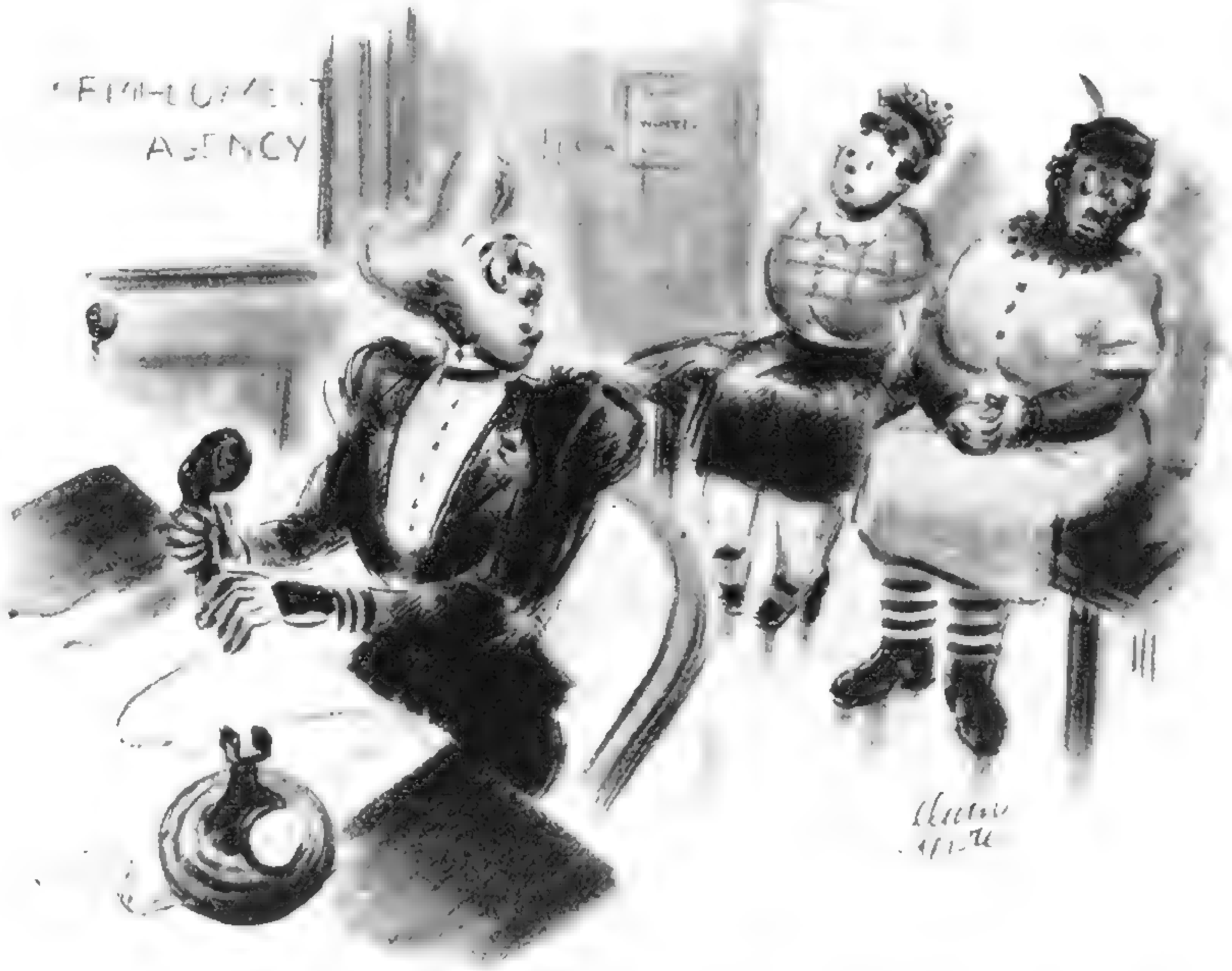
"Why should that have annoyed you, Miller?"

"Because they acted as though it were fantastic for anybody to be in the harness business nowadays. They seemed to think that the only horses left in the world are race horses. Well, I admit I'm probably a pretty old-fashioned man, but it made me mad when those young squirts acted as though horses are in a class with dinosaurs. You see I make a good living out of the harness business. I supply the equipment for several big milk companies. I've been in this business thirty years, and it's the first time that anybody has ever made a fuss over it."

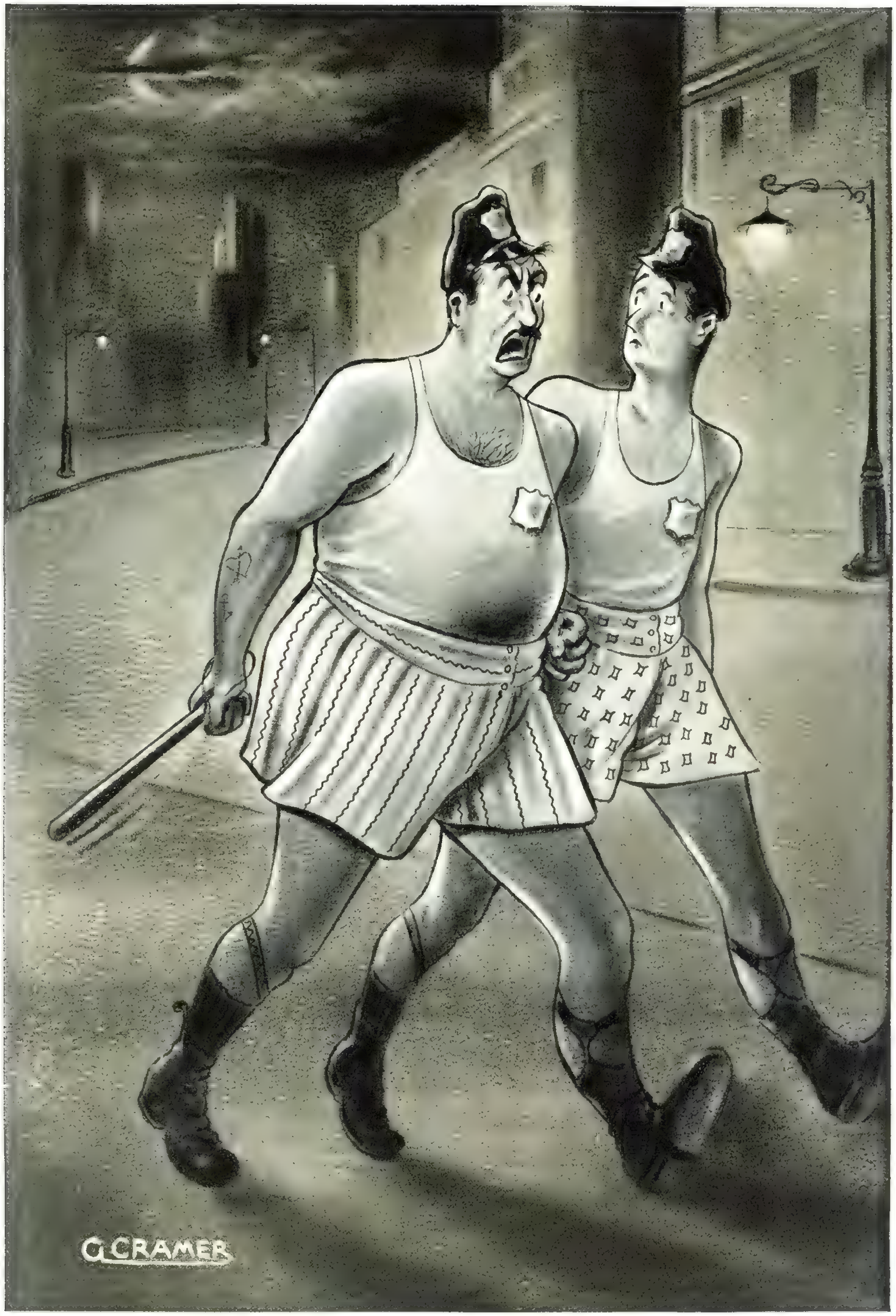
"Continue with your story, Miller."

"I tried and tried to get rid of the reporters, but they wouldn't leave, so finally I just

Continued on page 130



"A couple with seven kids desire a maid. You must be able and willing—willing to accept five bucks a week"



"Damn the captain and his 'go break up that crap game on Main Street'— as if it were as simple as that!"

A Plea for the Peewee Guns

The swing is faster, there's little kick or blast, and who cares about distance anyhow for shooting quail

by HART STILWELL

• SPORTS •

Not long ago I was talking with one of the editors of an outdoor magazine. We were fishing, so our conversation turned to guns, which seems to be the way things run in the outdoors. Eventually I brought up the subject of the .410 shotgun for small game.

He would have none of it. And when I asked for reasons, he said the gun didn't feel like a gun should. It was too light. It didn't make any noise—and didn't kick. It was a toy.

Well, I don't think these are very sound reasons for passing up a gun. There may be some big husky fellows who insist on a certain amount of noise when they pull the trigger, and who feel cheated if the gun doesn't rise up and smack them. But I doubt if the average gunner pines for these things.

My friend could have turned to ballistics—patterns, shot charge, range, etc.—and argued me down. I will admit it freely.

Furthermore, I will assume that he did. And I will give the only answer, under the circumstances, that a man can advance. I will simply relate the story of what I have seen this gun do in the hands of scores of gunners, men ranging all the way from rank dubs to the finest of field shots.

I have decided that the time is here for somebody to forget ballistics and come forward with some cold hunting facts about this little gun, and its brothers and cousins, in the hands of the average American hunter.

Furthermore, I want to make a plea to American gun manufacturers to give some attention to the situation and supply the American hunter with two or three of these peewee guns that he needs badly. At the present time he can't get these guns in the form he wants them. Or, if they are available at all, they are guns of foreign manufacture, and the price is out of range of the average American, ballistics or no ballistics.

So I will dive without further comment into the experience part of the peewee guns.

Another hunter and I started shooting the .410 shortly after Winchester brought out their Model 42 pump. We have been shooting it since that day. I guess we will shoot it the rest of our lives, although there is a chance that a finely balanced, American made 28-gauge gun may some day crowd it out of many hunting trips.

Not only have we shot these little guns, but we have induced scores of other hunters to take a fling with the peewee gun. And in all these years I have known only one person who voluntarily gave up the little gun and went back to his 12-gauge.

My friend, who is one of the finest field shots I have ever known, tried the .410 first. He is so good at bringing down game on the wing that it doesn't seem to make much difference what kind of gun he uses.

Still his results surprised him considerably when he tried the .410. He marveled at the fact that he could bag doves, white-winged doves, quail and other small game at about the same range with the .410 as he had with the 16-gauge he ordinarily used. He continued extolling the virtues of the peewee gun to me, but I wasn't very much interested. I took it for granted that I couldn't hit anything with it, since I could hit mighty little with a sixteen or twenty, and there wasn't much logic in trying to hit game with even less shot.

Then one day when I was struggling along in a form slightly worse than usual, even for me, and had shot up all my shells without weighting down even the southeast corner of my game bag, my friend put that Model 42 in my hands and told me to fire away.

I did. I fired and missed. I shot again, and stood in amazement as a bird came down, stone dead. Then a flight of ten or twelve doves came over in range, and I opened up on them. I fired three shots, and three doves fell—one, two, three, each one nipped cleanly.

I was sold. So was the gun.

From that day to this I have done all my field shooting, and part of my duck shooting (now let's get this straight before we go on. I am NOT advocating the .410 as a duck gun), with this little firearm.

Like most other people who started hunting many years ago, I did my first shooting with a 12-gauge. At that time most hunters smiled in a supercilious manner when you mentioned the 20-gauge. They considered it a boy's gun—or a lady's gun.

Still you would find a 20-gauge shooter here or there, and invariably he would swear by the gun. Not only that, he would always insist right down to the last drop that he could reach up and nail them higher with it than you could with a 12. It wasn't until years afterward that I figured out what was going on. Naturally he couldn't *kill* them farther with the 20. But he could *hit* them farther. He pointed better.

I eventually worked my way down to a 20-gauge. I found that I did a trifle better with it, but my average was still nothing to write home about. I am sensitive to noise, and apparently the only cure is silence. The kick of a 12-gauge doesn't bother me so much, but I know that when I pull the trigger the whole earth is going to open up, and when I fire I'm thinking about the explosion, not what I'm shooting at.

It's about the same with a 20. Furthermore, I have found that it has just about as lively a kick as the 12, due to the difference in weight.

So it was perhaps natural that the little .410 should prove a charming find for me. Here was something that was just a joy to fire. And I sallied forth with it when the quail season opened, not expecting to get any more

Continued in center of page 145

John M Price

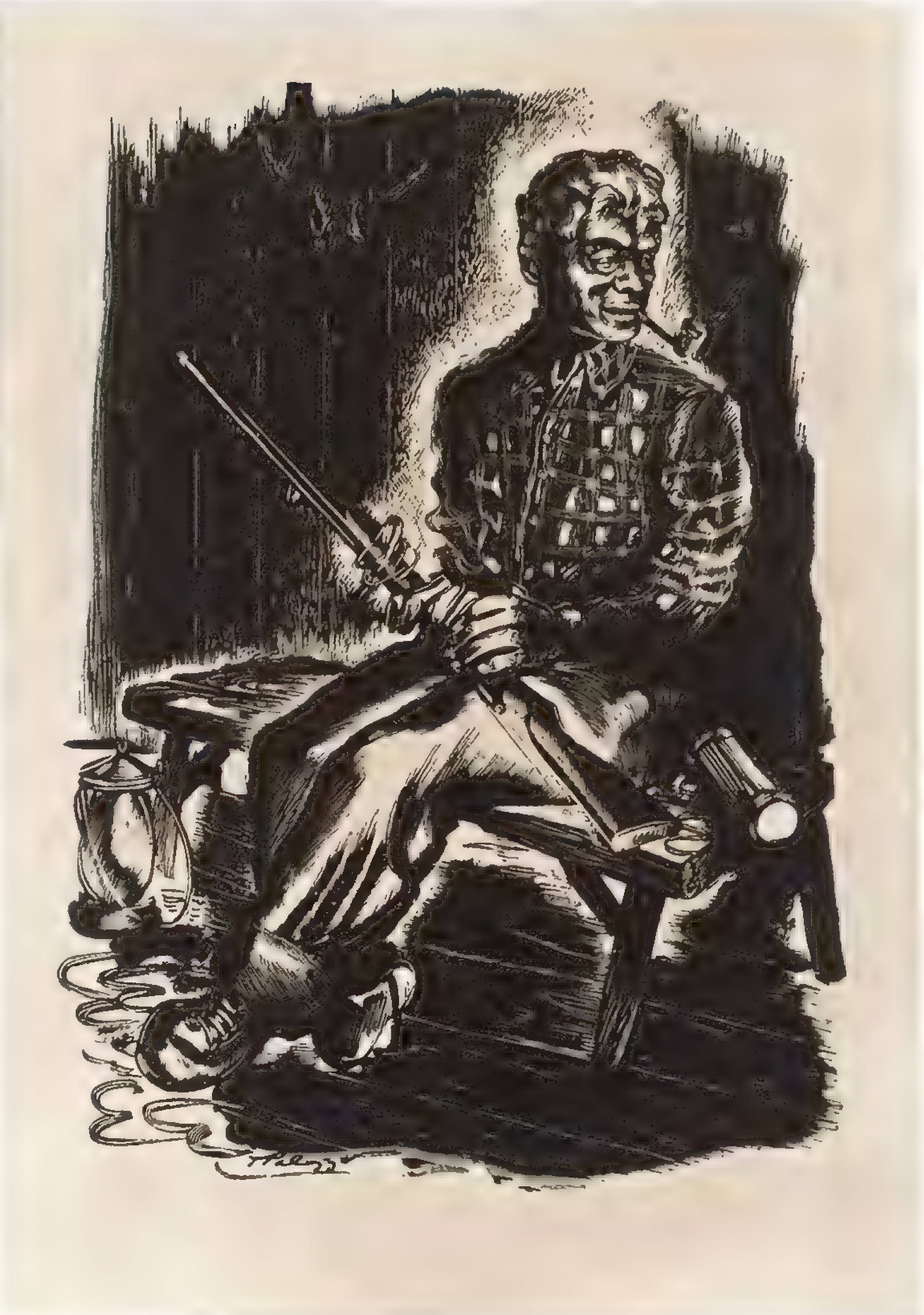
"And I've got fifty other novelties just as amusing, sir!"

Half-Shot in the Dark

It was the first time in his bloodthirsty career Jeff had wanted to save a deer's life

by EDMUND WARE

• FICTION •



Uncle Jeff Coongate was depressed. He sat in a rocker in the front room of Zack Bourne's cabin, responding gloomily to Zack's conversation. The origin of Uncle Jeff's mood was, to him, so dark and shameful that he hated to think of it. The fact was that yesterday he had deliberately missed a standing shot at a buck deer! He had willfully fired his rifle into the air! This act of mercy, being without precedent in the one-eyed poacher's career, made him suspect that his mind was going. Even granting that the buck was a very particular one, Uncle Jeff could neither condone nor comprehend his softness. It humiliated and distressed him. He now lived in constant dread lest Zack discover his chicken-hearted secret and expose him to ridicule throughout the lake country.

Zack perched on a bench, his rifle across his lap, his voice merry with self-esteem. Zack was fitting a wire frame to the receiver of his rifle. The frame was cunningly designed to hold a flashlight in position to shine not only the front and rear sights, but the eyes of deer. Come nightfall, Zack, confident of Jeff's enthusiastic aid, proposed to use the device in laying low the very buck that the one-eyed poacher had spared! To Zack, it was unthinkable that his old comrade might revolt at the idea. Zack monologued blissfully:

"Dang shame a feller couldn't patint a rig like this. I'd call her the Zack Bourne Dead Shot Jacklightin' Frame. We'll test her out tonight on that one-eyed old buck. Bet he'll dress two hundrid, easy."

At mention of the buck, Uncle Jeff winced imperceptibly. "You couldn't patint that rig this side of hell," he muttered.

Zack tightened a screw and spoke himself a word of congratulation. Uncle Jeff's good eye rested sorrowfully on a faded print entitled *The Fiancée*, from a drawing by Edouard Bisson, 1891. *The Fiancée* was bushel-bosomed. She appeared to be dreaming of dignified passions. A couple of overstuffed cherubim floated in her background. Uncle Jeff snorted, and remarked: "Besides, the chances is I scairt that buck clear'n out of the country yestdy afternoon."

"Nope," contradicted Zack. "He'll likely hang 'round these here parts till a good frost starts him ridge-runnin' after does. How close did you git onto him, d'you say?"

"Right handy," said Uncle Jeff, squirming uneasily.

"Can't see how come you to miss him."

"Tripped over a goddam root, like I told you," lied the old poacher. "Jest's I pulled the tricker."

"Huh. Well, sir, I'll jest nail him cold, tonight. An' I won't trip over no root, neither. I'll lay off shore a ways in my canoe, an' shine him. That eye of his'n ought to glare like a 'lectric bulb. First blood for the Dead Shot Jacklightin' Frame!"

Uncle Jeff Coongate was by now completely miserable. He pushed back his high-crowned felt hat and stroked his forehead with his wrist. He yearned to unburden, to tell Zack the truth and call the whole thing off. But he knew he would never hear the last of it. Truth was, Uncle Jeff could not bring himself to kill the buck. He would even go to dangerous extremes to prevent anyone else killing it. And the reason was that both he and the buck had lost an eye!

The common injury had given Jeff the deer's point of view for the first time in his bloodthirsty history. The shock unnerved him. But how could he save the deer's life without losing his own reputation?

The old woodsman dismally recalled that he had invited himself to Zack's cabin for the purpose of hunting this very buck. It was to have been a heart-warming reunion, following their recent feud over the chicken shoot at Jumbo Tethergood's.

On that bitter occasion at Jumbo's, Jeff had won both chickens—not so much by superior marksmanship as by means of a pint of Old Flat-Spin rye to which he had introduced Zack an hour before firing time. Onlookers joyously proclaimed that Zack was shooting blanks. Zack himself had asserted that his rear sight looked as big as Yellowhead Pass, and in the notch his front sight loomed like the old tannery chimbley.

Since Zack was considered by himself and everyone else to be best offhand rifle shot in the country, he had been furious. For weeks afterward he had not spoken to his old crony. But recently they had met on the main street of the hamlet of Privilege. For a moment, their quarrel still rankling, they had exchanged sulky stares. Then their natures overcame the grudge, and they had charged one another, arms flailing cordially.

"You old tomcat!"

"Why, you danged outlaw, you!"

"How's Sarah?"

"Down to her folks. I'm dreadful lonesome."

"Me, too. Ain't seen a real friend for a month."

"Say, was them chickens of Jumbo's any good?"

"Hell, no! Scrawniest a man ever set tooth into!"

They had tested their renewed friendship by poking one another in the ribs. Both stood the test. Uncle Jeff leaned close to Zack's ear, and whispered: "You got any prime wild meat located up-lake? I ain't et a thing but pork an' baloney since them hellish chickens. I'm droolin' for a junk of loin."

Zack had clutched his friend's sleeve: "Jeff, boy—I got my eye on the biggest buck ever this country heard tell of. Been fattin' in the medder grass in the cove. Ain't half a mile from my door."

"Dear Lord, leave me at 'im!" Uncle Jeff had supplicated, his eye teary with anticipation. "Wait'll I git my rifle."

Later, his rifle barrel down his pants leg, and the stock and forearm concealed under his coat, Jeff rejoined his partner. In poker-faced innocence, they had strolled past the game warden's house and on to the canoe landing without attracting official notice.

It was on the following afternoon, in the cedar thicket bordering the wild meadow, that Uncle Jeff and the magnificent buck met eye-to-eye at a distance of ten yards. The buck had been lying down, napping. Startled by the woodsman's approach, the deer had leaped straight into the air and come to earth, legs braced, distended nostrils whistling alarm.

For a long instant Uncle Jeff and the buck had stared at each other. The old poacher's teeth bared in his kill-grin. "Jest hold quiet another second," he growled, "till I blast you between the eyes!" Then, suddenly noticing the buck's lone eye, Uncle Jeff had begun to tremble. He couldn't understand it. He had always been cool and merciless in the presence of illegal game. He tried to shoot. He couldn't. Here was the standing shot of a lifetime, but it was no use.

"You poor old feller," murmured the one-eyed poacher, "you got on'y one eye, too!"

He elevated his rifle muzzle, fired into the air, and hissed: "Go it, boy! Git to hell out of here. Old Zack's a-waitin' with murder in his heart."

The buck cleared an eight-foot blow down on the first jump, and by the third was making forty miles an hour in dense cover. Zack was stationed on a stump in an old chopping. He reported subsequently that he had seen nothing but a reddish-white flash as the buck sailed across. . . .

Now, in the cabin, the hot breeze humming in the screens, Uncle Jeff thought tenderly of the buck, while Zack Bourne assembled his jacklighting frame. The seeds of a scheme had sprouted slowly in the one-eyed poacher's mind. If the sprouts flowered, the buck would be spared, or at least its death indefinitely postponed. And Zack would never be the wiser!

Zack taped the flashlight to the frame and sighted along the cabin wall. "She's a humdinger!" he declared.

Uncle Jeff coughed, but withheld comment.

"Lines up jest perfick!" Zack announced.

Uncle Jeff uttered a low moan, and Zack pricked up his ears. "Say, you got a misery? You been mopin' all mornin'. What ails you? Heat?"

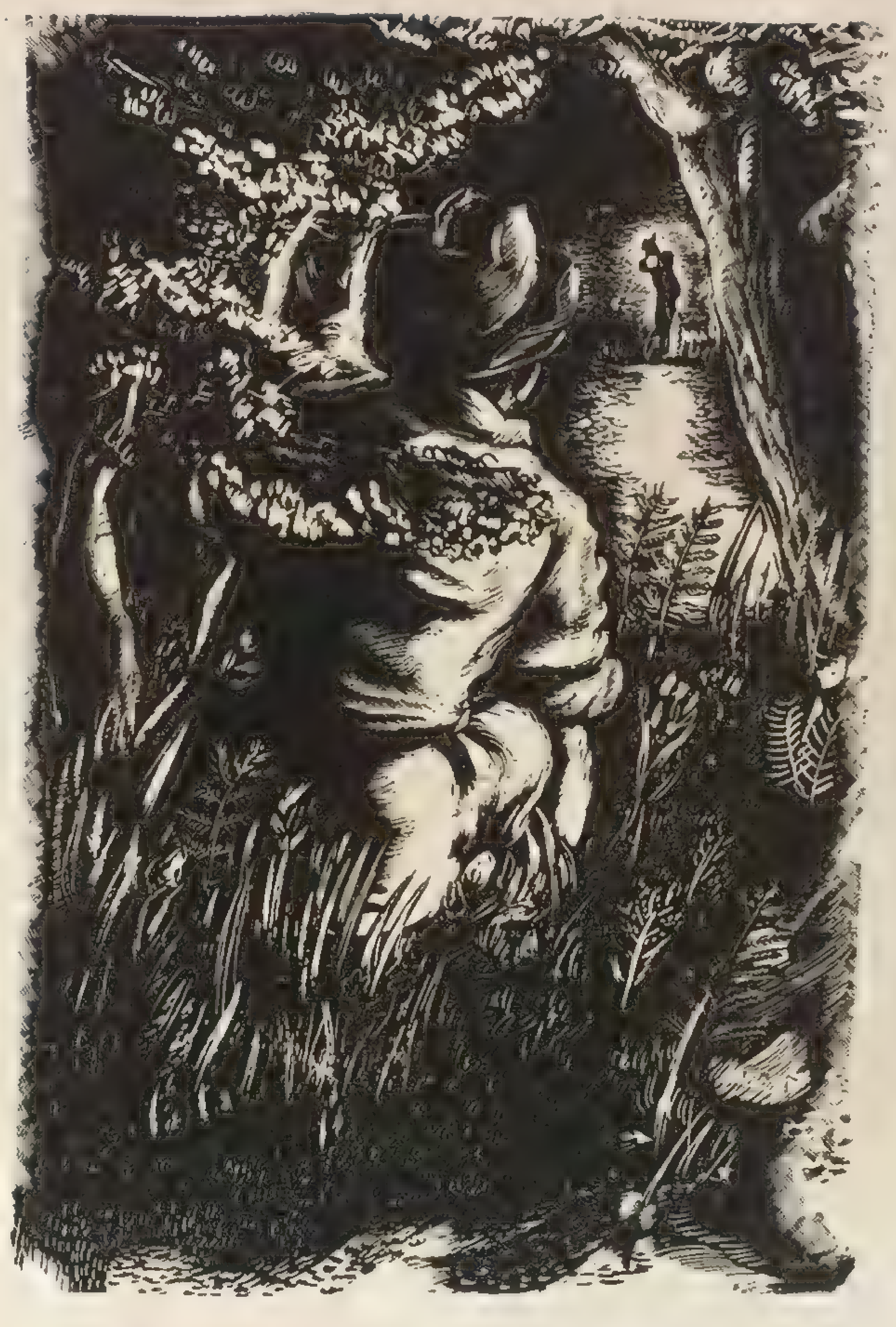
The old poacher bowed his head, as if in agonized embarrassment. "I guess it's jest my dang conscience, gnawin' at my innards," he mumbled.

"Your what?" asked Zack, astounded.

"Conscience."

"Christ a'mighty, since when—?"

Uncle Jeff held up his hand for silence. "I ain't been square with you, Zack. I been holdin' back on you. After you invitin' me here to share in that buck, too."



"Holdin' back what?" grunted Zack, laying his rifle on the bench at his side.

Uncle Jeff hitched in his chair. He passed his hand across his chin. "I'm scairt to tell you, Zack."

"Why?"

"Might mean we'd have to leave that buck go awhile."

"Why so? What you drivin' at?"

Uncle Jeff's head jerked. A jet of Strong Jaw tobacco juice shot through the lower draft of the cold stove. "'Cause in this weather, meat don't keep good. Fly-blows. An' you can't keep no buck deer in Ruffy Dixon's ice house in September. Too dang risky."

"Who said anything about puttin' our buck in any ice house?"

The one-eyed poacher winced, as if his conscience had stricken him cruelly. "No. But you can hang a veal calf in Ruffy's ice house. All clear an' legal, too."

"Who's got any veal calf?"

"You," said Uncle Jeff miserably. "I praticklу stole it from you, too. On'y I couldn't—not after what I done to you at Tethergood's chicken shoot."

Zack was thoroughly perplexed. He was also interested. He loved veal. "You say you stole a veal calf off me that I never had in the first place?"

"Yuh. I dang near did, on'y for my conscience. Tomorrow, after we'd killed that buck, I was goin' down to Jumbo Tethergood's an' win your calf in the big shoot."

Zack was deeply impressed. "Jumbo puttin' up a veal calf? Jesus!"

"Yuh. Tomorrow. An' I never said a word to you about it, 'cause—" Uncle Jeff swallowed noisily "—you're the on'y one in the country can beat me shootin'."

Flattered by his old friend's regard for his marksmanship, and cheered by dreams of tender veal, Zack said: "You're a mighty square friend, Jeff. An' by God, I'll give you half the meat!"

"I couldn't take it from you," Uncle Jeff croaked. "On'y jest a little junk of loin. 'Nough for two feeds. I—I feel like I'd ought to pay your entry fee to the shoot, too, Zack."

"Couldn't let you do that."

Zack sat for a time in deep thought. "Maybe," he said, "we'd ought to let that one-eyed buck roam for a spell. If we killed him tonight, he'd fly-blow while we was eatin' the veal."

"I was a-feared of it," mourned Uncle Jeff convincingly. "I hate awful to pass him up, but still an' all—" he sighed heavily "—I see the sense to it. He'd be maggotty in three-four days."

"Well—look, I'll give you a quarter of the veal, Jeff."

"Couldn't take it."

"I'll make you take it!"

"Well, all right," conceded the one-eyed poacher. "Mighty white of you, Zack."

"Which calf is it?" Zack inquired.

"The spotted one. The bull."

Zack rolled his eyes in bliss. "I can smell the gravy now."

"I seen the calf in Ruffy's ice house. Dressed a hundrid an' eighty," informed Uncle Jeff. "Fat as butter. But I'd ruther a loin steak off that buck, any day."

"What? Venison off an old buck, 'stead of veal? You're crazy!"

With an air of heavy sacrifice, Uncle Jeff changed the subject: "Maybe, if you're aimin' to appear at Jumbo's shoot, you better unscrew that jacklightin' frame off your rifle."

The weather for Tethergood's shoot broke clear and windless. Zack and Uncle Jeff Coongate arrived by canoe about noon, Zack carrying some rope and a bundle of sacking in which to wrap that portion of the prize which, in Dixon's ice house, he would carve

Continued in center of page 163

Castle in Transylvania

Growing old together the countess and her brother came to like those winters, the soft snow clouds, the utter silence

by SÁNDOR HUNYADY

▪ FICTION ▪

The dining room was so large that it included several climatic belts. Near the windows it was cold; in the sphere of the flaming fireplace it was hot; in the center, around the beautifully appointed table, the air was mildly temperate. The iron gratings of the windows were covered with dense ivy on the outside, so that at noon in the winter it was necessary to light the candles of the chandelier, or at least put candelabra beside the plates. The butler had to take sixteen steps to reach the table from the sideboards. And the kitchen was so far away from the dining room of the huge castle that they had set up a little stove in the alcove next to the dining room because even in early autumn the gravy on the rabbit would freeze by the time it reached the table from the light-year-distant kitchen.

On the cinnamon colored walls hung a still life consisting of cantaloupes, grapes, pears, and a bottle of red wine. On the floor there were thick carpets, and the legs of the high-backed chairs terminated on the parquet in gilded lion's claws.

Absolute silence and the smell of bouillon. The lady of the house opened the lavender-scented napkin and seated herself at the head of the table. It was so large that thirty people could sit around it. But there were only two covers, laid next to each other. With exquisite silver, three side plates, toast, and two glasses, one for the wine and the other for the mineral water. The butler with his white cotton gloves stood ceremoniously holding the serving plate on the left of the lady. No one spoke a word. You could hear the burning beech log crackling in the fireplace.

Towards the end of November the castle had to be well-stocked with candles, spices, coffee, sugar, and with everything that had to come from the city. Because when the Transylvanian winter arrived with snow two meters deep, all the roads disappeared, and the castle, buried in ermine pomp, ceased to exist for the world.

The old countess stood this secluded life marvelously. She had been a widow for fifteen years. After the sad event she herself fell ill and almost died. The years of silent weeping and praying calmed her so that she even grew a little fat. By the time she was seventy she became a round little old lady. She always wore black, with a lace cap. Only her cuffs were of white lace. At her throat a jade brooch fastened her jabot.

After five years of lonely mourning the old countess received solace in her life of quiet resignation. Her brother, Count Sándor, came to live in the old family residence. They owned the estate jointly. But up to the age of sixty Count Sándor had lived the life of a man-about-town. In Kolozsvár, in Budapest, in Paris. He ran horses at the races, he played cards, and his name was often mentioned in connection with actresses. He was a year older than his sister. He had been an extremely handsome, fashionable man. It is hard to imagine how old age can catch up with such a spectacular man. A net of tiny ruptured veins had turned his nose into a ruby-like jewel. He coughed incessantly, and his rheumatism was killing him. He went around with a cane even in the house. It certainly was a surprise when he arrived in the ancestral home, announcing that he had had enough of "those things," that he wanted to stay home now as long as he lived.

The old countess looked lovingly at the dilapidated cavalier. She felt some kind of satisfaction; some verification of her Protestant faith, when she thought of her brother's profligate life. She felt sorry for him.

She knitted and knitted. Her fingers would not stop for a second. Without looking up from her work she said:

"As I think over it, Sándor, it was all for the best that you remained a bachelor."

Instead of answering, the count groaned:

"My back!"

"Does your back ache?" inquired the countess compassionately.

"That rheumatism again."

"Just wait. I'll cure it for you."

And she did. With hot lids. With camphor massage, with salisyl, with saltless broths.

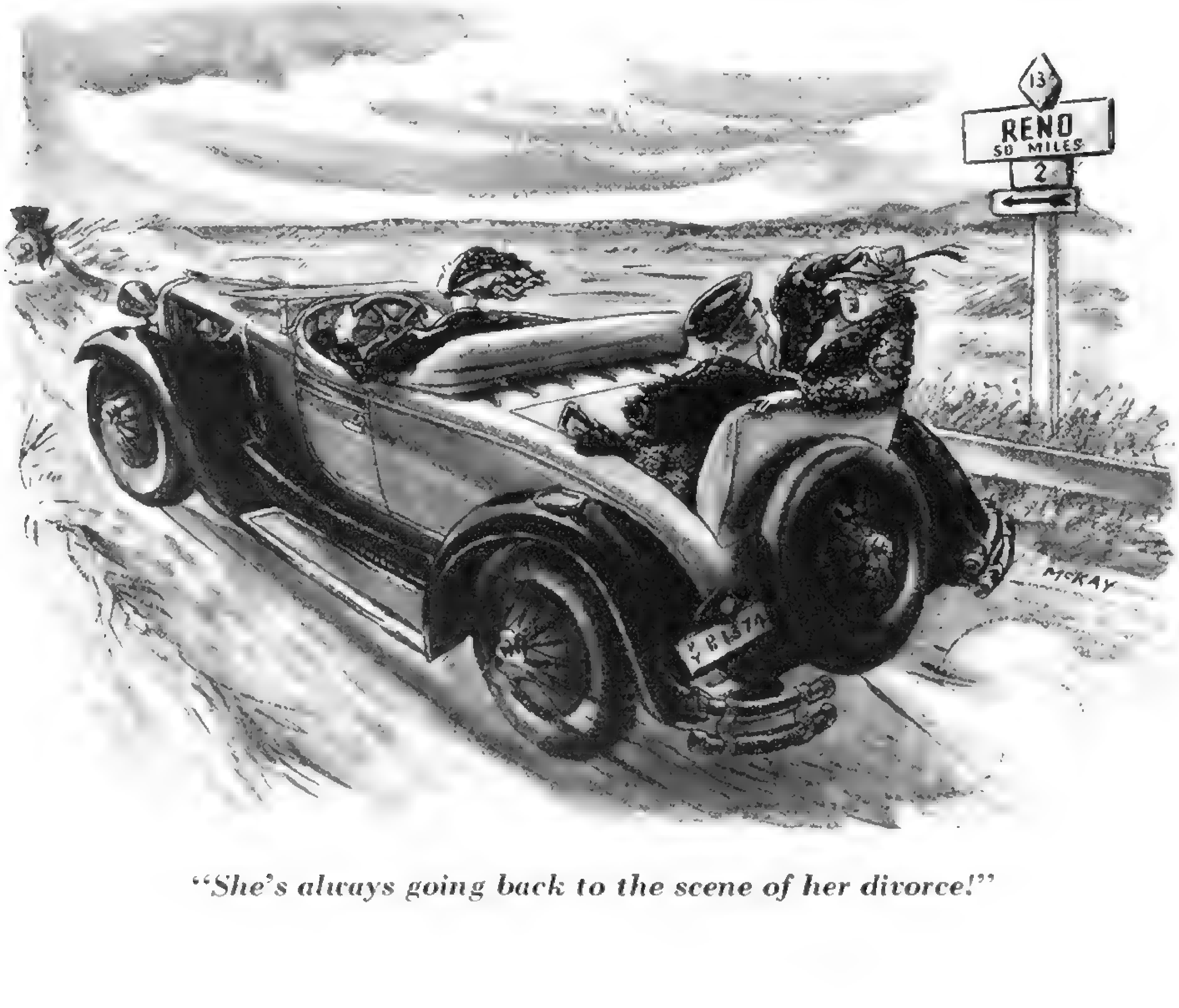
After a few months Count Sándor reached the point where his stabbing pains had ceased and he began to enjoy the rural life.

From spring to autumn there was much activity in the castle, which was the central nest of the numerous family. There would be ten, twenty, or thirty guests in the house all at the same time. Relatives and friends. The young people chirped like sparrows. Uncles and aunts. Their sons and their daughters. And sons of other families who were courting the many little countesses. In July and August all the guest rooms would be taken up. Little slippers scattered on the rugs. A host of swelling pillows, covers; candle drippings on the night tables. Haystacks of new music sheets in the salon on top of the piano. Incessant laundering; little camisoles and stockings drying in the servants' quarters. The stables crowded with guest horses. Barking of dogs. Laughter. In the evening at dinner the table densely surrounded. Four butlers, raised from village swains, in white ties and gloves at the sideboards.

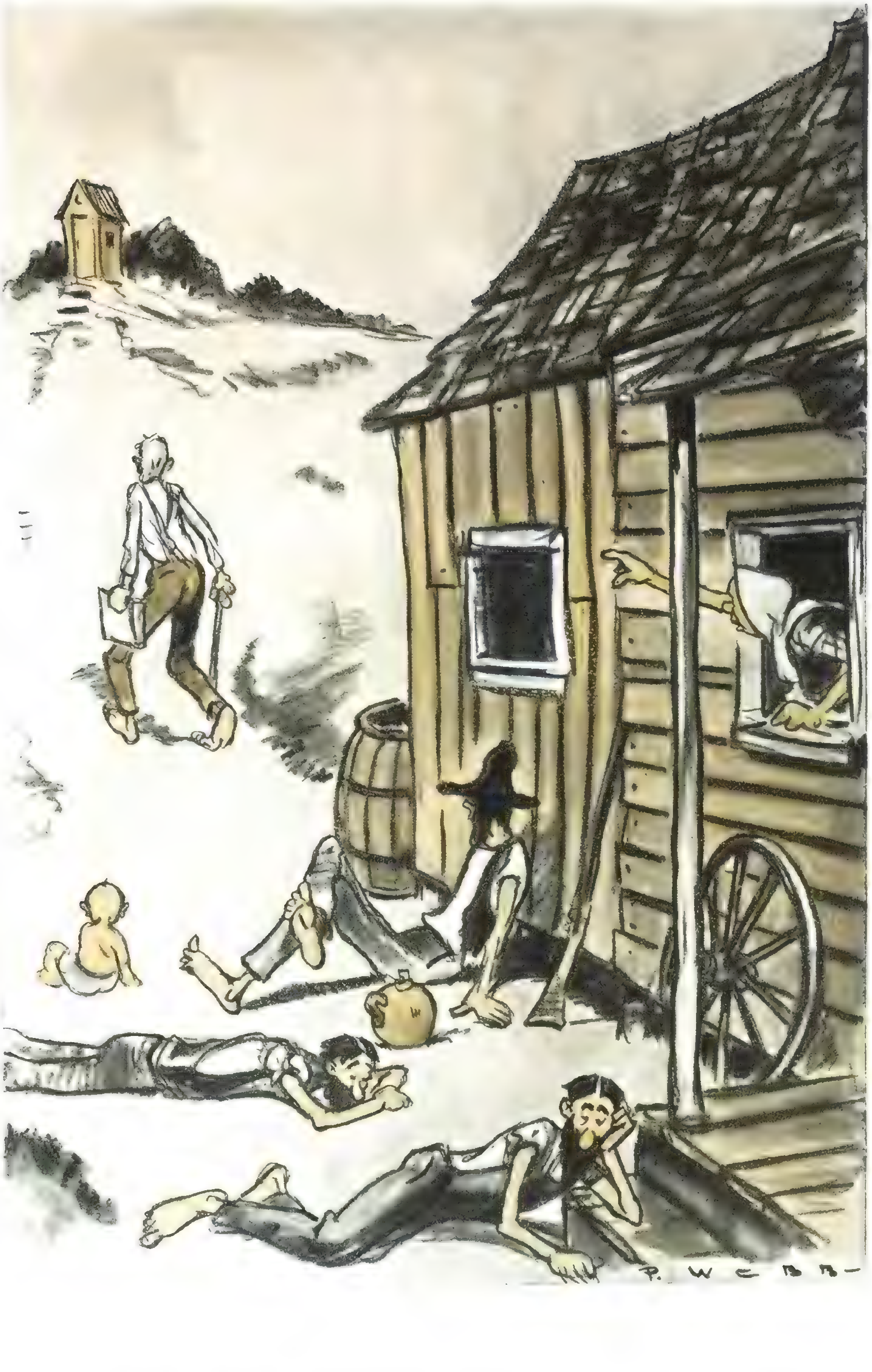
The old countess sat at the head of the table in her lace cap and jade brooch like a generalissimo. She loved everybody and her attention included everything, but always it was her brother Sándor who was uppermost in her thoughts. When the dishes were cleared from the table she tiptoed to him and whispered in his ear reproachfully:

"You vain thing, Sándor, not putting cotton

Continued in center of page 165



"She's always going back to the scene of her divorce!"



"Hey! Toomer! Look up the prices on mule collars . . . . while yo're at it!"

The Types of
American Beauty

in sculpture by

FRANK NAGY

as photographed by

ANDRÉ DE DIENES

NUMBER 6: *Eve*

PLUMP but well-proportioned figure. The pleasing fullness of her curves, but especially the outlines of her breasts and buttocks, recall the symbolic apple of her namesake.

Predestined to maternity by the substantial development of her pelvis, she presents full breasts ready to receive the impulse for lactation; generous reserves of subcutaneous fat-tissue will serve increased needs in case of gestation.

Although not quite up to the beauty standard of the Orient, her figure satisfies the legitimate demand for bigger and better curves voiced with increasing urgency by the American male. Feminine curiosity may goad her to indulge in mischief in an attempt to test the provocativeness of her charms on unattached men; her loyalty, however, remains above question. A one hundred per cent woman, she will prove her mettle as wife, mother, and homemaker.

"Femina fertilis kallipygos."

—*Nostradamus, M.D.*

"Nostradamus" is the pseudonym of a prominent New York specialist, author of many medical texts and treatises, who has never before written for non-scientific publications. His analytical characterizations of the types rendered into sculpture for Esquire by Frank Nagy are based upon a skilled reading of the model's physical attributes, permitting assignment of the individual to a reasonably specific classification or category, as regards purely physical characteristics, and further permitting a rational (if not a scientific) projection of a probable behavior pattern, culminating in the dubbing of the specific woman with a generic Latin label.

To this extent only does "Nostradamus" concur and comply with the sculptor's feeling that "character is recognizable in every part of the human body." It should also be borne in mind that while "Nostradamus" has made the above "reading" of the anatomy in the light of his experience and judgment as a man of science, against the background of countless case histories studied in the clinic which he conducts in Manhattan, he has nevertheless made this analysis purely as a lay interpretation of a work of art—it is offered, in other words, simply as an informed appraisal and is not meant to be regarded as a diagnosis. The man of science remembers, and laymen should be reminded, that while physical conformations are indeed an index to character they are by no means its entire text, as character is composed of many variables, only one of which is determined by the physique. Thus the figure, and especially the feminine figure, reveals to the educated eye many a significant truth about its possessor's mental, spiritual and emotional pattern, but it does not tell the whole truth and, so complex a thing is the human personality, there are even frequent instances where "figures may lie."

Frank Nagy looks at American beauty with the eye of the sculptor, creating this series of characteristic figures especially for Esquire, for whose readers they are interpreted, in words, by the analysis of "Nostradamus," and in light and shadow by the camera of André de Dienes. This feature is produced in its entirety under the copyright of Esquire, by whom world reproduction rights have been assigned to the control of Press-Alliance, Inc.

Mr. Garner and Thelma Oonk

Protest against the transparently phony pictures faked in the name of publicity for newspapers and illustrated weeklies

by GILBERT SELDES

▪ THE LIVELY ARTS ▪

The power of the press is a wonderful thing. Less than twelve years ago Robert Benchley noted, in his Guy Fawkes pieces in *The New Yorker*, that the newsreels of events sometimes made monkeys of the newspaper reports. Quick to take my cue, I followed Benchley by less than six months, pointing out that what he said would remain true only so long as newsreel cameramen actually took events—not previews, not re-enactments of events, but the direct happening itself. In the brief eleven years that have followed, news has slowly been disappearing from the newsreels as seen in the average neighborhood theatre; even re-enactments are no longer frequent; and a totally new thing has appeared to take its place. I can only call it *the genuine fake;* and I may say at once that it isn't limited to newsreels because you see it every day in the newspapers and on some pages of some illustrated magazines.

I have before me some pretty swell examples of the genuine fake. Here's Vice-President Garner writing his autograph on Thelma Oonk's shoe. So far as I know, this was the idea either of Miss Oonk or of J. N. Garner, v-p; it reeks of publicity and the photographer, but the event happened and might have happened spontaneously. It would not have happened in the vice-suzerainty of Fairbanks or Dawes; the latter would have uttered a loud curse at the thought and the former wouldn't have known what the whole thing meant, because the faking of events hadn't, I believe, begun in his time. Not photographically, at any rate. To Fairbanks, or any notable figure of his time, you could not have said, "Miss Oonk thinks it would be fun if . . ." because at that time the whole art of making pictures as silly as possible hadn't been invented.

(Perhaps I'd better explain that Miss Oonk's shoe was a wooden shoe; that she came from Holland, Michigan, to take part in a folk festival in Washington; and that I get all my facts where I saw the picture, in the *New York Times*.)

You can study the development of the genuine fake by looking at candid snapshots of two prize fighters snarling at one another and comparing these shots with the official photo at weighing-in ceremony. The official photo, originally, showed the two men at their job; then some one discovered that if people are intent on their work, they fail to give their lovely full faces to the camera; so the cross-angle handshake was invented: two men each pushing a right hand toward the other, each averting his face, all a-smirk.

The next phase is the most interesting of all: the two men automatically fall into the pose; they are no longer capable of shaking hands in any other position. The genuine fake has unmistakably arrived.

The Little Flower who watches over New York is by nature a dramatist; didn't he once brew beer at his desk in the House of Representatives? Didn't he once bring the actuality of raw meat into legislative halls? He is eminently pictorial; he enjoys action. Harvey D. Gibson is a banker and president of the Fair; he is not pictorial. He doesn't dramatize. Bankers, you know.

Well, here I have a picture of Mayor La Guardia and Harvey Gibson and (oh, death, where is thy sting?) an *unnamed* chorus girl, each with a street cleaner's broom, all brushing away at a spotless sidewalk. The Mayor is looking right into the camera; the banker and the chorine are modestly looking down. And (as news commentators say) I quote: "The ceremony ended abruptly when one of the many photographers who recorded the scene for posterity shouted, 'That's enough. Break it up.'" The reporter for the *New York Post* enjoys himself at his work; here is his final comment: "A considerable crowd which had gathered melted away and the street cleaners began sweeping up the newspapers, cigarette butts, chewing gum wrappers and other debris the spectators had dropped."

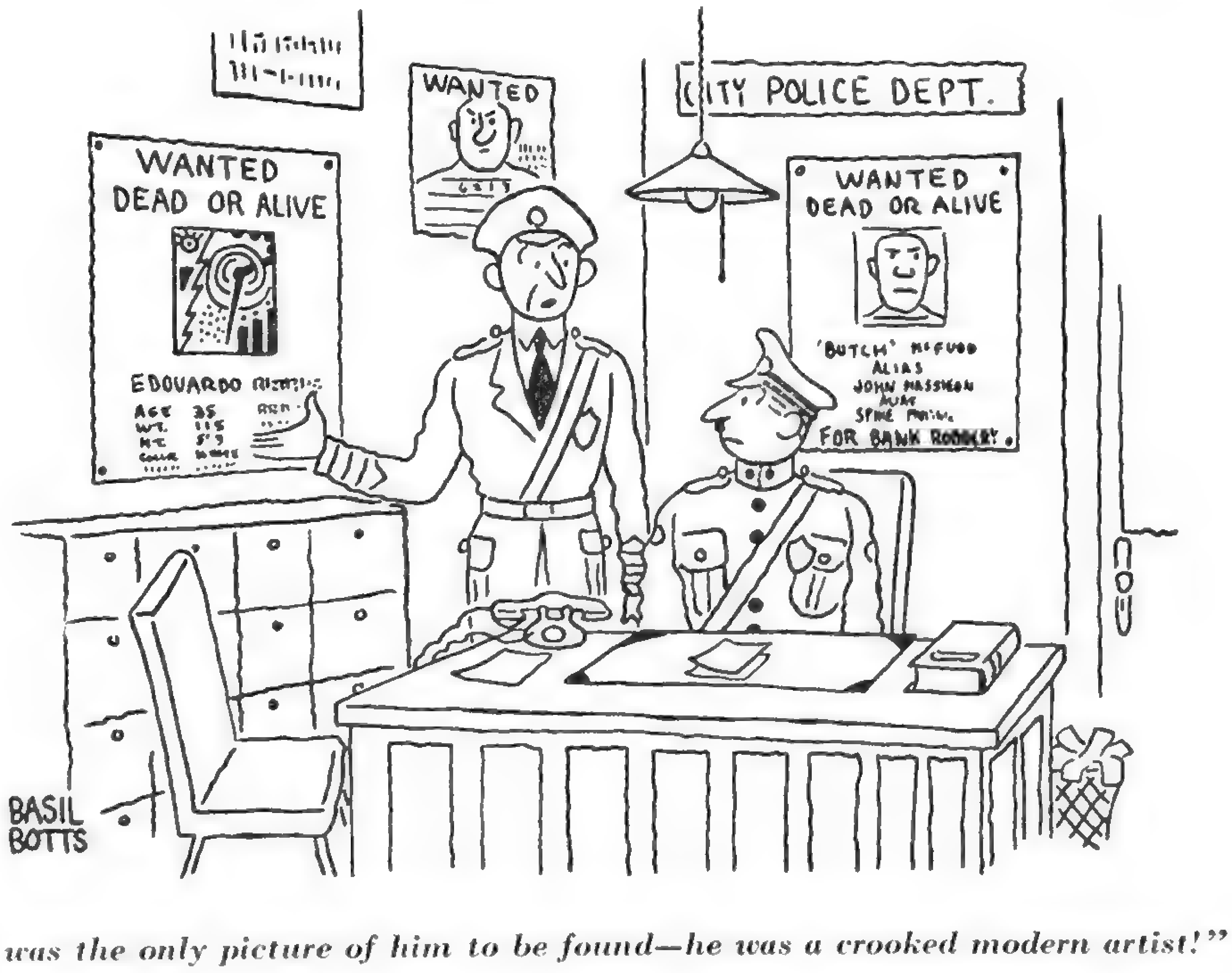
When I first protested against this sort of thing I was concerned with "posterity." I didn't like to think of the falsification of history beginning even in a small way; and the example I chose was of the signing of an important New Deal bill in the presence of its two sponsors in Congress and the Cabinet officer who had most notably backed them up. For some reason, the newsreel men didn't get the scene and it was done over; but one of the vitally interested sponsors of the law had been called away. The news account and the newsreel therefore differed; and a patient historian of the future would have a hard time. (Ask any newsreel editor whether he doesn't consider his work the creation of archives for the future.)

Well, right now I care less for posterity; I object to the genuine fake which has taken its place as the standard of both newsreel and news pictures, because I can see and feel the fake. I object to it not only when La Guardia and company are present; it's no good even for sweepstake winners. "I'm so happy I could scream," says a winner. "Go ahead and scream," says the cameraman. And then you can see five recordings of the scream being made.

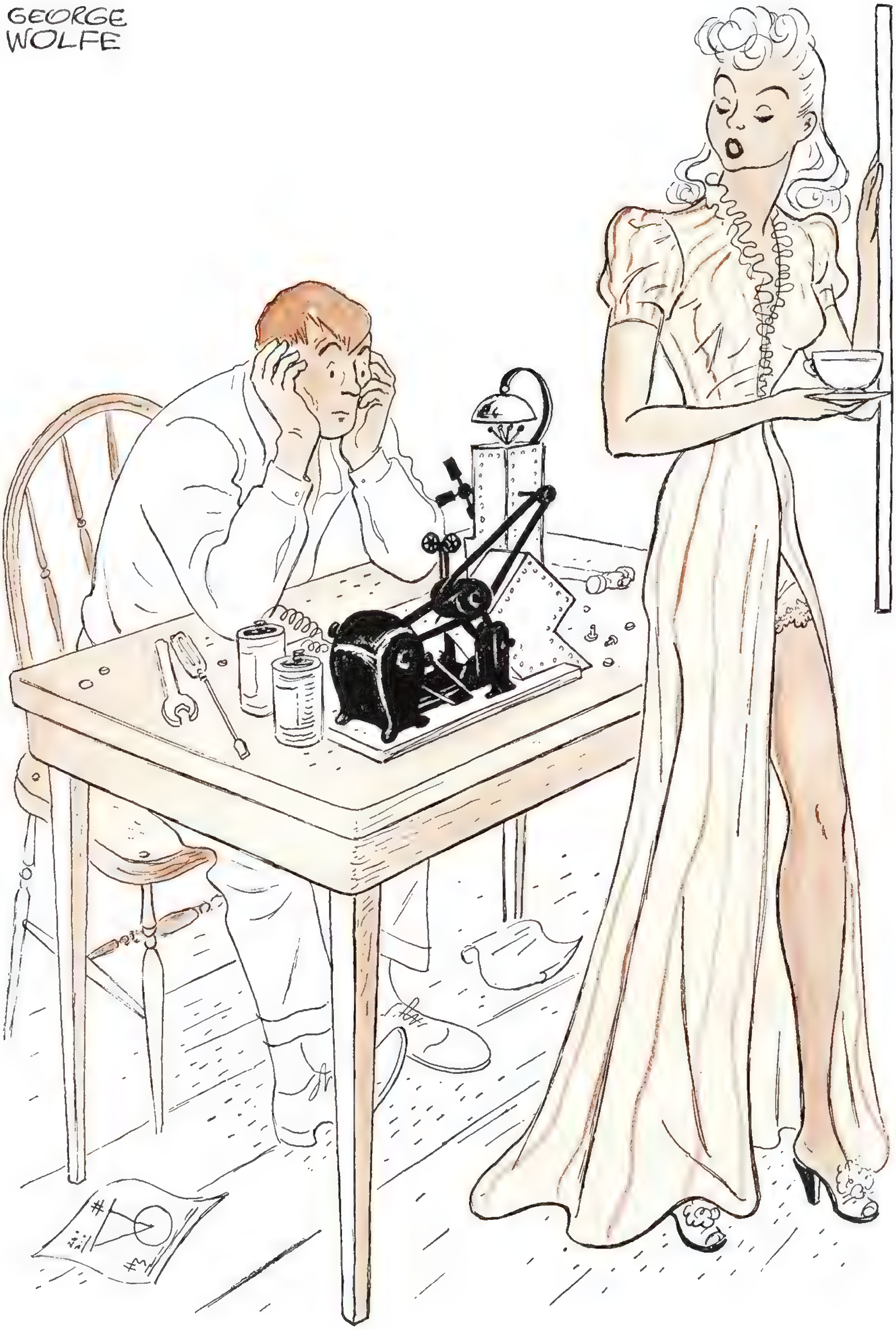
The upsidedown girl got married. An elopement; her mother said that after she met the boy, she forgave them. And then the girl and the boy kissed one another for the newsreel.

Why? Because there is a tradition that newly-caught elopers must be shown kissing; and tradition is slowly going to take all the reality out of the newsreel picture, just as the

Continued on page 161



"It was the only picture of him to be found—he was a crooked modern artist!"



"You mustn't get discouraged, dear. Just think how long Mickey Rooney had to struggle before he perfected telegraphy"

Engineers Love Fools

Through the invention of more and more fool-proof gadgets our dimwits are protected against Nature's law

by WAYNE KILBOURNE

• ARTICLE •

SELL brains short; they're definitely obsolescent.

"Fool" was once a term of reproach and lerision. The Bible solemnly warned against saying "Raca—thou fool," as an unforgivable offense.

But the change since those primitive times is really surprising. By sheer force of numbers, fools today have won recognition of the right to live and enjoy life without brains. Fools flourish and multiply because engineers love them. Millions of twentieth-century halfwits inspire the engineer to his proudest achievement—the Fool-Proof Device.

Remember the chump who used to take his best girl out rowing and drown her, by rocking the boat till it capsized? Sometimes he drowned himself too, in the confusion.

You never hear of the boat-rocker any more. Because the engineers sprang to his rescue, and designed park board boats that are practically impossible to capsize, and wouldn't sink even if some super-jackass actually succeeded in tipping one over.

Unquestionably the boat-rocking type of fool is at least as numerous as ever. But recognizing the hopelessness of beating any sense into his skull, the engineers have safeguarded him so he can rock to his heart's content and never come near the obituary page.

The next step was putting guard rails around lion cages. Fools poked sticks at lions, and no amount of reasoning or casualty statistics would stop them. So the planning engineers strung guard rails around at a safe distance from the cages, and deprived a lot of deserving lions of fresh fool-steaks.

The bubbler drinking fountain was invented, to end the infection menace of the public drinking cup. But did it? It did not. Because chumps shoved their lips clear down against the metal fixtures, one after another, and continued to exchange trench mouth and chancres.

So their guardian angels, the engineers, had to design a fool-proof drinking fountain. It's a real achievement. Half-a-dozen streams of water spurt from holes in a 12- or 18-inch ring of pipe, and converge in just one possible drinking center, a good eight inches from any metal. If some dolt stoops too far, one stream hits him in the eye, another in the ear, and two more squirt down his collar band. He is protected from germs in spite of himself, and keeps just as healthy as folks with brains.

A certain percentage of dimwits who didn't rock themselves out of boats or get chewed up at zoos were easy prey for fake stock promoters. Or they just squandered their substance in general dissipation; in either case quite a number went broke and starved to death.

Now the Securities Commission keeps the poor sucker hogtied; he can hardly get the padlock off his pocketbook long enough to buy government bonds.

Of course he can still lose his all at Hialeah—or by striking up friendships with affable strangers. And no one has yet devised any guard rail or cold-water jet that will keep a fool from blowing his bank roll on wine, women, and song.

But even if he does, we now have Social Security, to keep him from paying Nature's just penalty. So he is still preserved from starvation, and procreates his kind.

Once only an expert could keep an automobile running for more than ten minutes at a time, or get it around a corner right side up at twelve miles an hour. Today a low center of gravity, suction tires and banked turns combine to preserve the fool who takes corners at seventy per, a week after his one and only driving lesson.

Super highways are engineered with raised-center dividing strips, to shepherd the fools who insist on passing the car ahead regardless of oncoming traffic.

Because fools go through stop signs and get bashed up by cross arterial traffic, engineers have invented the cloverleaf intersection, which pretty well completes the elimination of any need for either courtesy or sense on the highway. If the brainless driver doesn't get lost in the back country on his way around a cloverleaf, he is delivered smoothly into the cross stream of traffic without a ripple, in spite of his best efforts to barge into trouble.

He doesn't even need the foresight to look at his gas gauge any more. Filling stations are so close together now he can coast to the next one when his motor dies.

Glareproof windshields are now in process, because witless boors won't dim their headlights. "Why should they have to, the pets?" reason the doting engineers. "We'll make it unnecessary."

Engineering interference with Mother Nature's wholesome processes is being carried to incredible lengths. Until recently, any chump could eliminate himself quite readily learning to fly an airplane. But even this wise natural check is being hamstrung as scores of self-righting, stall-proof planes roll off the assembly lines. A short-circuited robot could fly now, and make a perfect three-point landing in the new fool-proof planes.

And if our twentieth-century moron toddles aboard a commercial transport airliner, with nothing to do but sit in a comfy seat and look at panoramas, his guardian angels, the planning engineers, nevertheless provide a stewardess to tend him like a nurse, for fear he might step out for a stroll after lunch.

Rubber mats in hotel combination tubs protect the traveling chump who holds up one foot to soap it, under the shower. Plumbing engineers have designed hotel toilets with such huge bore and such tremendous flushing

Continued at top of page 151

"That's the trouble with having a fire escape"

Something Over the Odds

Someone had to tell Squiffy that mentioning a woman's name in the club was simply not on the board

by STANLEY LOGAN

▪ SATIRE ▪

"Taxi!"

"Yessir!"

"You free?"

"Yessir. Where to, sir?"

"Regency Club—get a move on!"

"Yessir!"

Bang!—Ting!—down went the flag and off went the cab to Burlington Gardens.

The passenger's manner was gay and debonair—and, on learning his destination, the driver's manner became gay and debonair too: changing from that of Hamlet in reduced circumstances, which is the manner of all London Taxidrivers.

The reason for this metamorphosis was not far to seek—just up Bond Street and around a couple of corners as a matter of fact.

There we are!—pulling up at the pleasant Queen Anne residence that houses The Regency Club. The fare is paid.

"Thank you, sir."

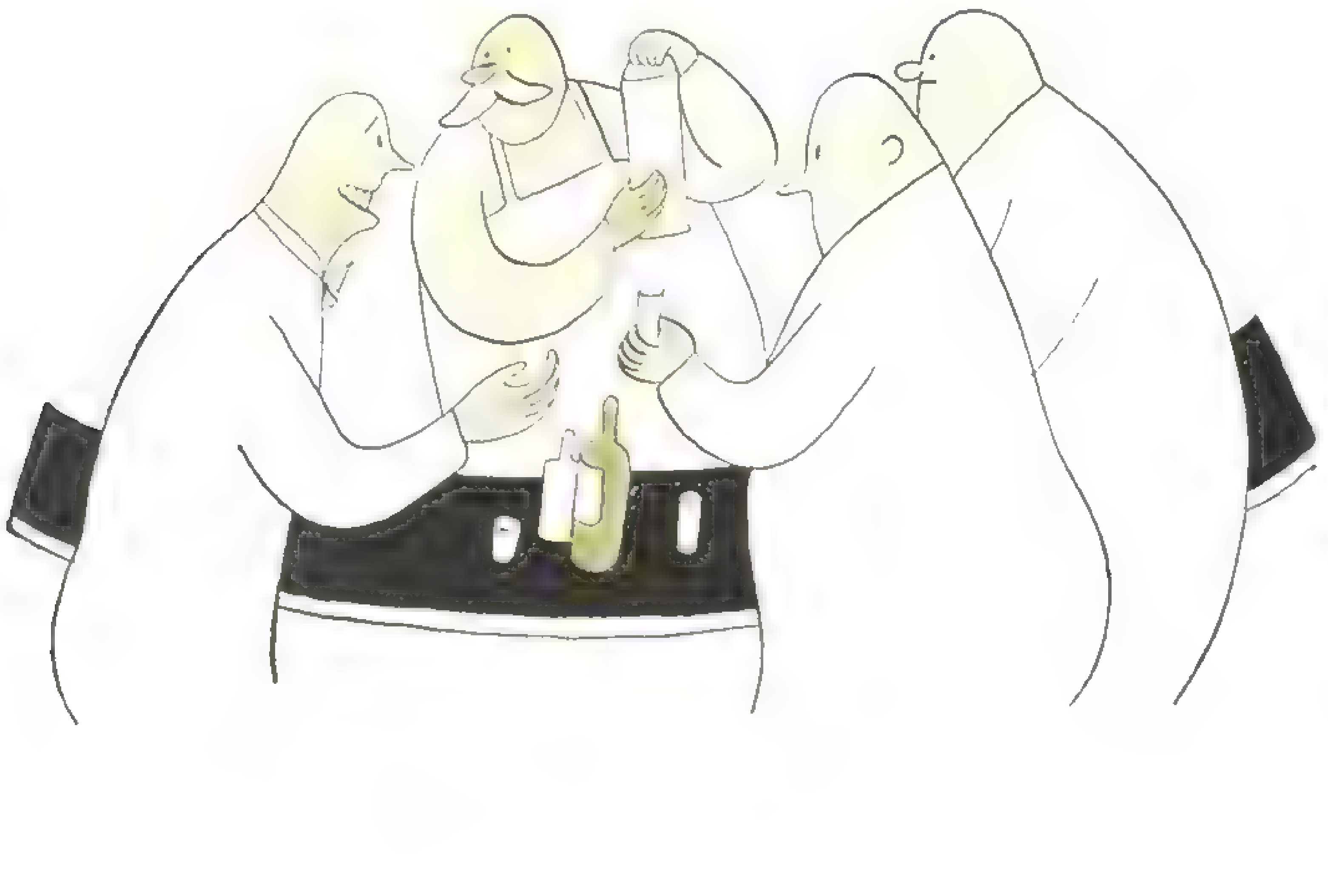
Now for the tip.

"Put your shirt on 'Aborigine' in the fourth at Lingfield—a snip."

"Aborigine, sir?—Yessir. Thank you, sir." The cab drove swiftly away to the pub where its driver was in the habit of " 'avin 'is little bit on"—for the lightest word of a member of the Regency was law unto the racing fraternity—and Charley Chetwynde entered his club intent on placing his own shirt on the highly spoken-of "Aborigine."

Now the reputation enjoyed by most London clubs is one of aloof austerity but the Regency was an exception to this rule.

Founded in the 1900's by a little group of regular "sports" it enjoyed to the full its own reputation for high spirits and a flexible outlook on life; and no one was more properly jealous of this repute than Charley Chetwynde—a bright young fellow of forty-nine or so. Having transacted the business of the day with his bookmaker over the telephone—he was now entering the bar in search of good company and the first drink of the day. Both were immediately provided by his particular crony—Major—"Fruity"—Carstairs.



"Mornin', Charley."

"Mornin', Fruity."

And then in jovial chorus—for the sun was over the yardarm and the bar was full of "young" men of all ages.

"Mornin', Charley!"

"Hello, Dog-face!"

"What-ho! Charley!"

"Cheerio, Boko!"

"Hello, old sport!"

"What-ho!—Hello!—What-ho!"

"What'll it be?" asked Fruity Carstairs.

"Pink Gin," said Charley Chetwynde.

"Make it two . . ."

"Yessir," said the barman—no sooner said than done.

"Here's a go."

"Chin-chin."

No sooner said than "down."

"Two more of the same."

"Yessir."

"You on Aborigine—Fruity?"

"Of course, every right-thinkin' bloke is."

"What price did you get?"

"Sevens."

"Sevens?—only fives me—somethin' ought to be done about this in and out bettin'—"

About eight inches of amber cigarette holder intruded itself on their conversation.

"Somethin'," said the owner of this museum piece, "ought to be done about Squiffy Orpington."

"Oh! Hello, old thing," said Charley, "What you goin' t'have?"

"Large and a small," replied the newcomer—indicating to the barman his desire for a whiskey and soda.

"Well, cheerio!"

"Here's a go."

"All the best."

"And what," said Charley Chetwynde, "is eating you this bright particular morning, young Freddie W.?"

The honorable Frederick Whipsnade removed his cigarette holder from his lips and waved it solemnly at his friends.

"Somethin's got to be done about Squiffy Orpington," he repeated sternly. "Feller's got it up his nose and talkin' out of turn."

"You don't mean you take anythin' Squiffy says seriously—when he's had a couple, I mean," said Fruity Carstairs.

"Nobody," replied the honorable Fred, "is more in favor of a bloke moppin' it up than I am, but there are limits—and I put it to you fellers—is mentioning a woman's name in the club over the odds—or not?"

Rodney deSARRO

"Oh, I say!" said Fruity.

"Oh, I say!" said Charley.

"Exactly," said Freddie. "It was like this—"

But here—in justice to William Horatio George Alastair—fifth baron Orpington ("Squiffy" to his pals) it would be only fair to offer a brief description of that amiable peer. One of the founders—and most popular members—of the Regency Club, Lord Orpington, when under the influence—was given to a frankness of speech common enough among officers of His Majesty's Navy from which he had retired some years before with the rank of Commander. Entirely without guile he possessed the outspokenness of a child on all matters affecting his peers and relations; and what was even more embarrassing, these heartily expressed sentiments invariably carried the sharp sting of truth.

"—and those were his very words," said the Hon. Fred, concluding his indictment of his lordship. "—and then he mentioned her by name—I mean to say! Somethin's got to be done."

Fruity Carstairs nodded gravely at Charley Chetwynde who ordered a fresh round of drinks to ease the situation.

"Yes," agreed Fruity, "Somethin' ought to be done—but what?"

Charley Chetwynde—who in his rash, impetuous youth had read for the bar, adopted a judicial attitude.

"Don't want to make it a committee matter," he said, "Squiffy's one of the best, really—"

"No better cove ever munched an olive from a dry martini," agreed Fruity, rising to heights in praise of the delinquent.

"Squiffy was my fag at Eton," continued Charley. "Should anythin' of the kind you've mentioned occur again I think I can reason with the blighter—show him the error of his ways. Better leave it to me."

And that very same evening, shortly after

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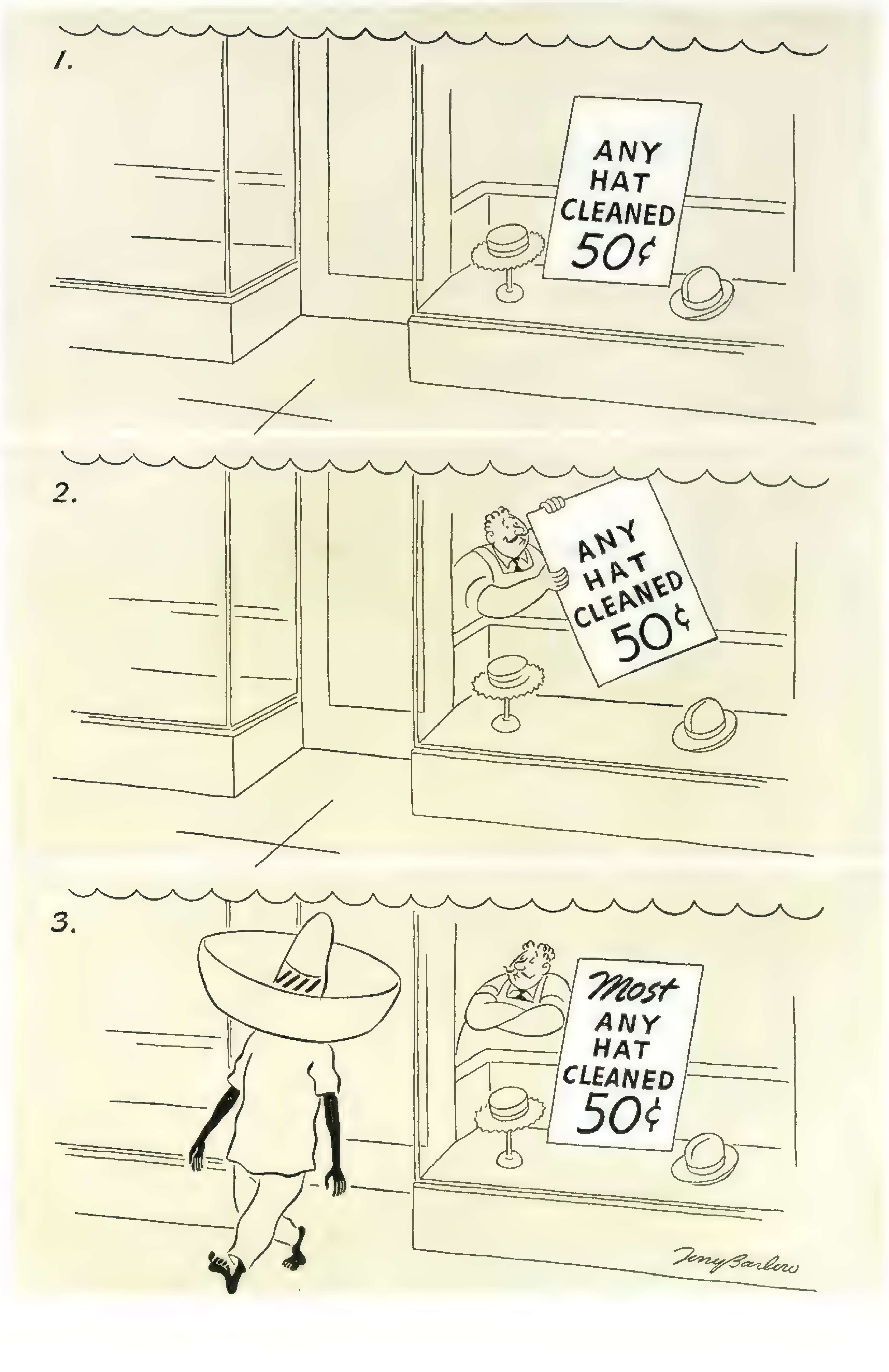


1.
ANY HAT CLEANED 50¢
2.
ANY HAT CLEANED 50¢
3.
Most ANY HAT CLEANED 50¢
Tony Barlow

First Nights & Passing Judgment

Previewing Sean O'Casey's latest play, *Purple Dust,* a mad comedy in his singing style and best humor

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

▪ THEATRE ▪

Probably no play announced for the next theatrical season has provoked so much advance curiosity and interest as Sean O'Casey's latest work, *Purple Dust.* Privileged a manuscript reading by the author, I herewith accordingly present for the first time a detailed account of it.

A fantastic comedy and hence a departure from its celebrated author's former plays, the action passes in a wide, deep, gloomy, tumbledown room that was once part of the assembly or living hall of a now dilapidated old Tudor mansion in the Clune na Geera of Ireland. The time is the present. The principal characters are these:

Cyril Poges, a sixty-five-year-old Englishman, fattish, partly bald, fussy, and given to a ready losing of temper.

Basil Stoke, a long, hatchet-faced, baldish Englishman of thirty, gloomy of mien, who considers himself something of a philosopher.

Souhaun, an Irishwoman of forty, good-looking in a matronly way and Poges' mistress.

Avril, a young Irish girl and very pretty. Stoke's mistress.

O'Killigain, a young Irish foreman stonemason.

Three Irish workmen under O'Killigain.

Minor characters include Barney and Cloyne, manservant and maidservant respectively, the Rev. George Canon Creehewel, a postmaster, and a yellow-bearded laborer who answered to the name of Cornelius.

The play opens at about seven o'clock of a crisp autumn morning. Poges and Stoke, accompanied by their mistresses, have come to live in the remains of the bleak old mansion under the spell and illusion of its bygone romance. In garlands of daisies and ribbons and with painted little rakes and reaping hooks, they enter with what they think to be a country dance, throwing their legs about while sillily they sing, "Deep in the country, we're all right, man's delight, day and night far from the city's frantic fight," etc. The workmen about the place observe them with amused contempt, "At home now," says one, "they'd be sinkin' into their first sleep; because they're in the counthry they think the thing to do is to get up at the crack o' dawn." "And with the young heifer gaddin' round with next to nothin' on, goadin' the decency an' circumspection of the place," says another. "An' her eyes wiltin' when she sees what she calls her husband an' widenin' wondherfully whenever they happen to light on O'Killigain."

Young O'Killigain himself shortly afterward comes on the scene and in answer to the third workman's wonder why such folk, the men with money, want to live in a place "lonesome an' cold enough to send a shiver through a year-old dead man," replies: "Because they think it has what they call a history. Everything old is sacred in every country. Give a house a history, weave a
legend round it, let some titled tomfool l
or die in it—and some fool mind will see lov
ness in rottenness and ruin." Whereupon t
third workman: "Isn't it sthrange how ma
will fall for a mere name? Remember o
Miss MacWilliam who used to faint wi
ecstasy the times she told the story of sitt
for a second in the King o' Denmark's cha
an' oul Tom Mulligan who swaggered rou
for years afther the son o' the Earl of Sl
bereen had accidentally spit in his eye!"

The entrance of Avril, twenty-one and ve
much aware of her way with men, leads pre
ently to a grotesque reel, participated in l
the renovating laborers, and leads further
O'Killigain, in the mad breathlessness of t
dance, impudently giving her "a sharp ske
on the behind." Though pretending to l
aflame with anger, the girl is evidently som
what taken with the handsome Irishma
"Never again, mind you!" she command
"Especially when others are here to stand a
gape."

There follows a scene of bantering love i
that lyric lilt which only O'Casey can put in
stage mouths, and as the banter slowly dimi
ishes, love lifts its challenge. "Come, liste
and brave the wrath of the gouty, dough
Basil Stoke," bids O'Killigain. "That thing
cries the girl with a toss of her head and wi
bitter contempt. "A toddler thricking with
woman's legs; a thief without the power
thieve the thing he covets; a perjurer in pa
sion; a gutted soldier bee whose job is don
and still hangs on to life. (*After a little hes
tation*) Undher the thorn tree, then, wi
you!"

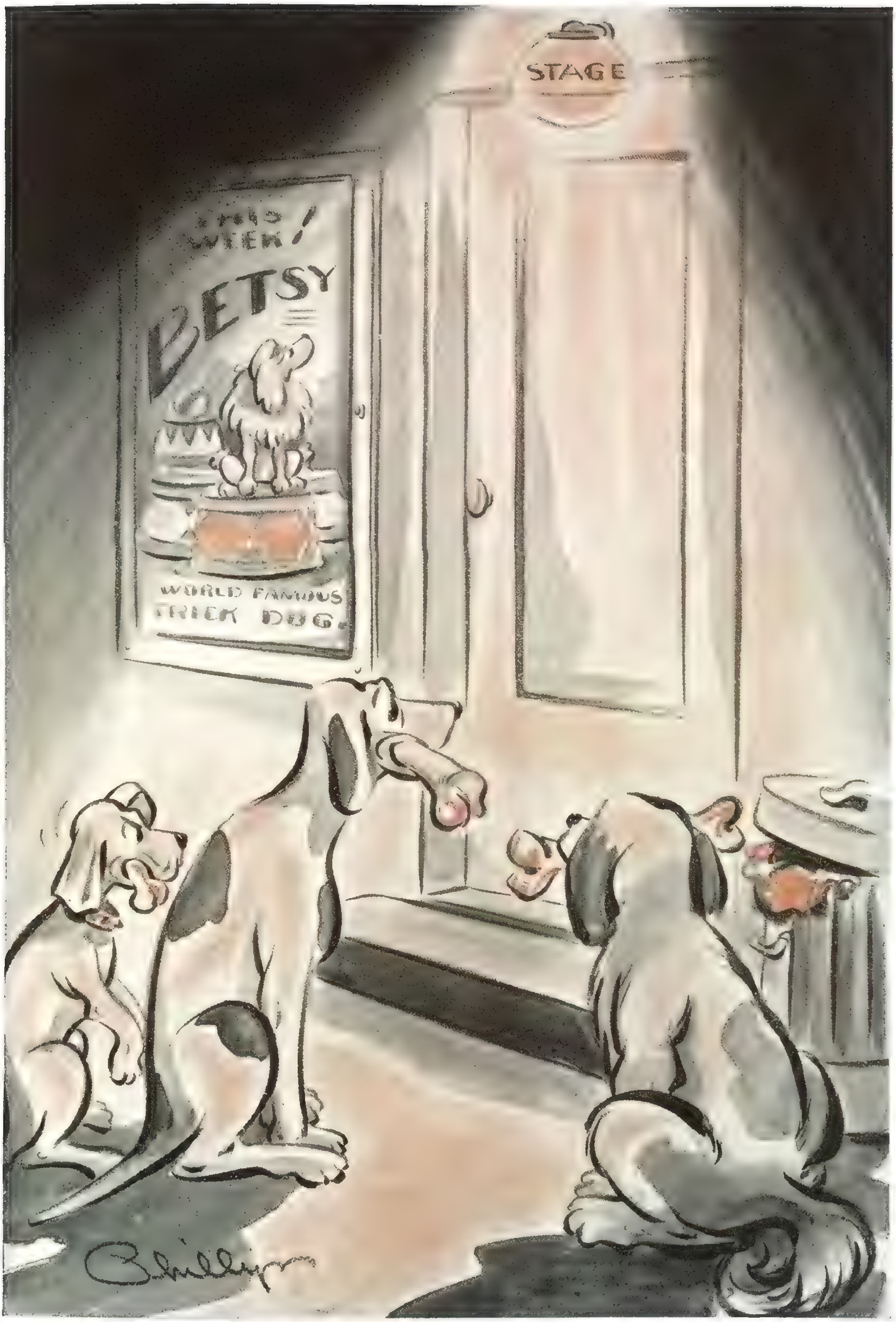
At this point, Poges, Stoke, Souhaun, a
the servants intrude with ladders, picture
etc., bent upon prettying up the decaye
room. There ensues a lush scene in whi
Poges and Stoke get into a pompous deba
on the heroes of antiquity, which en
abruptly when Poges demands condescen
ingly and idiotically of O'Killigain if he h
ever read good old Wordsworth. "As a matt
of fact, I have," says O'Killigain. "A tire
out oul' blatherer; a tumbledown thinker;
man who made a hiding place of his own lif
a shadow parading about as the sun; a poe
sensitive to everything but man; a bladd
blown that sometimes gave a note of music;
poet who jailed the striving of man in a mor
lullaby; a snail to whom God gave the glea
of the glow-worm; a poet singing the song
safety first!" And Souhaun's look, while l
speaks, is on him. Nor does she, upon h
going, too much like the two Englishmen
animadversions upon his and her own peopl

After a low-comedy scene about idyll
country life, argued pontifically by Poges a
Stokes and with Souhaun and Avril a d
creasingly sympathetic audience, come st

Continued on page 1

Gregory d'Alessio

"Oh Elmer—just your coat would have been enough!"


STAGE
THIS WEEK!
BETSY
WORLD FAMOUS TRICK DOG.
Phillips

Ten Rules for Saving Tires

Through underinflation and other abuse the average motorist throws away one tire in each set of five

by PAUL W. KEARNEY

• ARTICLE •

How would you like a nice set of custom-built tires, costing a couple of hundred dollars each, which had to be changed every twelve miles?

That's what speed drivers like Sir Malcolm Campbell, Captain Eyston and John Cobb are up against. And although our tire problems don't compare with theirs, their experiences dramatize the performance of modern tires. Reduced to passenger car scale, these magnifications give a clearer idea of what happens to your tires and mine—and why most of us, through ignorance and abuse, throw away the price of one new tire in every set.

When we drive at 50 m.p.h., for instance, there is a centrifugal force of two tons trying to pull the tires apart. But when Eyston or Cobb hit speeds of 357 m.p.h. or 368 m.p.h., that force mounts to more than 100 tons. At such speed each tire's diameter is increased nearly half an inch. And the pressure on the valve spring is so terrific that special caps have to be designed else the tires would deflate themselves before the car even got into the measured mile. Very thin treads have to be used on these speed tires, otherwise the centrifugal force would rip them right off the shoes; so thin, indeed, that even spinning the wheels in an abrupt start would peel the tread right off.

Revolving about fifty times per second (ten times the rate of stroke of a pneumatic road drill), these tires also generate terrific heat. Just how high the temperature goes in practice is not known, but on test machines (where there is no normal air cooling action) the temperature rises at the rate of 60° C per minute as the speed approaches 350 m.p.h. Indeed, in one of his earlier tests on the Bonneville Salt Flats, Utah, several of Campbell's tires ignited when he slowed down.

One record attempt over the measured mile in one direction only covers about twelve miles, the extra eleven being used to work up speed and to slow down to a stop after the mile. There are no curves; no sudden starts; no Sunday-driving braking, yet tires are changed after each run for safety's sake—even if they still look good.

Speeds of six miles per minute are still alien to the average motorist. Yet in direct proportion to the strength of our stock tires, the nature of our road surfaces and the speeds at which we do drive, our tires take this same type of punishment to a degree. On top of this, we abuse them unmercifully as no speed driver would dare to do. And then we complain when they fail!

The truth is, tires rarely fail—it's the driver who does. Even the dreaded blowout doesn't happen suddenly. It started five hundred to one thousand miles ago with some careless act of the motorist and merely worked up to the ultimate explosion by degrees. The skid, which kills four times as many as the blowout, is rarely a sudden development, eit
And, to be brutally frank, there isn't m
excuse for either of these mishaps as a gen
proposition.

The two major breeders of tire trouble
(1) Underinflation; (2) Bruises and misal
ment. And both forms of neglect arise fro
general misconception of the true functio
a set of tires.

Most of us consider the tire as a cushion
a softer ride—and stop there. But the t
are an integral part of the car's transmiss
system. If you doubt it, back into a mud h
press the gas pedal down to the floor,
see how fast your 100 h.p. engine will
you out when the tires aren't getting tracti

Secondly, the tires are a vital part of
braking system, yet universally ignored
such. Your brakes stop the wheels, but i
the *tires that stop the car*. You can prove t
too, on glare ice—if you care to.

Engineers estimate that in an emerge
stop from 60 m.p.h. about 208 horsepowe
energy is exerted by the tires in holding
road. Only a tire in excellent condition
take a beating like that and survive.

Are your tires still in that 200 h.p. c
dition?

If not, why not?

Well, the first reason is probably und
inflation. From the purely economic sta
point, one pound of continued underinflati
takes 600 miles out of the life expectancy
tire. Tire men agree that the average moto
loses 20 per cent to 30 per cent of his tire
through underinflation alone—which
equivalent to buying a new car with five ti
and throwing away the spare.

Aside from this needless waste, contin
underinflation breeds much more seri
trouble. Heat is the great enemy of tires a
nothing stimulates high temperatures l
the flexing of tire walls through 683 revo
tions per mile. The softer the tire, the m
violent the flexing—and the higher the te
perature goes. Hit a rock or a chuck hole a
good speed under these circumstances, a
you're pretty sure to get a fabric break wh
pinches the tube and leads ultimately t
blowout.

This same chain of events also leads to
cessive buildup of pressure on long, stea
drives which is also a needless strain on
tire. Every tourist knows how his tires p
up air in a day's run, and many try to m
this condition by either starting out a
pounds light or by "bleeding" or letting
out during the trip. In fact they say tha
you start out two pounds *over* the reco
mended pressure, you'll get less buildup o
long, hard drive than if you start two pou
under normal. The softer your tire is to be
with, the more it flexes. The more it fle

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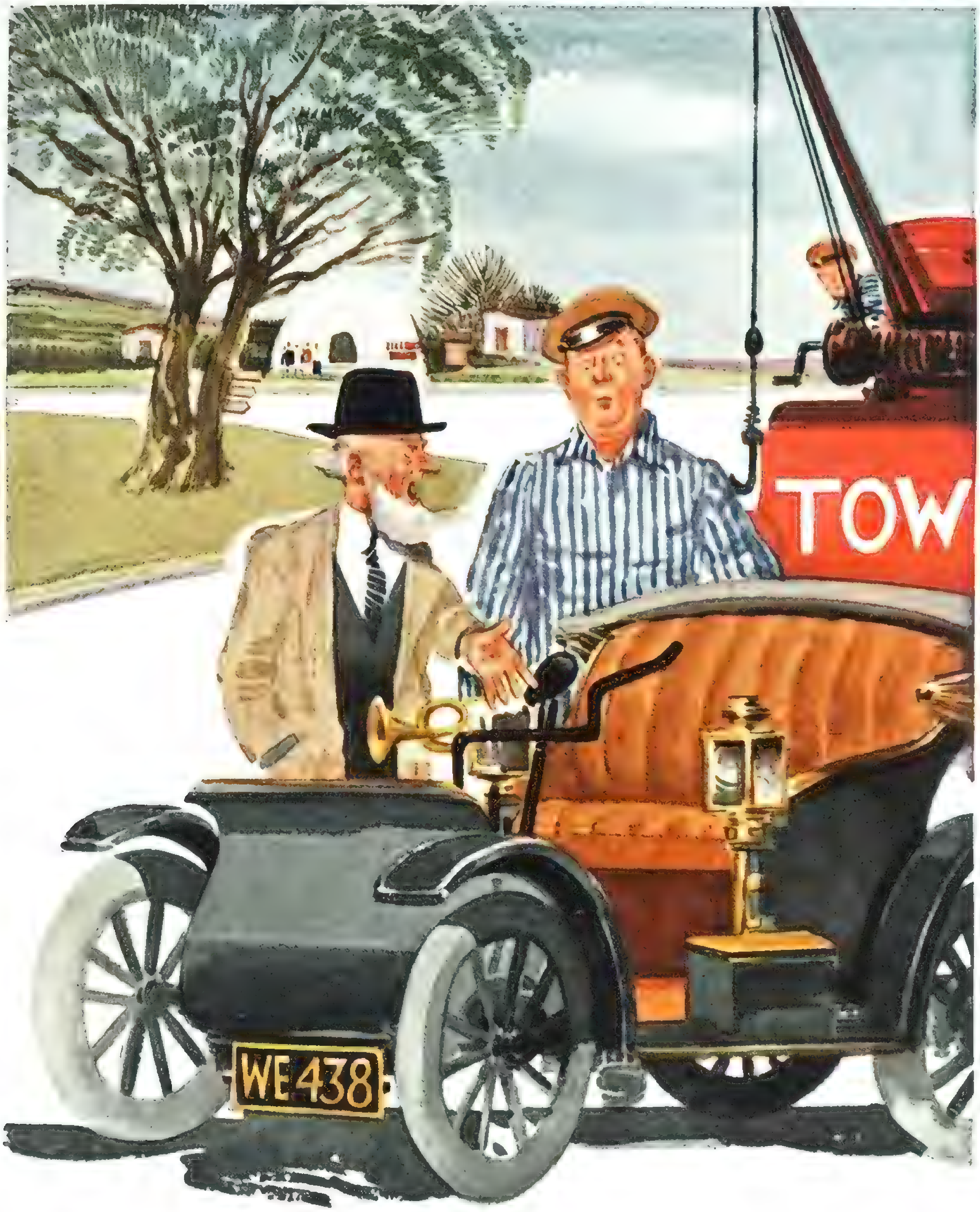
"We've narrowed your trouble down to this part right here"



E. Simms Campbell

"I'm getting fed up—it's just one damn thing after another ever since I've had it"

Detroit—Motors Operandi

Detroit Engineers are of three types: the sober man of business, the man of vision, and the complete visionary

by ROBERT W. MARKS

▪ MOTORS ▪

Nothing outside of Hollywood or a René Clair movie browns romanticism to a better crisp, or over a harder and more gem-like flame, than the fabulous motor empire of Detroit. Here men live with one finger on the pulse of the nation, another on its throttle.

The Detroit engineers and designers have changed the face and character of the country—if not the world. Their pioneering and production have brought about new ways of living, new ways of thinking—new forms of creation, recreation, and procreation. And somehow, these men are a little awed by what they've done, like Pandora after she flipped the lid, or Homer's fellow who managed to sew dragon's teeth—a nice bit of dental engineering, if there ever was one—and thereafter reaped whirlwinds.

All of which is an introduction to one of the most fascinating stories of industry that has come to light since Maeterlinck wrote *The Life of the Bee*. In spinning this, however, two points should be made clear: (1) The American automobile industry grew from a simple daydream to the largest single productive enterprise in the world in one generation—with the same men steering it today who built their own "steamers" in the old man's backyard, a couple of decades ago. And (2) these men, born in the shop and bred in the laboratory, eat, drink, breathe, and dream mechanics. Given half a chance they would relegate all human reproduction to a fuel injector.

They are convinced that "facts" and "research"—the two watchwords of the industry—will in time solve the problems of humanity: that they will shortly cool man's overheated valves, and patch up his leaking water pump—a few improved dive bombers and flame throwers to the contrary, notwithstanding.

Yet, it should be pointed out, three different mentalities are at work at Detroit, each with its peculiar philosophy, rationalizations, and showcase of accomplishments: (1) The mentality of the "Sober Man of Business," dedicated to the idea of giving the public what it wants; (2) The mentality of "The Man of Vision," which, while still sober, looks one step ahead and pioneers; and finally, that of the "Visionary," who is looking far into the future, and is as unconcerned about today as a unicorn.

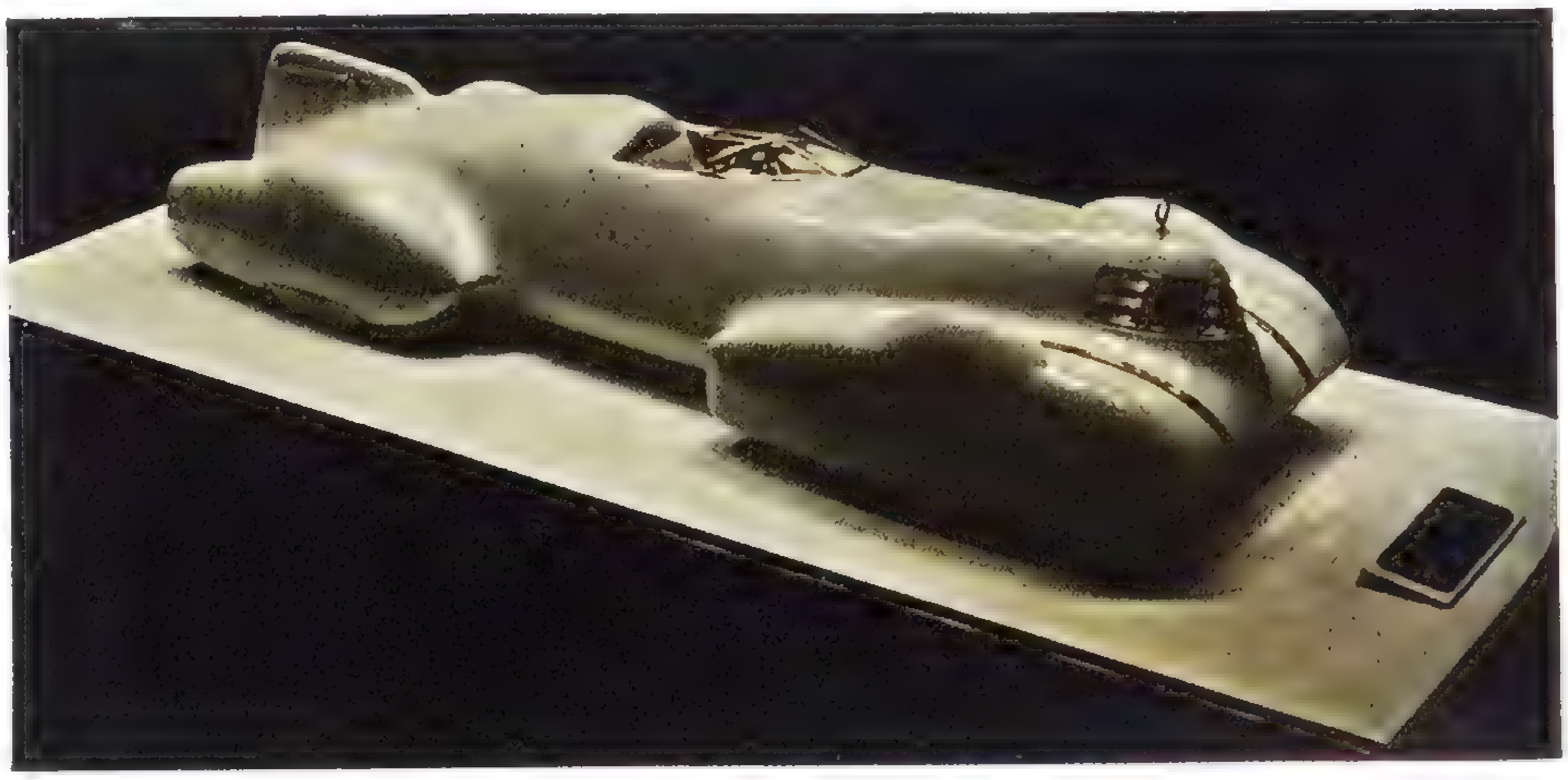
The conservative approach is maintained by General Motors in its creative departments—wherein the doorplate might read: "Don't be a Guinea Pig for the Industry." The approach of "The Man of Vision" is carried out in Chrysler engineering, and symbolized in the personalities of Zeder, Breer, and Skelton—the men who are the *fons et origo* of Chrysler design. The "Visionary" outlook is embodied in men like Boss Kettering, famed inventor of the self-starter, and eccentric head of General Motors Research; and in Bill Stout, free lance engineer designer, creator of the first all-metal airplanes, streamlined trains, air transport line, etc.—and sire to the bug-like Stout Scarab, "car of the future."

It was hinted, in the July issue, that American motors were the most rugged examples of efficient engineering available since Cheops built the great Pyramid. And the reason lies in the personality and history and persistent restlessness of such men—men who, for better or worse, can be accurately tagged as the truly representative American type, indigenous to this soil, minstrels of the assembly line.

Before investigating the tarantellas and fandangoes that must be danced, before a new car is conceived, planned, modeled, tooled, displayed, sold, re-sold, stripped, and junked, let's delve a bit into the warp as well as the woof of some of these men who are placing their thumbprints on what's left of civilization.

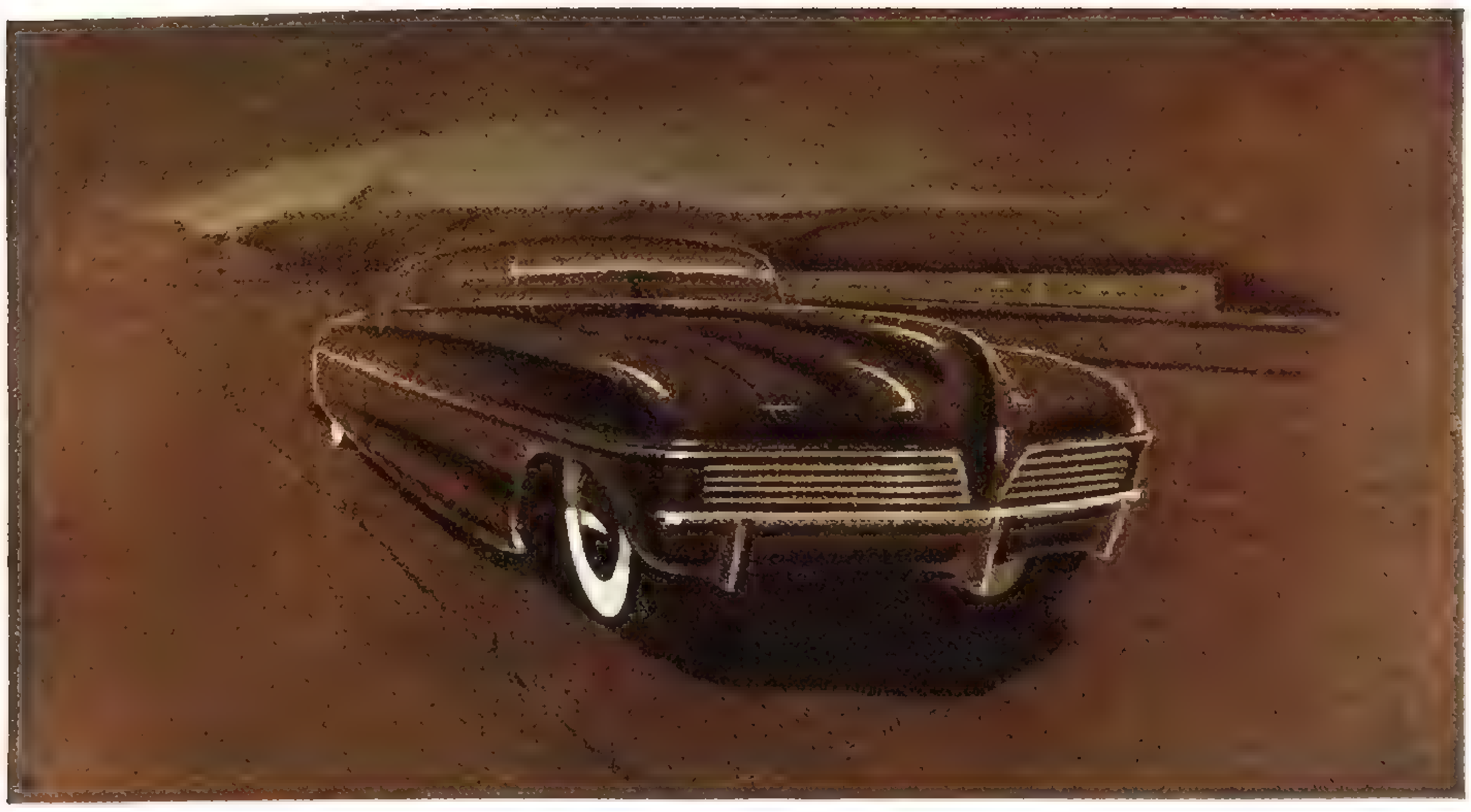
Take the case of Carl Breer, of the triumvirate of Breer, Skelton, and Zeder—creators of the Chrysler. Breer, who is personally responsible for the Airflow car, forerunner of today's streamlined bullet, is a kind of walking engineering laboratory.

Breer is so much in love with mechanical perfection that he can scarcely excuse Nature for not equipping man, as he puts it, "with a continuous form of lever pivoted at his



Every Guy Fawkes Day, or thereabouts, the General Motors' creative departments have a field day. And on this bacchanalian occasion, each designer is supplied with a streamlined broomstick and egged on to sweep the cobwebs from his soul. Models for sports cars of the distant future—such as this—and other incubi, are turned out as an object lesson for the production department: *i.e.* "What not to build in 1941."

Two conceptions of General Motors' free spirits of what closed cars may look like an alligator's age hence. It is probable that these designs will never get within bombing range of a production line, but in the process of their creation, many hypodermics were shot into the practical and immediate end of design: the 1941 problem being not to give the public the best design possible, but the best design it will accept.



Chrysler's eye is definitely turned in the direction of increased aerodynamic efficiency—a fact that this fantasy for the future illustrates. Closing up gaps and pockets in the prow; low-slinging, Marlene Dietrich lines; long, thigh-like curves—this makes up the *Ultima Thule* of Chrysler's pioneering eye.

knee, forming a wheel—so that instead of walking, he could apply power and roll from place to place."

Breer would also like to picture the horses, the cows, and the little guinea pigs, coasting about from oat to oat.

Consider, for a moment, how this mode of thinking operates in a specific case: It seems that one day Breer was driving to his country place over a road as bumpy as a magnified waffle. Looking up in the air, he saw the winging glamour of a flock of geese. On second looking, he saw airplanes; and linking in his mind the bumping below and the smooth sailing above, he started thinking. Planes sustained themselves by lift; possibly a car might have lift tendencies too.

When he went back to the laboratory, the following Monday, he turned to one of his research engineers, and said: "I want you to take a car out and learn exactly what kind of a lift tendency it might have."

The engineer reported back that there was no "lift," but a lot of "resistance."

Shortly after that, Breer took a trip to his old home in Dayton, and had a long talk with the air pioneer, Wilbur Wright. The upshot of this was that Breer determined to get to the bottom of automobile aerodynamics.

He built an air-flow tunnel in the laboratories, and started kicking up hurricanes around scale models of cars. "Then," said Breer, "we learned the astounding fact that an automobile would be 20 to 30 per cent more efficient—from a standpoint of wind resistance—if we turned it around and ran it backwards."

It was decided to redesign the overall structure of the car, to bring about revolutionary improvements, when, suddenly, Napoleon entered the picture. It was discovered that Napoleon, in an effort to improve comfort in marching, had done some basic research on the problem of comfortable rhythms.

Napoleon had made this discovery: the human body is most pleased with itself when joggled 80 times a minute—which explains, among other things, why a Viennese waltz is more satisfying than an Irish jig.

Now American cars had a natural jogging "period" of about 120 times, or "cycles," a minute—a kind of jitterbugging. Breer immediately said: "Pull down the Chrysler jog to waltz tempo."

Result: the engine was shoved forward, springs were lengthened, weight was redistributed to what is technically called "centers of percussion"—and a ride followed that was steady as a dinghy in a pool of oil.

And thus was born the Chrysler Airflow car, a car ridiculed when it first appeared, because it looked like a cross between a snow sweeper and a juggernaut, but a car which nevertheless revolutionized modern automobile design.

Almost every 1940 car has copied the Airflow's basic features.

In similar ways, the rugged, dramatic, and silver-tongued Fred Zeder, who stoked a locomotive to plough his way through college—together with Breer and Skelton—pioneered for their brain-child, the Chrysler, such important automotive features as the all-steel body, aluminum pistons, radiator grilles, hydraulic brakes, and the vibration-absorbing engine mounting called "Floating Power."

The Chrysler triad stuck by their guns on these ideas, in the face of ridicule, dealer resistance—and sometimes direct monetary loss. The first all-steel bodies were called "sardine cans," the first hydraulic brakes were called "hypodermic brakes." Nevertheless, these features are standard on virtually all modern cars.

Chrysler also sponsored a host of developments, almost too numerous and too technical to pack into this space. In passing, however, the record should also include the switch to small wheels, indirect lighting on the dashboard, heat-resistant inserts for the valve seats (to keep your motor from losing its power after a thousand miles), wide bodies, flush doors, and the self-operating top (on convertibles).

Zeder's basic idea about industry is that there is no such thing as saturation. "Build a better piece of engineering," he says, "and by God, you create your own market."

The drawings on this page illustrate the way Chrysler designers are viewing the future. Models are being conceived, tested, planned, with an eye to increased aerodynamic efficiency.

Unlike the more conservative General Motors program, Chrysler starts designing, as Breer puts it, "By asking 'what do *we* want?' With our laboratories and research methods, we can be just as good judges of desirability and acceptability in features as the public. . ."

Henry Ford is another example of the individualist pioneer. Ford went ahead with his tin lizzie, rode it pell-mell over all the jokes about tin cans and spools of cotton, spun a cocoon around it, and finally brought it forth as one of the handsomest and most durable cars in the field.

He did this without outside financing; simply on the merits of his own engineering, the mousetrap cliché, and ceaseless drive and imagination. And in so doing, he ushered in methods of efficiency in structure and assembly which have revolutionized the commodity production of the world—from Coventry to the Uzbeg Soviet Socialist Republic.

In Detroit, Ford is called "the greatest philanthropist in the world" because his methods have become a universal keystone of

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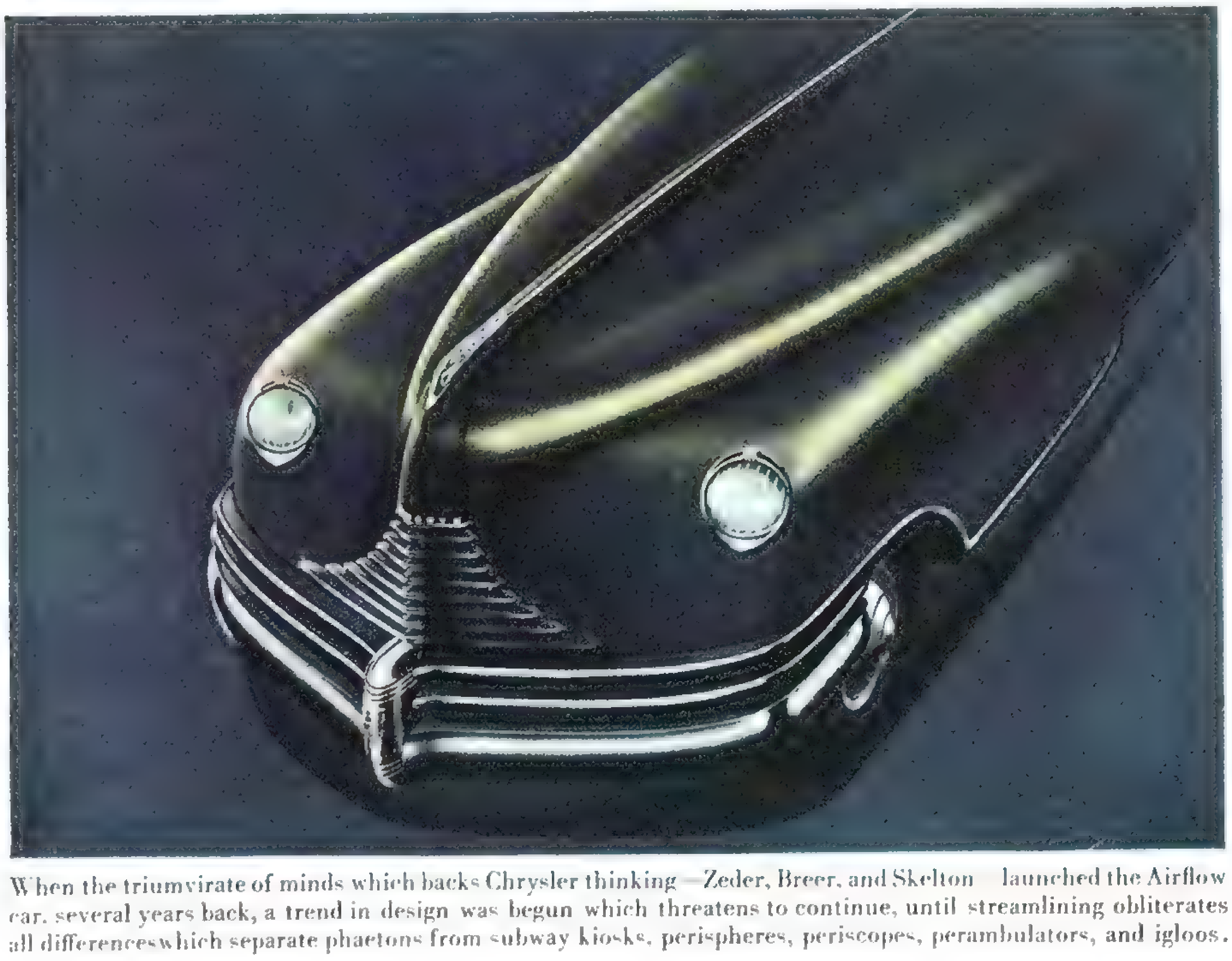
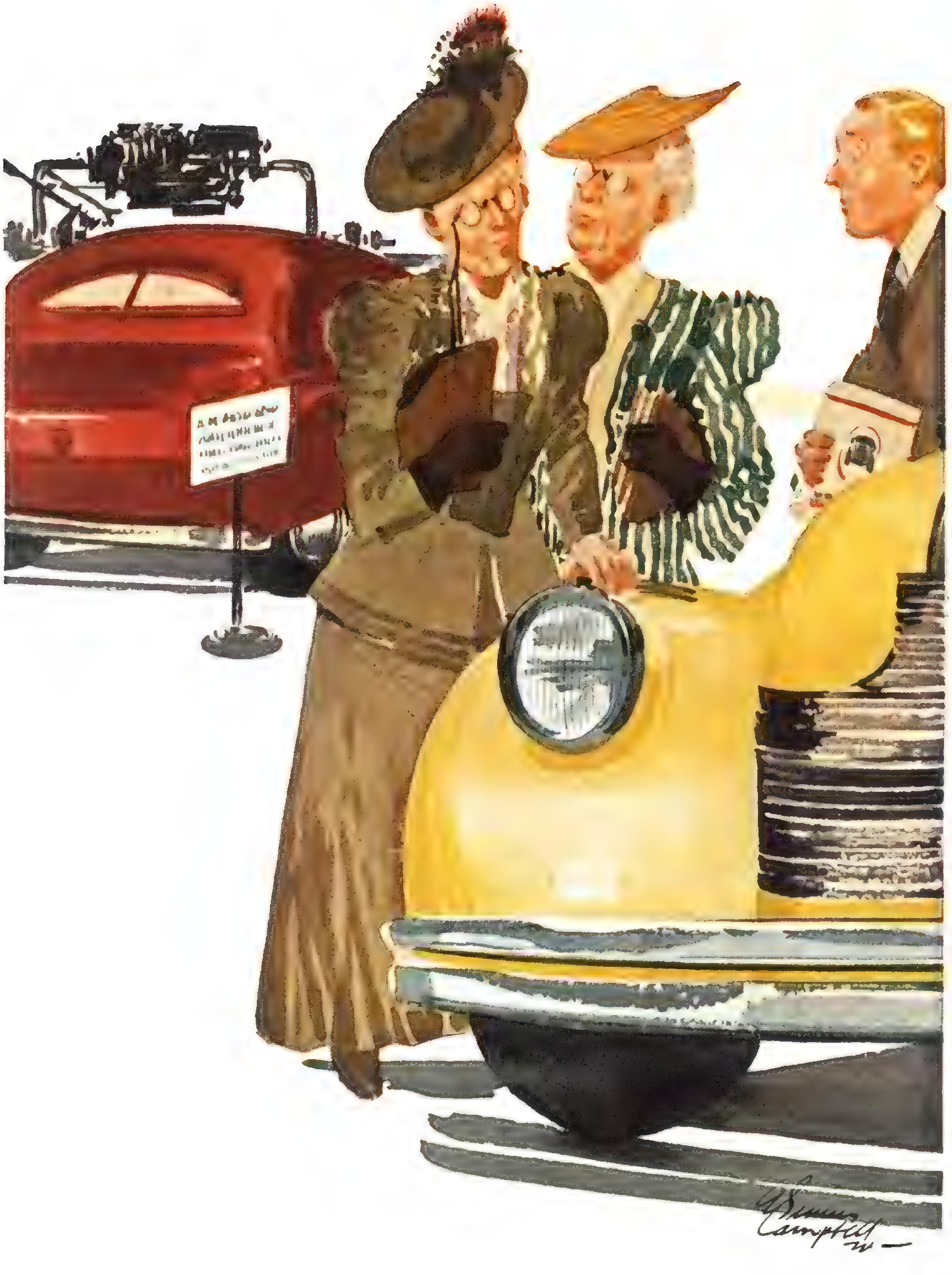


When the triumvirate of minds which backs Chrysler thinking—Zeder, Breer, and Skelton—launched the Airflow car, several years back, a trend in design was begun which threatens to continue, until streamlining obliterates all differenceswhich separate phaetons from subway kiosks, perispheres, periscopes, perambulators, and igloos.



"Well, we might as well get a good one now that we've decided they're here to stay"

Roulades and Cadenzas

Let us forego the hysteria of the last war and listen to the world's great music without political bias

by CARLETON SMITH

• MUSIC •

In 1917-18 Wagner was sung in English. Lieder disappeared from our recital programs. Karl Muck, distinguished conductor of the Boston Symphony, was interned in prison. Fritz Kreisler's concert tours were canceled.

In the twenties the most zealous patriot admitted there had been a mistake. Victims of war hysteria, we temporarily lost our sanity.

There are signs that we may repeat our folly. Concert managers are demanding less German music. Rumors accuse certain singers of "fifth column" activity. One of our opera companies is reducing its Wagnerian repertoire.

Can we not separate our political hatreds and our musical diet? Are we not more rational and more civilized than we were twenty years ago? The alternative is not German music and Hitler *or* no German music and no Hitler. The two fortunately have little to do with each other. Hitler likes Wagner, but that doesn't prevent intelligent men from cursing Hitler and praising Wagner in the same sentence.

Patriots and politicians could devote themselves to more useful demonstrations than those against German or Italian music. Let them employ economic and military force, rouse the national consciousness to immediate action. Let them stand Vigilance Committees on every street corner . . . and make certain that each citizen knows and does his duty. But let them leave the arts alone. Music is not a Trojan Horse.

In a few months the Metropolitan Opera will begin its season. Let's hope with a Wagnerian or a Verdian opera. In a few weeks a great Polish conductor will lift his baton over one of our finest orchestras. Out on the Pacific Coast a Frenchman—in New York an Englishman . . . an Italian . . . will all conduct symphonies by Brahms and Beethoven, tone-poems by Richard Strauss.

German musicians have written the greatest scores of past centuries. The foremost living composer for the lyric stage is a German, residing in Garmisch-Partentkirchen. If we were told we should not, in days such as these, draw sustenance and solace, courage and inspiration from great German music, we might well conclude we lived in a land of lunatics.

How the dictators treat the art is their funeral. They can make it goose-step as they like . . . put both inspiration and response in a strait-jacket. Stalin early budgeted creation, on his five year plan. Since the Revolution Soviet composers have been sent chasing one ideological rabbit after another. When I was in Moscow five years ago, all old music was taboo. Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, even Tchaikovsky were banned, labeled "effete romanticists," offshoots of capitalist, bourgeois society. Native talent concerned itself with reproducing such soothing sonorities as those made in iron foundries, steam vats, and assembly plants. The intention was to simulate production. The result: the proletariat snored.

"Social causes" walked on every stage. Operas were re-written. *Tosca* became the "Battle of the Communes" and Till Eulenspiegel, a young Red hero who fought the oppression of the Church. King Lear was made a symbol of Tsarist weakmindedness. Little Eva in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* appeared as a crusading Communist youth and, of course, couldn't go to Heaven when she died as the Soviets had abolished Heaven. She got a medal, instead.

Some months later Brother Joe got around to hearing Shostakovich's *Lady Macbeth* and promptly banned it. All was changed. Overnight what had been worshipped as the highest Communist art was junked as bourgeois clap-trap. Henceforward, good party members were only to listen to familiar classics and folk-songs. Beethoven's *Fidelio* was performed in every opera house and on all wavelengths. Divorce had been abolished and the proletariat had to learn the advantages and benefits of conjugal love.

The *Ninth Symphony* was officially declared a "favorite" . . . and I was assured that only Communists in good standing could fathom its full import as only Communists really comprehended the true Brotherhood of Man.

One year in Moscow it was a crime to play Beethoven. The next, he was announced as the prophet, the artistic high-priest of the Revolution.

Let us not in our anxiety commit similar idiocies. Let us not mix political hatred with art.

This Hitler did from the beginning. He forced Bruno Walter and other great Jewish musicians from the Reich. He forbade the performance of all compositions by non-Aryans, involving himself in ridiculous contradictions.

Strauss's opera *The Silent Woman*, for instance, was not produced on the grounds that the librettist Stefan Zweig was Jewish. The same month Berlin's *Staatsoper* traveled to the Paris Exposition and presented as representative German works Strauss's *Ariadne auf Naxos* and *Der Rosenkavalier*, both with librettos by non-Aryan Hugo von Hofmannsthal.

An interview given me by officials of the Reich Musikkammer illustrates their reasoning—or lack of it. We discussed the reasons why Mendelssohn's music, in particular, was not played in Germany. I asked if there were only political objections or if there were musical ones as well. "Yes," was the answer. "There are both kinds. You see, non-Aryan

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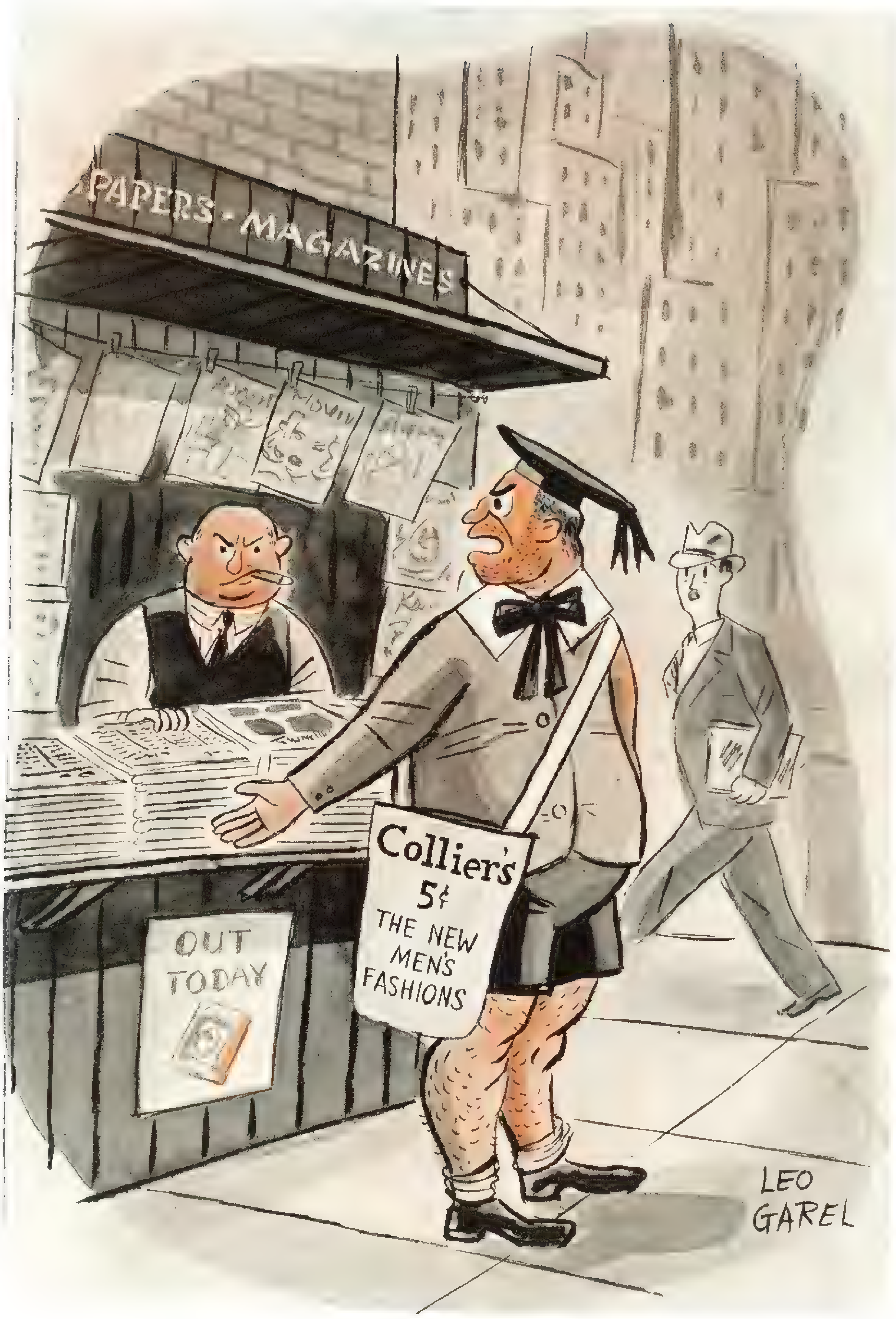
BASIL BOTTS

"Do you mind? We like your food but prefer the Kit-Kat Club's music!"


PAPERS - MAGAZINES
Collier's
5¢
THE NEW
MEN'S
FASHIONS
OUT
TODAY
LEO
GAREL

"Well, if you thought up this wonderful idea to promote sales, why don't you do it?"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Setting that stout antagonist, Dr. Johnson, against Mortimer Adler on the subject of How to Read a Book

by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

BOOKS

WHAT am I doing in these galley-proofs? *Que diable fait-il dans cette galère?*

Well, my daily mail and telegrams are full of surprises; but I have seldom been more amazed than by the request from the Editor that I should contribute a monthly column to Esquire. He said he remembered my monthly articles in *Scribner's;* that Esquire was a magazine primarily for masculine readers; that they were discriminating and fastidious; and that I was sufficiently sophisticated for their intelligent appreciation.

But although he did not say so, the Editor knew that I am a profoundly religious man; a proud member of an Evangelical Church and a hearty and sincere lover of the Catholic Church; he knew that I am a Rotarian and very glad of it; and a regular contributor to the *Rotarian* magazine. So what am I doing in these galleys?

I consider his request a great compliment. The standard of literary style in this magazine is high. In the February issue, which I read when I received my invitation, there was an admirable article on *The Religion of Little Men*, meaning religions like Naziism and Fascism and Communism; these are indeed the religions of little men, for little men love to have somebody tell them what to say and what to think and what to believe; and the reason why there are such a large number of Hitlerites and Fascists and Communists is because there are so many little men. It is like what a foreigner said of the United States: there are more fools in America than anywhere else, because there are also more of every other kind of people.

Now I feel at home almost anywhere. I read all kinds of books and talk with all kinds of people. My way of life is chosen by me, not in ignorance, but after observation of nearly every other way. I have sympathy and I hope understanding for and of nearly all classes of people, and have not been shocked since I was nine years old. There are certain things thousands of other people like, which bore me painfully. For example, I do not know of any more stupefying bores than night clubs, the people in them, tough guys, and musical comedies. Compared with the ladies who frequent night clubs, the Foreign Missionary Bands and Dorcas circles are filled with brilliant, witty, original women.

I do not believe in sentimentalizing underworld toughs and their Molls. They are not so entertaining and diverting as men and women in good society.

I am interested in everything from a sandlot ball game to the Milky Way, with the exception of Higher Mathematics. And I should be interested in the H.M. if I had the kind of mind which is a prerequisite.

Another article in that February issue—for it was the perusal of that issue that caused my affirmative reply to the Editor—was by our American poet, Edgar Lee Masters, a good friend of mine. He discussed prize-fighters of the past and present, exhibiting as high qualifications as in a discussion of poetry. I have never seen a prize fight; but I have seen it on the screen and heard it over the radio. I stopped doing even this a year ago, for I think the heavyweight boxing game has reached the lowest possible pit of even conceivable interest. I hope it will rise again. Slightly differing from my friend, Lee Masters, in his appraisals, I believe John L. Sullivan was the most fearless and the most diverting of all heavyweights, that Jeffries was the best (for he had everything), and that Corbett was the finest boxer. If any of my readers are old enough to remember the first form of the motion picture, called the Kinetoscope, I wonder if they recall as clearly as I do, seeing through a slit Jim Corbett knock out a man in seven or eight rounds. The figures were like the tiniest marionettes. I have seen chessmen considerably larger. Yet the expressions on the faces were microscopically clear; and I can remember as if it were an hour ago, the expression on Jim Corbett's face. He kept laughing. The man who was knocked out received a considerable sum for acquiescence; the exact round in which he was to lose consciousness had been arranged; and Corbett was required to wear gloves so large and soft that they looked like feather beds.

John L. is remembered for his epistolary speeches; they invariably ended "Yours Truly, John L. Sullivan." And for his comments on men and affairs. "It may be, that in his first fight with Jeffries, when he was knocked out in the eleventh round, Fitzsimmons had been doped, as he claimed; but I think the cop he got on the jaw in the second round had something to do with it."

Some great fighters have written books. I recommend those by Corbett, Tunney, and Eddie Eagan, the Yale-Oxford amateur champion.

And in the June number of this magazine I saw articles by good friends: Lawton Mackall, Jesse Stuart, and Frank Parker. Frank I have known since he was a small boy. I should like to see him win the National Championship in tennis. But I think he should pay less attention to theory, and hit in the way that seems most natural to him.

I am an individualist; a best-seller to me is a commercial not a literary event. It may be fine or otherwise. I am in a hopeless minority, but I found *The Grapes of Wrath* dull and *Of Mice and Men* intolerably, sickishly sentimental. This is not because of the obscenities, although I thought they were superfluously nauseating. They diminish rather than increase the strength of the language and situations. To me Mr. Steinbeck

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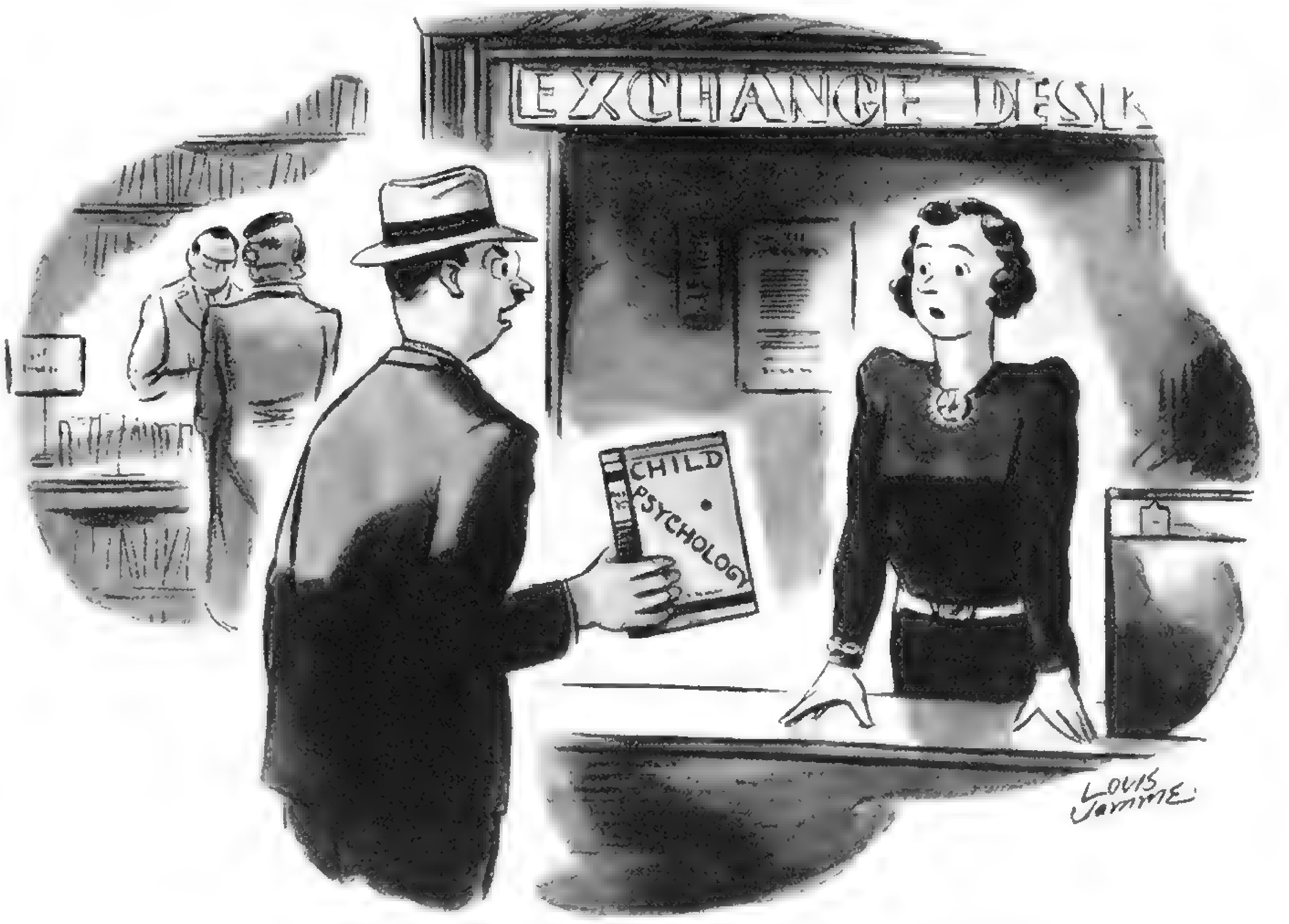
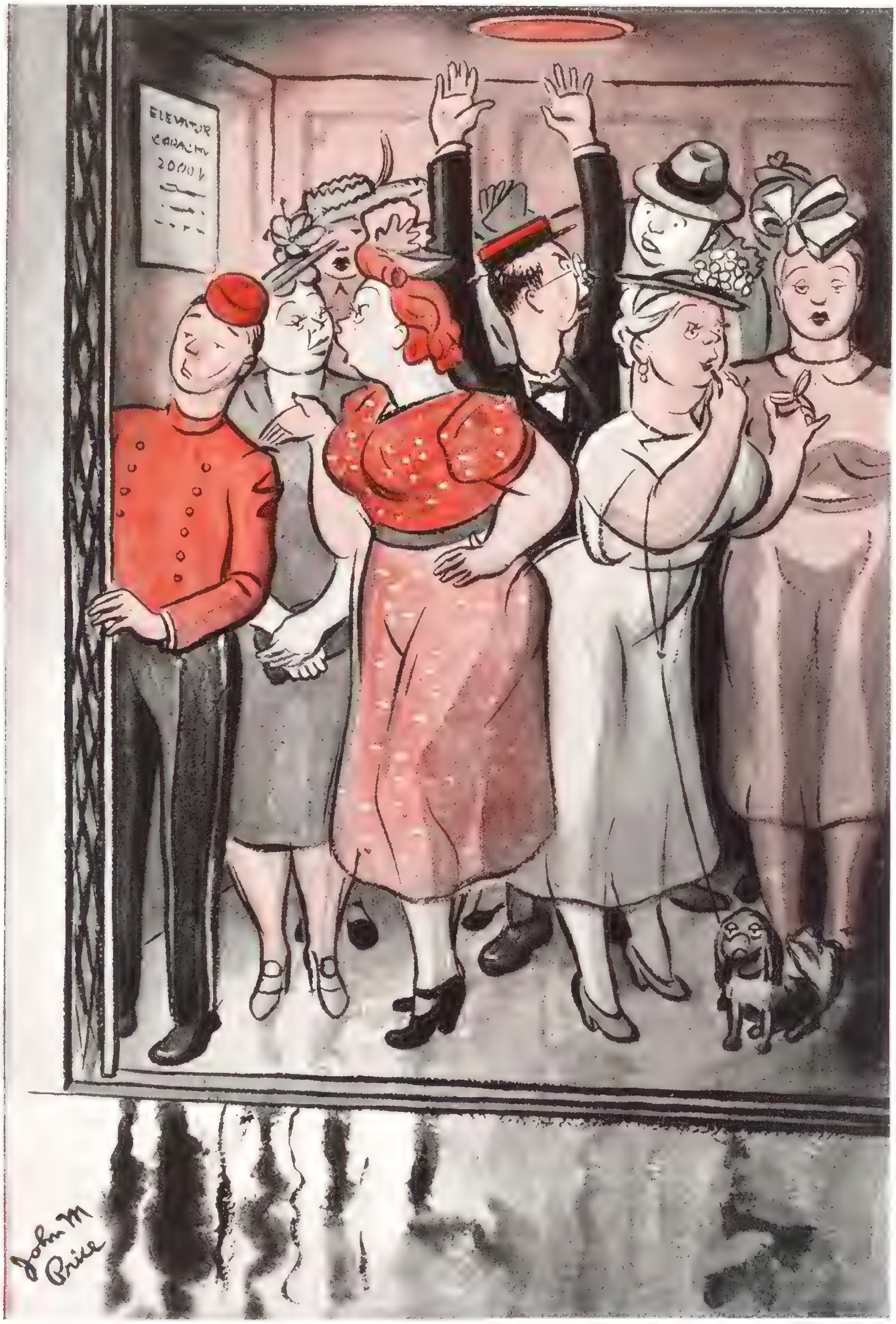


"I'd like to exchange it for a razor strop and a couple of good, substantial hair brushes"


ELEVATOR
CAPACITY
2000 lb
John M Price

"I once was falsely accused"

Swinging the Cane

Franklin the healthy, wealthy and wise, sent his nephew to Antigua so that he'd never want for Rum

by LAWTON MACKALL

▪ POTABLES ▪

As any tomcat who has ever felt low can testify, there's nothing like well-macerated grass juice for helping one regain a few of one's lost lives. Only, we two-leggers prefer it distilled, and from great big grass, called cane. The sugar mill does the chewing for us, saving our strength for mixing, stirring, and hoisting.

This felicitous state of affairs is the result of change of environment. Cane (Greek: *kanna*), a plant originally from the furthers of India, had sweetened things for the Crusaders in a Near East of no alcohol, and they brought it back to Cyprus and Sicily, thereby giving those Mediterranean islands careers in the sugar business. When Madeira was discovered out in the Atlantic, Prince Henry the Navigator sent along friend sweetstalk so that the pioneer colonists there would stick. (And gosh, is the Rum that their descendants make today terrible, though Madeira sugar is first class—undoubtedly better than when Columbus ferried cargoes of it to Lisbon in his cub days.) The Canaries became cane raisers, too, and finally the West Indies via Brazil. Here in this many-dotted, richly varied new habitat the simple sugar-plant really took on tone and talent, developing qualities peculiar to each individual isle or shore tract. And there was Rum—all different.

Colonial New England, lacking oil burners in wintertime, drew heavily on the resources of the Caribbean for central heating. Not only did they import ship-holdfuls of puncheons of Rum, but, in addition, they brought in West Indian and Spanish Main molasses to be made into Rum by Yankee ingenuity. Indeed, this trade with the cane regions was the crux of our economic system, for Rum, besides being a universal beverage, played the role of currency in trading with the Indians for furs and in Africa for slaves. When in 1764 Britain by a Sugar Act attempted to restrict this interchange, the Colonists were as burnt-up as they were thirsty.

Benjamin Franklin, who set up his nephew as a printer in Antigua and stipulated only that the lad keep him reasonably supplied with sugar and Rum, was equally practical in regard to outfitting the young officers of General Braddock's army. These chaps "were generally not in affluence and could ill afford, in this dear country, to lay in the stores that might be necessary in so long a march through a wilderness where nothing was to be purchased." Accordingly, the committee of local well-wishers presented each one of them with a packhorse laden with tea, biscuits, cheese, and two gallons of Jamaica Rum.

Dr. Franklin's scientific awareness of the mutual attraction between man and Rum was demonstrated during his own soldier days as a stockader in Indian-raided Pennsylvania. "We had for our chaplain," he relates in his *Autobiography*, "a zealous Presbyterian minister, Mr. Beatty, who complained to me that the men did not generally attend his prayers and exhortations. When they enlisted they were promised, besides pay and provisions, a gill of Rum a day, which was punctually served out to them, half in the morning and half in the evening; and I observed they were as punctual in attending to receive it; upon which I said to Mr. Beatty: 'It is perhaps below the dignity of your profession to act as steward of the Rum; but if you were to deal it out, and only just after prayers, you would have them all about you.' He liked the thought, undertook the office, and with the help of a few hands to measure out the liquor, executed it to satisfaction; and never were prayers more generally and more punctually attended."

And now comes Vermonter Stewart H. Holbrook telling us in a biography of Ethan Allen how that two-fisted, double-thirsted patriot dealt with a Rum problem at Fort Ticonderoga when the latter was grabbed by surprise in the dawn's early light. The unlucky commandant of the fort, Captain Delaplace, was possessed of private stock befitting a gentleman, and his brusque awakeners felt parched after their overnight exertions. But giant Ethan was a gentleman too, not a looter of an honorable foe's liquor. He sent his captive as a present to the Committee of War at Hartford, bearing an explanatory note which read:

> "Sir, Whereas the Fortress of Ticonderoga has fallen into the hands of the Colonies together with the Ordnance Stores and Whereas Capt. William Delaplace has in the Fort ninety Gallons of Rum of his own property which is greatly wanted for the Refreshment of the Fatigued Soldiary . . . This is Therefore to desire the Treasurer of the Colony of Connecticut to pay Him the Sd Wm Delaplace Eighteen Pounds Eleven Shillings & Nine Pence Lawful money, as the Rum is appropriated for the use of the Garrison—Your Compliance will oblige the Garrison and your Humble Servant Ethan Allen Commandt of Ticondr."

And the captain was duly reimbursed.

But we must go back to scientist Franklin again for the first and last word on why the favorite warmer-upper is so reliable a cooler-offer. Writing to a friend about some experiments he had been conducting in the cooling effect of evaporation, he took occasion to recall the seemingly phenomenal ability of farmers in Pennsylvania to withstand intense heat in the fields. Under a burning sun they could swing scythes all day long, thanks to keeping up evaporation through the pores by drinking frequently of water mixed with Rum. "If the sweat stops, they drop, and sometimes die suddenly if a sweat is not again brought on by drinking that liquor."

The good Doctor himself never swung a scythe, but he *did* swing a busy ladle at Rum

Continued on page 162

XXX
XXX
XXX
Tony Barlow

"It started as a bomb-proof cellar"

Man the Kitchenette

Airlines serve delicious meals despite problems of weight, space and altitude, through a very special kind of catering

by ILES BRODY

• EDIBLES •

"When do we eat?"

This is usually the first question asked of the steward or the stewardess by an airplane passenger after the take-off. High altitude increases the appetite; eating is a fine time killer on a trip. To his astonishment the debutante air traveler gets an excellent meal, a high-ceiling gastronomic sensation.

Not so many years ago the passenger munched on a sorry looking sandwich. The bread was sliced unevenly because the job was done aloft in those pioneer days of air travel, and planes jumped like rearing bronchos in the air pockets. Sometimes there was an apple in the lunch basket that would have brought shame to a self-respecting kindergarten child. In 1927 a mere few hundred air travelers asked the "When do we eat" question; in fact American Airlines, one of the most important companies today, reported one hundred and ninety-two passengers for that year.

Last year the same question sprang from one million seven hundred and fifty thousand lips in the United States. The Airlines answered the question competently and enthusiastically—food is complimentary on all airliners—with invisible chefs in invisible kitchens.

Most air travelers—groundlubbers too, for that matter—believe that the food consumed during a voyage is prepared in the airplane, and many of them remark admiringly to the stewardess: "How could you have cooked such a delicious dinner when you were chatting with us all afternoon?"

It is a good thing they don't ask to take a peep at the kitchen. Soup to nuts meals that are eaten on airliners are cooked in land kitchens, at the airport, or near by, and are put aboard the plane in special containers. This is a very intricate sort of catering; many things have to be taken into consideration, and first among them is that some foods continue to cook in the containers. These foods are partially pre-cooked, for meals are usually not served immediately after the take-off. The filet mignon that the passenger will demand medium rare, started its voyage in its thermos almost raw.

Since air travel is usually in short hauls, there is not much time to prepare elaborate meals. Space and weight are so important that airliners have no real kitchen or galley. The only two exceptions are the transatlantic clippers, which have to provide four or five meals that are heated up in a steam table galley by the stewards, and one type of the Army's long-distance bombers, which carry a small electric galley.

Air travel is comparatively new, but it is now possible to gourmandize on the wing. The airline commissary is highly organized. Planes leaving La Guardia Municipal Airport at New York get their food from two immense kitchens; one of them is housed in the Terminal Building, the other in an American lines hangar. Both kitchens are being ma tained and run by the Hotel New Yor The airliner companies—American Airli United Airlines, T. W. A. (Transcontinen and Western Air, Inc.), and Canadian Co nial, pay the Hotel New Yorker an average seventy-five cents for breakfast, eighty- cents for lunch, and one dollar for dinn The transatlantic clippers pay $1.25 for ea meal.

General manager for both kitchens is a Robert Durkee, Captain, Air Reserve, exe tive of the Hotel New Yorker, with offices La Guardia Field. Messieurs Albert Var and Henry Graf are at the head of a crew eighteen chefs. Durkee, Varlet, Graf, and manager of lesser rank, E. M. Christie, pl the menus. This is the most difficult job of a because certain foods cannot be carried in airliner. To mention a few: onions, cau flower, garlic, Brussels sprouts, pork—whi by the way is the best-selling meat on t ground—chicken livers, sweetbreads, stew are never served in planes. The meats serve are mostly solid; they retain their appearan and flavor, even after a prolonged flight. Coffe gives considerable difficulty; it changes i flavor mysteriously in high altitude; crea and whipped cream turn watery.

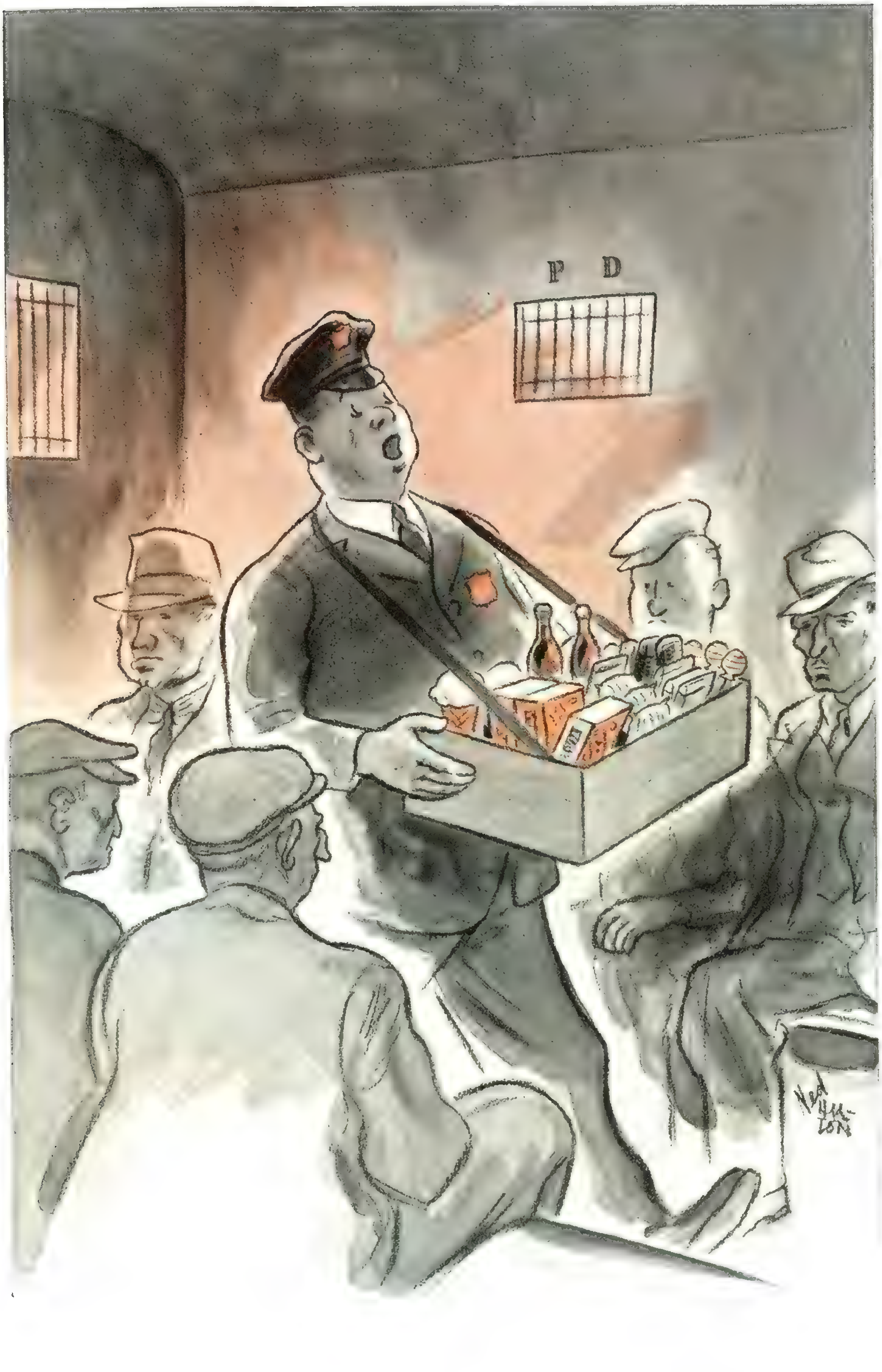
The kitchens, with their immense stor rooms, are near the runway, so that it is eas to get food from the packing rooms aboar the plane at the last minute. After havin more than ten years of experimentation, ai plane companies have devised special boxe made of "Dural," an aluminum alloy, i which they carry solid foods; each box fits i its designated space in the airliner's servin pantry. These hold the salads, cakes, roll bread, cheese and all other "dry" food whic would get dry and inedible, if any of th terrific winds of the upper regions were allowed to get to them.

Some of the airlines use No. 820 Jumb Vacuum Jars, made by the American Thermos Bottle Company exclusively for long-flight use in transporting soups, tea, wate and other liquids. Lately the Thermos Bott people have manufactured a better containe the Gallon Liquid Dispenser with Faucet No. 2182, wholesale price thirty dollars These dispensers have an automatic metal cap which screws the top down tight, hermetically, lest the air harm the food inside The lining is made of unbreakable, uncrackable Pyrex glass, and before being used must be rinsed with boiling water for hot liquids and with ice water for cold. The dispenser are put on racks, upside down, in the airplane's serving pantry, and the stewardes has only to turn a spigot to fill a soup cup or an iced tea glass. To illustrate the cooking

Continued on page 1

FRESH
SEA FOOD

"When we say fresh we mean fresh!"



"Popcorn, peanuts, ice cream cones and candy bars—brighten your trip, gents, for only a dime"

Esquire on the Record

Some band leaders say *la femme* makes trouble, but here is the story of a girl who made a band

by CARLETON SMITH

▪ RECORDS ▪

ONCE it was possible to spend August in Salzburg and lederhosen and not lose your bearings along Dance Band Boulevard. But not today. A few weeks in Honolulu leaves you with no notion of the names of current idols. Their assault is like a blitzkrieg. One dance orchestra after another has a dizzy fling in big lights and fades out quicker than the countries of Europe. They're forgotten before a story about them can be rushed into print.

They deserve their fate. Mostly, they have no more to commend them than Major Bowes Amateurs. They have no training, only a rudimentary notion of music, and, as likely as not, incompetent instrumentalists. Loafing around the sticks, they catch on because of a fluke, a ditty, or some eccentricity in style. They go up like a rocket, down like a stick.

I hereby nominate, as the latest and most likely candidate to join their number, Orrin Tucker, once of Naperville, Illinois. His is a plain case where—

GIRL MAKES BAND

A bit of feminine fluff—yards of tulle in a spotlight, a pleasing face with eager, provocative eyes, a promise in the voice—these have often acted as a spark-plug for uncertain or failing bands. Long before Paul Whiteman first featured Mildred Bailey, George Hall hired Fritzi White, a cousin of Gershwin.

"I took Miss White because Jack Robbins, the music publisher, told me a pretty girl singer would stimulate business. She did," Hall says. "Girl singers have been box-office tonic for me ever since, and I don't have the romantic troubles with them that many orchestra leaders fear because I get them young and train them how to behave around a band."

But that doesn't always work. Glen Gray will tell you gals are a disrupting influence during long hours of practice, and when his musicians are on tour. They have so much of their time taken up by rehearsals and performances that they meet few people and invariably wind up by falling in love with someone in the band.

"This makes the lucky-in-love musician feel overly important and he loses his *esprit de corps* which is so necessary for good playing," Gray explains. "Then the musician starts fighting for special privileges for the girl and this causes bad feeling. Sometimes the band leader falls in love with her: this is devastating for she invariably tries to take over his duties and boss the band.

"On the road good travel accommodations are often difficult to get for a woman, and also the boys must be under continual restraint to watch their language and manners for practically twenty-four hours a day. This giving up of relaxation and the usual informal male conversation doesn't contribute to good nerves and temperament."

Jimmy Dorsey, whose band features Helen O'Connell as vocalist, and Jack garden, who features Marlanne Dunn Akron girl who never had sung with a before, have strict rules that their girl sin may not have dates with members of band. Thus they hope to stop romances triangles before they start. Teagarden fered a loss when he invested heavily in and money to train Kitty Kallen, a Ph delphia damsel, as his singer. Just as became useful she married Clint Garvin saxophonist, and Teagarden had to start search all over again.

"I'm not married. I'm not engaged. not in love. I'll not mix business and pl ure," is Bonnie Baker's way of handling problem. "We all work together. They ch my clothes, tell me what goes best. W I'm just one of the guys in the band."

Nevertheless, Guy Lombardo and his R Canadians, Del Courtney, Sammy Kaye his Swing and Sway boys, Ray Noble, Lewis, and a host of others will have no of this girl business.

Orrin Tucker, whether he likes it or has little choice. It was the vocal strip-t of Bonnie Baker on Columbia's No. 35 that made him famous. And it's her dem naïve come-ons—as provocative as Marl Dietrich's legs or Ann Sheridan's step-in that keep him going.

* * *

Tucker, a well-built, wavy-haired, be dered guy with a Greek nose and dimple a sort of male Powers' model—began lif St. Louis. At Naperville's North Cen College he couldn't decide between a scal and a baton. (He still wields a baton lik scalpel and with about the same effect.)

By 1934 he got five men together, was near the Chicago World's Fair as the Span Gardens of Naperville. On an off-night Edwards heard him and ordered him to port in New Orleans with a nine-piece ba Obtaining a loan, Tucker bought a se passenger sedan and a trailer, and started with four musicians, picking up four oth enroute. In three hectic days he and two his boys compiled a music library, orch trated and rehearsed it. Originally an a sax player, he learned to play the tenor to meet Edwards' requirements. His ga clicked in an inconsequential way.

By 1937 they had survived the Ohio Vall Flood, acquired Bonnie Baker and a chan to be heard at Chicago's Edgewater Bea Other engagements followed, also a Colum recording contract.

Mr. Tucker was exploited in the best ma ner: he appeared at service club luncheo lent his photograph and personal endor ment to all and sundry, judged candid came

Continued in center of page

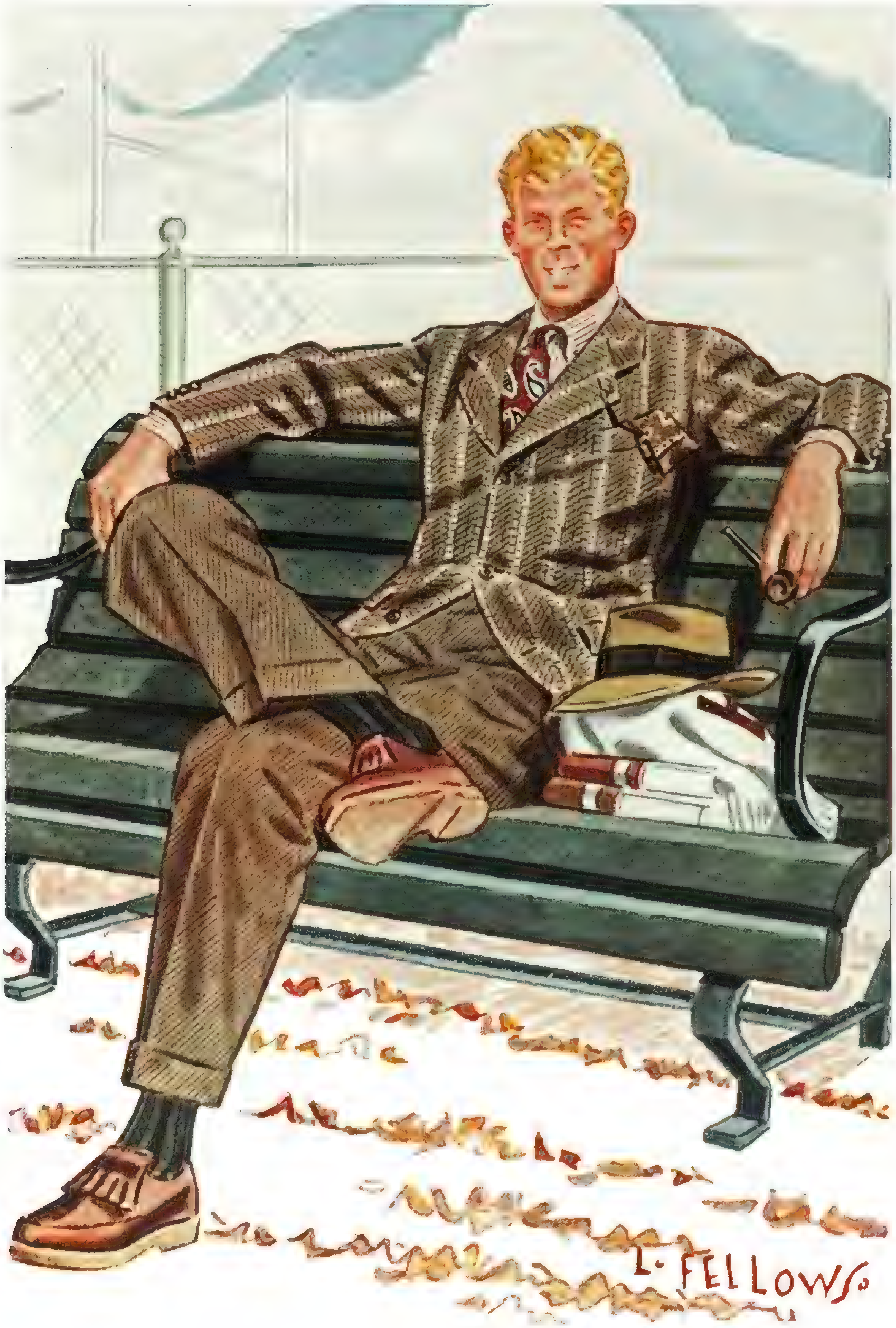
STUDIO
B
ON THE AIR

"We interrupt this special broadcast of news from Europe to bring you the weather report"

these unchecked undergraduates . . .

University men, in addition to just getting tired, frequently get tired of sundry specific objects of their disaffection. At the moment their ringleaders are a bit bored with checks and plaids, treason though it be, and are having a fling at a pattern best described as a conglomeration of horizontally shaped vertical stripes, or rather vertically—oh well, take a look at the illustration. The university folk like it very well, and another thing of which they are fond right now is brown and Lovat, the latest color inspiration. Following this bent, the Shetland jacket shown here combines a soft brownish tone with blended bluish green. Different shades of the same colors are combined in the covert slacks. Other items are button-down collar shirt, foulard tie, khaki-colored hat, striped green wool socks and moccasin style shoes with fringe tongues.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



The whistling undergraduate wears the green stitched felt hat, skye color plaid Shetland jacket, natural color covert slacks, knee-length cotton raincoat, striped oxford button-down collar shirt, brown and green foulard Windsor knot tie, crepe-soled moccasins. Close-ups: stitched green felt hat with felt binding and band; moccasin sandal with red rubber sole.

Just-arrived-on-campus sports a brown herringbone cheviot suit, with three-button single breasted jacket, brown herringbone tweed and tan gabardine reversible topcoat, striped oxford shirt with pinned, rounded collar, red and green figured foulard tie, brown wing tip shoes. Close-ups: Punjab striped tie; Tattersall checked flannel waistcoat.

For week ends and dress-up, the upperclassman wears the double breasted striped Burgess blue worsted suit, bluish-grey snap brim hat, white broadcloth tabless collar attached shirt, red, grey and white striped silk rep tie, brown wing tip shoes, dark blue ribbed wool hose. Close-ups: blue, red and gold striped suspenders; natural shade cotton gabardine raincoat in raglan model with fly front.

The pipe-smoker is wearing a fly front notched lapel covert topcoat, covert color snap brim hat, grey Glen Urquhart Saxony suit, striped oxford shirt, blue foulard tie, brown wing tip shoes, pigskin gloves, blue ribbed wool socks. Close-ups: pigskin gloves; blue striped broadcloth shirt with widespread collar and figured foulard Windsor knot tie; cable pattern Lovat wool hose.

On the golf course the typical outfit consists of a brown tweed cap, tan cotton and brown leather reversible slide fastened golf jacket, skye color (brown-blue) tweed slacks, red foulard sportscarf, fringed tongue moccasin shoes, dark red wool socks. Close-ups: Lovat color Shetland pullover sweater; Lovat color Shetland striped wool hose.

The combination, upper right, is favored for campus or stadium. Khaki felt snap brim hat, three-button single breasted duo-diagonal Shetland jacket, grey flannel slacks, tan polo coat, striped oxford button-down collar shirt, green, yellow and black striped knit tie, brown seamless top shoes with fringed tongues and red rubber soles, striped Shetland pattern wool hose. Close-ups: Khaki felt hat with bronze green band and lighter felt binding; brown seamless top shoe with fringed tongue and red rubber sole.

going-back-to-school

Correct formality for proms, etc. The black opera hat, midnight blue worsted tailcoat, satin peaked lapels, butterfly bow tie, two-stud dress shirt with wide pointed wing collar, three-button single breasted white pique vest, patent leather pumps, black silk hose, Chesterfield overcoat with white knitted muffler and white mocha gloves. Close-up: backless three-button single breasted white pique vest.

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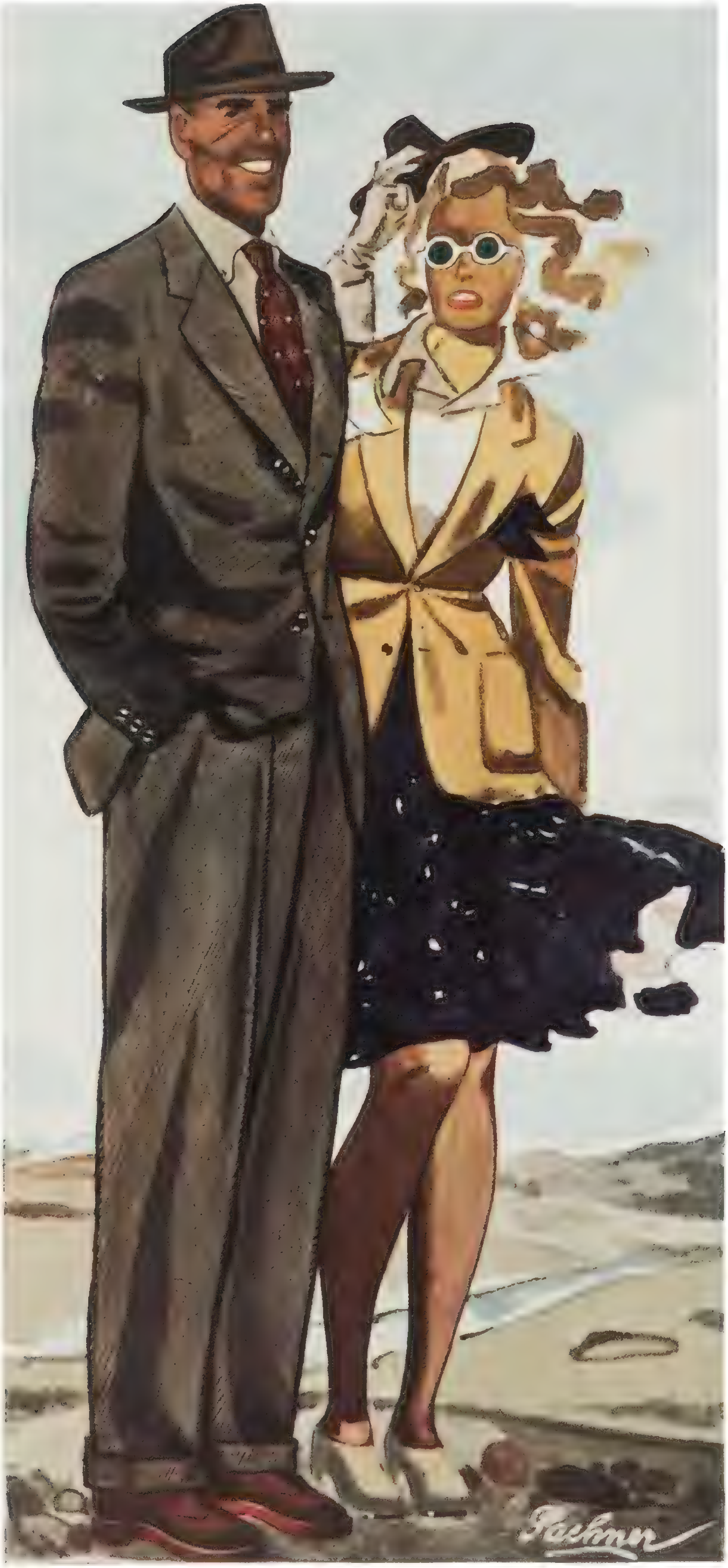
The semi-formal evening outfit. Double breasted midnight blue worsted dinner jacket with peaked grosgrain lapels, soft fold collar attached broadcloth dress shirt, black dress tie, midnight blue barathea cummerbund, dark blue stud set, plain toe patent leather evening shoes, black ribbed wool hose, black soft felt hat. Close-up: white and black ribbon evening suspenders.



no tower of Pisa, he

Some men think that if they wore diago patterns they (the men) would look crook No kidding—they actually think so. Th feel that anything on a slant, instead straight up and down, must naturally p duce a sort of Leaning Tower of Pisa effe We submit in rebuttal the vertical you man in the sketch.

Slanting lines, especially in fabrics f country wear, are practically the smarte thing around at the moment. Furthermo the two-hue diagonal, such as the o shown, is at least twice as smart as t single-hue pattern. This combination blue and brown has put in a successf appearance at all of the outstanding fashi centers. (Offhand, we can think of on Belmont Park and Meadow Brook.)

We ask you to notice—because this so of thing is frequently overlooked—the ni relationship between the fabric and the c of the clothes. Material in a roughish te ture such as this, calls for the ease and dra of a nonchalant three-button single breaste model such as this. Don't start smoothi out those wrinkles with your hands. In t first place, it wouldn't do any good becau this is only a painted picture, and in t second place the "wrinkles" are suppose to be there. The jacket and trousers are de signed to hang gracefully but naturall avoiding that reprehensible smooth, tigh fitting appearance. There is also an extrem in the opposite direction, of course, and i comes under the heading of sloppiness. Th middle course is the one to steer. Don ask us to chart it in words—it can't be don —just look at the sketch.

The tan oxford shirt with rolled button down collar is right, both as to fabric-tex ture and shade, while the printed dark re wool tie helps carry out the sports theme The brown lightweight hat goes along wit the rest of the outfit; in fact, it practicall sets the pace, since brown is currently rated the overwhelming favorite when it comes to a headwear choice for country wear. The snap brim model shown here has a raw edge and a narrow silk ribbon in harmonizing shade—not a new fashion by any means but one that is rated as good as new on the basis of its widespread acceptance. The plain-toe reverse calf shoes have all the obvious earmarks of a sports type shoe, as evidenced by the model itself, the nature of the leather and the red gum rubber soles.

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university foibles

A man needs a lot of imagination to get through college. Pressed for time to study, he can, if necessary, spend Friday afternoon from three to five in the library reference room and come out with twenty hours' reading on Greek art. He thinks nothing of whipping together a one-act play, six book reviews and the story of his life, over the weekend. Naturally a fellow with so much vision has ideas concerning fashions too. He invents his own. While some of them, like collegiate slang, remain peculiar to his own campus, his happier conceptions are bound to catch on.

A good many college-born fashions are accidents. For instance, there is the case of the student, a stockbroker by this time, who wore a pair of grey flannel trousers with a brown tweed jacket simply because his brown tweed trousers were ripped. It was as simple as that. Presumably he belonged to a strong fraternity and could hold his own on the dance floor. Anyhow, the combination went over; men everywhere liked the idea of the odd jacket, and it became an institution.

Other university styles emanate from non-conformists. Last season when three-button jackets appeared in most classrooms, a few students, out of perversity, swung to the four-button style. Its current version, straight hanging, with broad shoulders, is displayed in the first picture at the top of this page. Notice the flapped chest pocket.

Short coats were originally worn by the country gentry at hunt meets. Gradually they were adopted with tweed suits—especially by undergraduates with a yen for free leg action. The accepted style, in pale tan corduroy (top right) has patch pockets, a change pocket, leather buttons . . . Odd Shetland jackets may be as plaid or striped as you like, but Shetland suits are conservative, like the herringbone shown in the first picture of the second row. . . . Odd waistcoats are getting a play, like the yellow flannel worn by the man in the center picture, or the Tattersall flannel, shown at right. . . . Raincoats are on the brief side, as evidenced by the short cotton raincoat, shown at lower left. . . . The University Bluebook says: "long on jackets, short on slacks." The group in the last picture testify to that rule. If you want to get technical about it, the jacket for a size 39 regular should measure about 31½ inches in length (other sizes in proportion). But don't exaggerate—33 inches instead of 31½ would be exactly an inch and a half too long.

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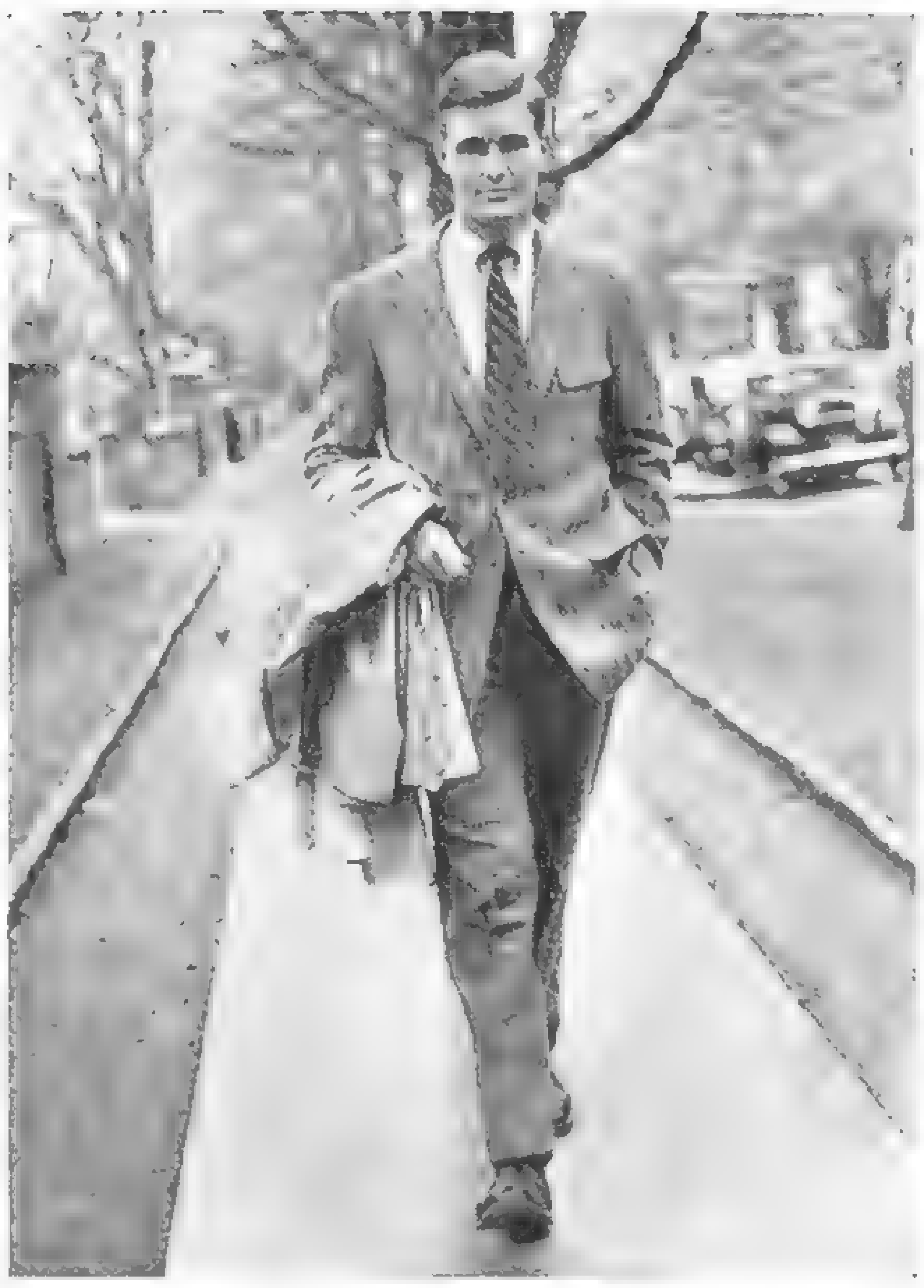
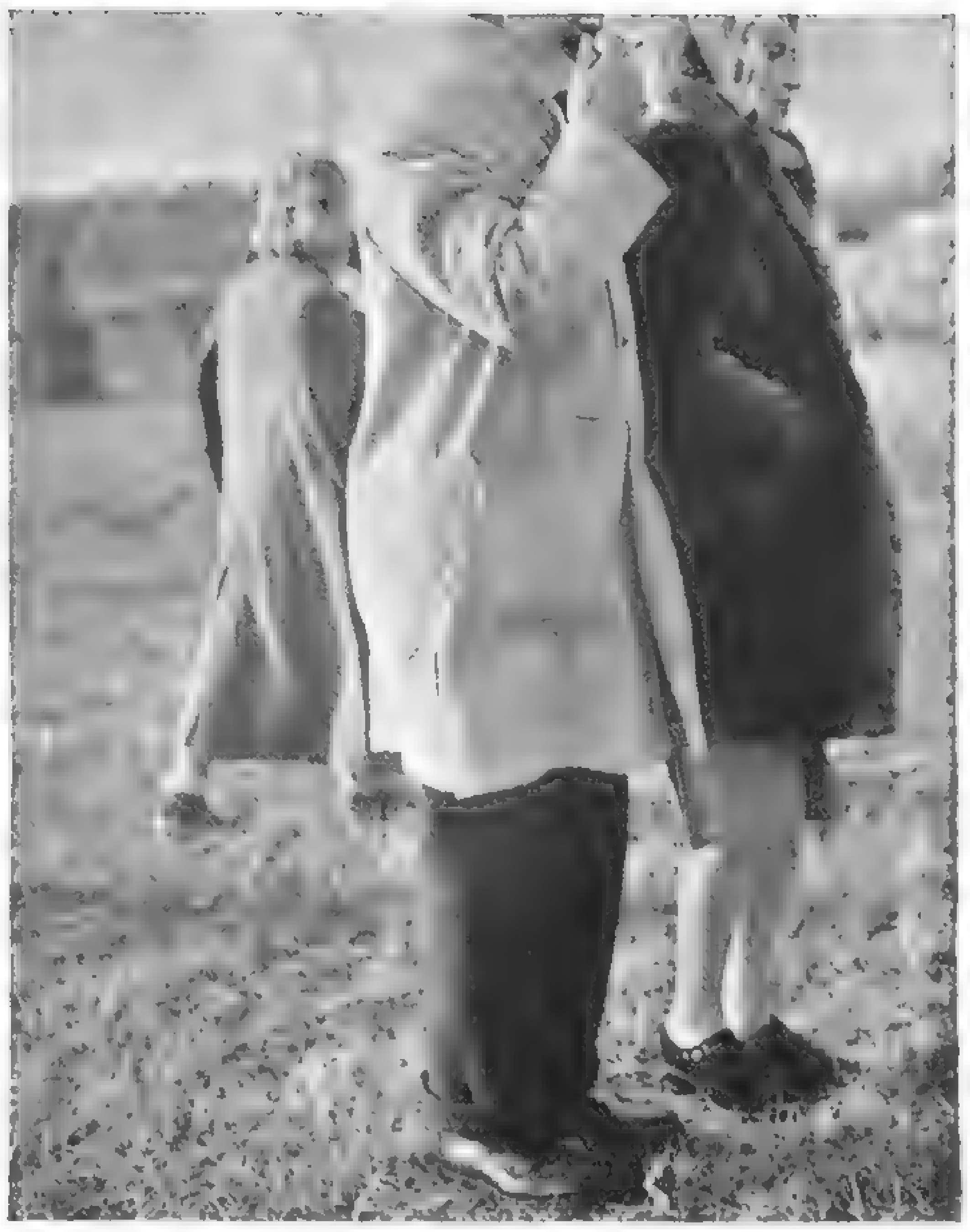
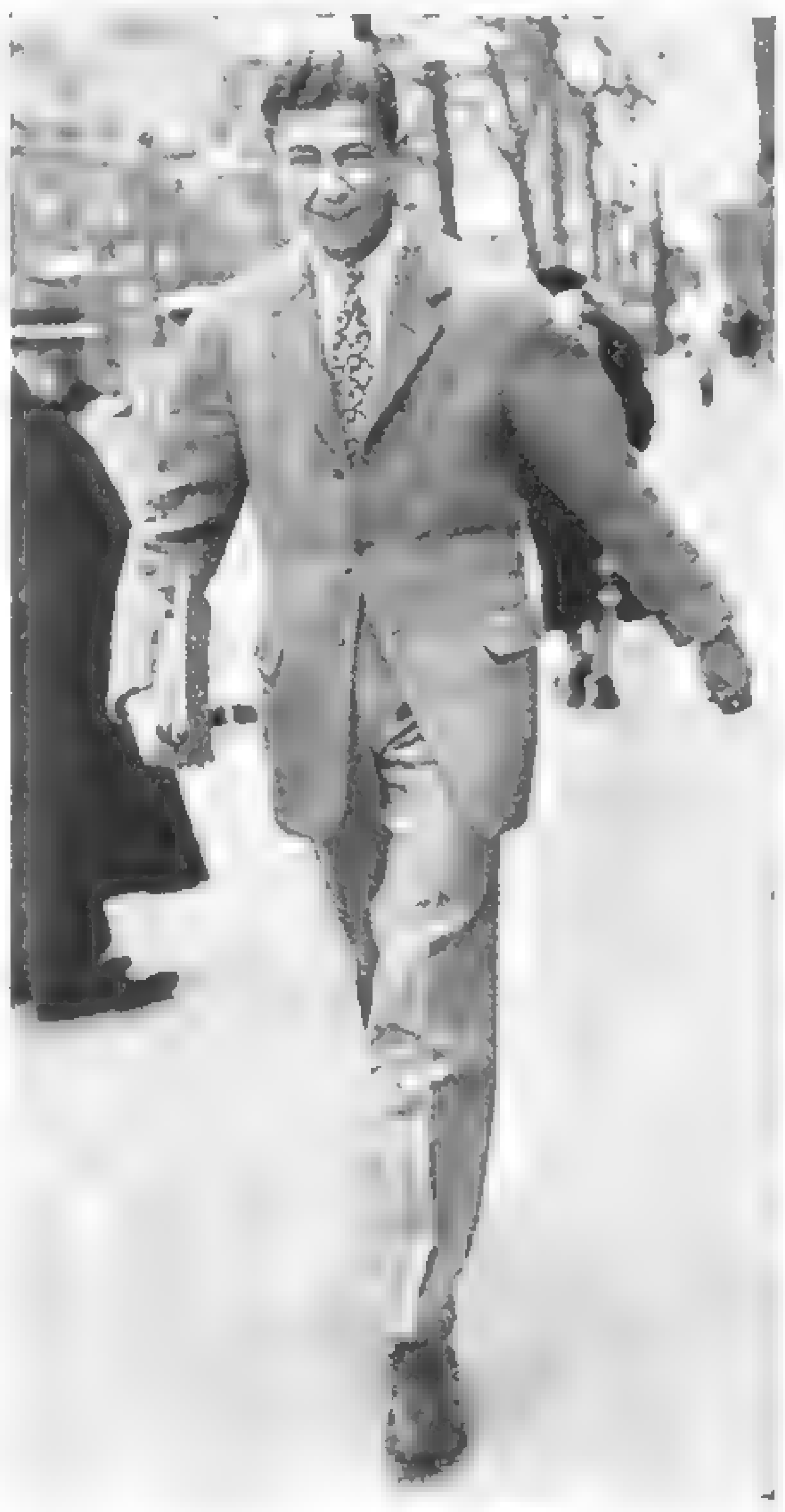


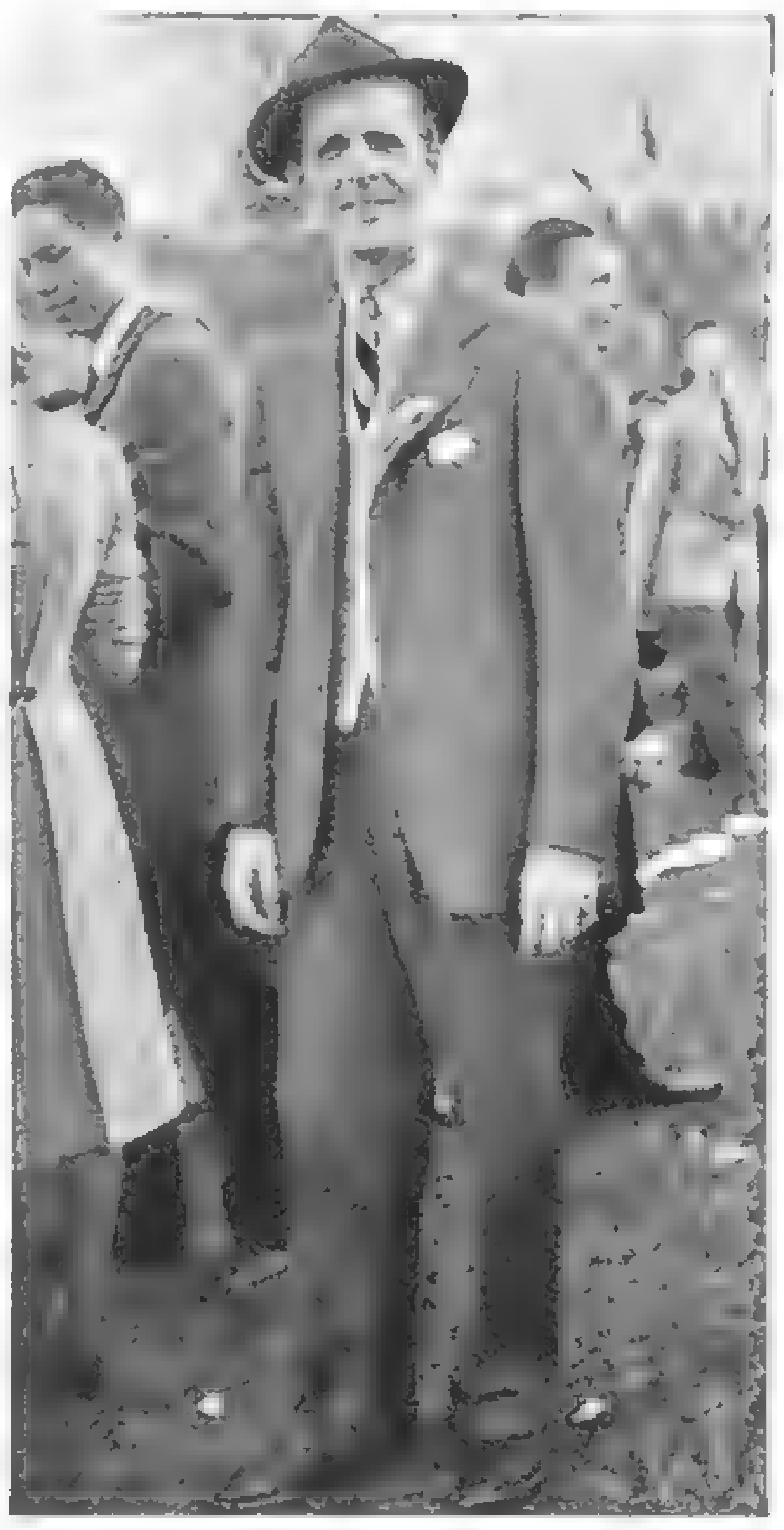
The new four-button jacket has broad shoulders and flapped chest pockets, is straight hanging.



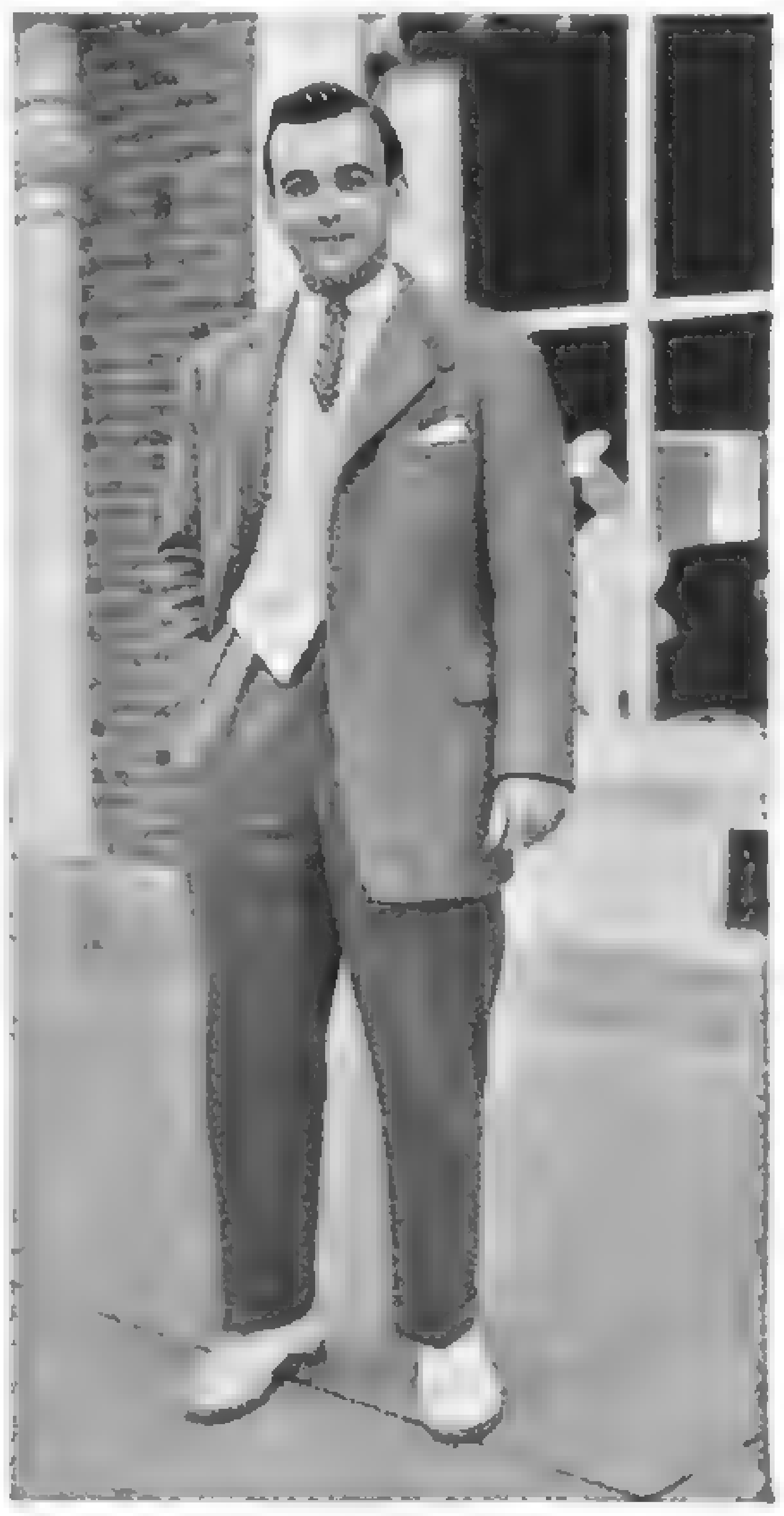
The short tan corduroy coat with large patch pockets, change pocket and leather buttons.



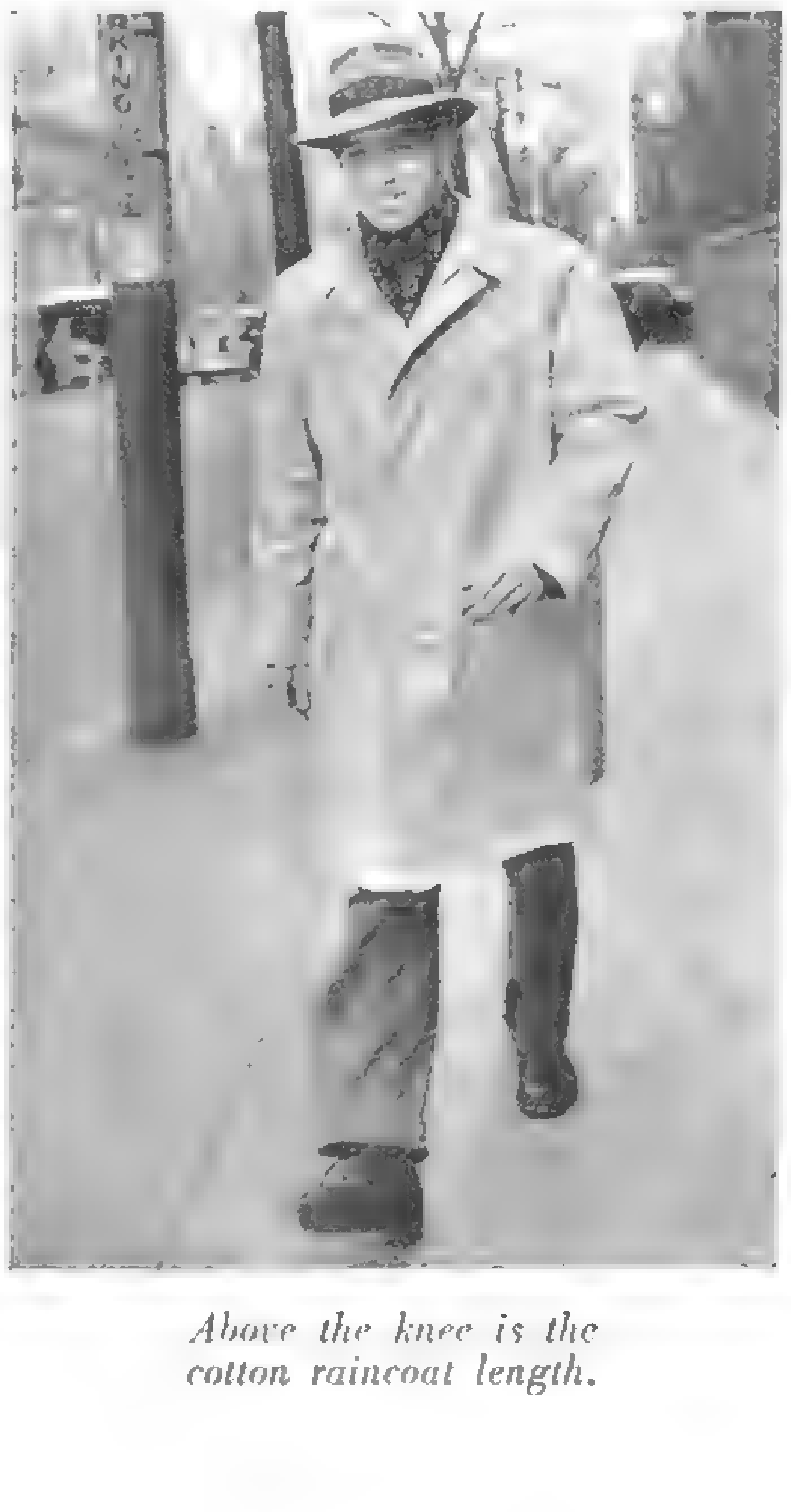
Shetland suits run to simple herringbone design.



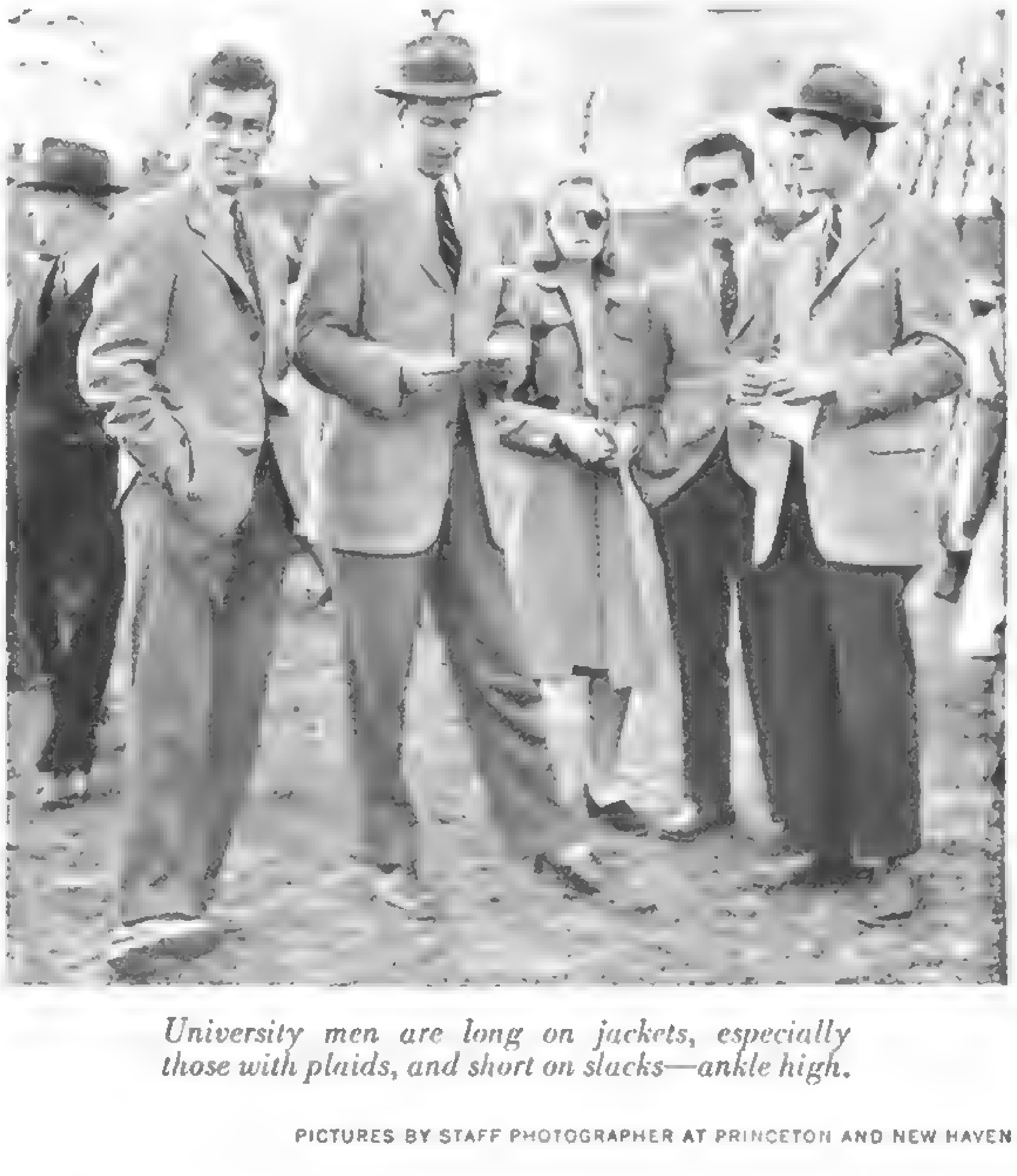
The yellow flannel waistcoat brightens the tweed suit.



The Tattersall flannel waistcoat introduces checks.



Above the knee is the cotton raincoat length.



University men are long on jackets, especially those with plaids, and short on slacks—ankle high.

PICTURES BY STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER AT PRINCETON AND NEW HAVEN

Pat Hobby Does His Bit

Continued from page 41

and his hat pulled low over his ears. He knew a sort of underground railway through the makeup department and the commissary kitchen which might get him to Louie's suite unobserved.

Two studio policemen seized him as he rounded the corner by the barber shop.

"Hey, I got a pass!" he protested. "Good for a week—signed by Jack Berners."

"Mr. Berners specially wants to see you."

Here it was then he would be barred from the lot.

"We could sue you!" cried Jack Berners, "But we couldn't recover."

"What's one take?" demanded Pat, "You can use another."

"No we can't—the camera jammed. And this morning Lily Keatts took a plane to England. She thought she was through."

"Cut the scene," suggested Pat —and then on inspiration, "I bet I could fix it for you."

"You fixed it, all right!" Berners assured him, "If there was any way to fix it back I wouldn't have sent for you."

He paused, looked speculatively at Pat. His buzzer sounded and a secretary's voice said "Mr. Hilliard."

"Send him in."

George Hilliard was a huge man and the glance he bent upon Pat was not kindly. But there was some other element besides anger in it and Pat squirmed doubtfully as the two men regarded him with almost impersonal curiosity—as if he were a candidate for a cannibal's frying pan.

"Well, goodbye," he suggested uneasily.

"What do you think, George?" demanded Berners.

"Well—" said Hilliard, hesitantly, "We could black out a couple of teeth."

Pat rose hurriedly and took a step toward the door, but Hilliard seized him and faced him around.

"Let's hear you talk," he said.

"You can't beat me up," Pat clamored, "You knock my teeth out and I'll sue you."

There was a pause.

"What do you think?" demanded Berners.

"He can't talk," said Hilliard.

"You damn right I can talk!" said Pat.

"We can dub three or four lines," continued Hilliard, "and nobody'll know the difference. Half the guys you get to play rats can't talk. The point is this one's got the physique and the camera will pull it out of his face too."

Berners nodded.

"All right, Pat—you're an actor. You've got to play the part this McCarthy had. Only a couple of scenes but they're important. You'll have papers to sign with the Guild and Central Casting and you can report for work this afternoon."

"What is this!" Pat demanded, "I'm no ham—" Remembering that Hilliard had once been a leading man he recoiled from this attitude, "I'm a writer."

"The character you play is called 'The Rat,'" continued Berners. He explained why it was necessary for Pat to continue his impromptu appearance of yesterday. The scenes which included Miss Keatts had been shot first, so that she could fulfill an English engagement. But in the filling out of the skeleton it was necessary to show how the gangsters reached their hide-out, and what they did after Miss Keatts dove from the window. Having irrevocably appeared in the shot with Miss Keatts, Pat must appear in half a dozen other shots, to be taken in the next few days.

"What kind of jack is it?" Pat inquired.

"We were paying McCarthy fifty a day—wait a minute Pat—but I thought I'd pay you your last writing price, two-fifty for the week."

"How about my reputation," objected Pat.

"I won't answer that one," said Berners, "But if Benchley can act and Don Stewart and Lewis and Wilder and Woollcott, I guess it won't ruin you."

Pat drew a long breath.

"Can you let me have fifty on account," he asked, "because really I earned that yester—"

"If you got what you earned yesterday you'd be in a hospital. And you're not going on any bat. Here's ten dollars and that's all you see for a week."

"How about my car—"

"To hell with your car."

III

"The Rat" was the die-hard of the gang who were engaged in sabotage for an unidentified government of N-zis. His speeches were simplicity itself—Pat had written their like many times. "Don't finish him till the Brain comes"; "Let's get out of here"; "Fella, you're going out feet first." Pat found it pleasant—mostly waiting around as in all picture work—and he hoped it might lead to other openings in this line.He was sorry that the job was so short.

His last scene was on location. He knew "The Rat" was to touch off an explosion in which he himself was killed but Pat had watched such scenes and was certain he would be in no slightest danger. Out on the back lot he was mildly curious when they measured him around the waist and chest.

"Making a dummy?" he asked.

"Not exactly," the prop man said. "This thing is all made but it was for Gyp McCarthy and I want to see if it'll fit you."

"Does it?"

"Just exactly."

"What is it?"

"Well—it's a sort of protector."

A slight draught of uneasiness blew in Pat's mind.

"Protector for what? Against the explosion?"

"Heck no! The explosion is phony—just a process shot. This is something else."

"What is it?" persisted Pat, "If I got to be protected against something I got a right to know what it is."

Near the false front of a warehouse a battery of cameras were getting into position. George Hilliard came suddenly out of a group and toward Pat and putting his arm on his shoulder steered him toward the actors' dressing tent. Once inside he handed Pat a flask.

"Have a drink, old man."

Pat took a long pull.

"There's a bit of business, Pat," Hilliard said, "Needs some new costuming. I'll explain it while they dress you."

Pat was divested of coat and vest, his trousers were loosened and in an instant a hinged iron doublet was fastened about his middle, extending from his armpits to his crotch very much like a plaster cast.

"This is the very finest strongest iron, Pat," Hilliard assured him, "The very best in tensile strength and resistance. It was built in Pittsburgh."

Pat suddenly resisted the attempts of two dressers to pull his trousers up over the thing and to slip on his coat and vest.

"What's it for?" he demanded, arms flailing, "I want to know. You're not going to shoot at me if that's what—"

"No shooting."

"Then what *is* it? I'm no stunt man—"

"You signed a contract just like McCarthy's to do anything within reason—and our lawyers have certified this."

"What *is* it?" Pat's mouth was dry.

"It's an automobile."

"You're going to hit me with an automobile."

"Give me a chance to tell you," begged Hilliard, "Nobody's going to hit you. The auto's going to pass over you that's all. This case is so strong—"

"Oh no!" said Pat, "Oh no!" He tore at the iron corselet, "Not on your—"

George Hilliard pinioned his arms firmly.

"Pat, you almost wrecked this picture once—you're not going to do it again. Be a man."

"That's what I'm going to be. You're not going to squash me out flat like that extra last month."

He broke off. Behind Hilliard he saw a face he knew—a hateful and dreaded face—that of the collector for the North Hollywood Finance and Loan Company. Over in the parking lot stood his coupe, faithful pal and servant since 1934, companion of his misfortunes, his only certain home.

"Either you fill your contract," said George Hilliard, "—or you're out of pictures for keeps."

The man from the finance company had taken a step forward. Pat turned to Hilliard.

"Will you loan me—" he faltered, "—will you advance twenty-five dollars?"

"Sure," said Hilliard.

Pat spoke fiercely to the cre man:

"You hear that? You'll get y money, but if this thing brea my death'll be on your head."

The next few minutes passed a dream. He heard Hilliard's l instructions as they walked fr the tent. Pat was to be lying i shallow ditch to touch off dynamite—and then the he would drive the car slowly acr his middle. Pat listened dimly, picture of himself, cracked like egg by the factory wall, l a-thwart his mind.

He picked up the torch and l down in the ditch. Afar off heard the call "Quiet," then H liard's voice and the noise of car warming up.

"Action!" called someone. The was the sound of the car growi nearer—louder. And then P Hobby knew no more.

IV

When he awoke it was dark a quiet. For some moments he fail to recognize his whereabouts. Th he saw that stars were out in t California sky and that he w somewhere alone—no— he was he tight in someone's arms. But t arms were of iron and he realiz that he was still in the metal casing. And then it all came ba to him—up to the moment wh he heard the approach of the ca

As far as he could determine was unhurt—but why out he and alone?

He struggled to get up but fou it was impossible and after a horr fied moment he let out a cry f help. For five minutes he calle out at intervals until finally voice came from far away; an assistance arrived in the form of studio policeman.

"What is it fella? A drop t much?"

"Hell no," cried Pat. "I was the shooting this afternoon. It wa a lousy trick to go off and lea me in this ditch."

"They must have forgot you the excitement."

"Forgot me! *I* was the excite ment. If you don't believe me the feel what I got on!"

The cop helped him to his fee

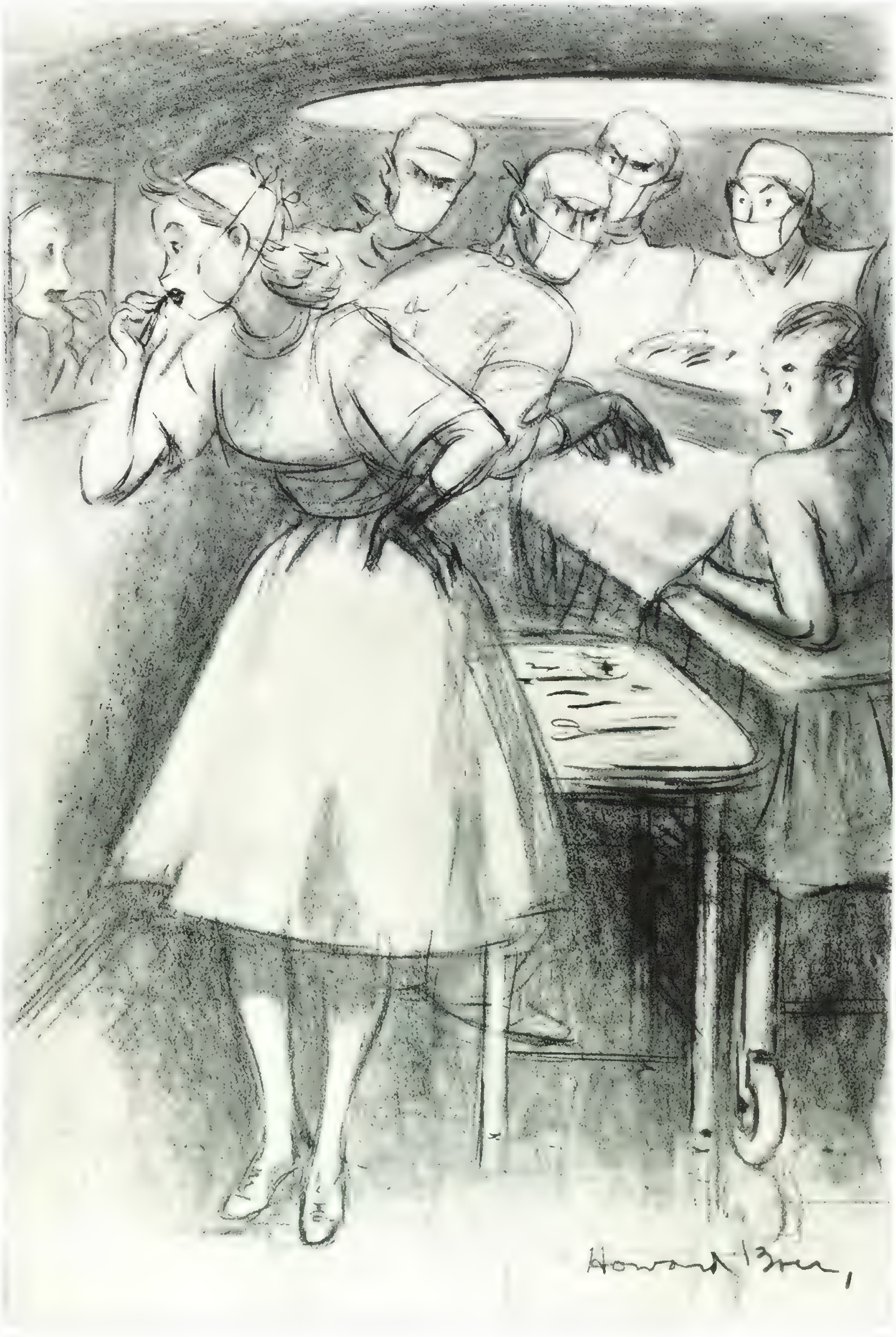
"They was upset," he explaine "A star don't break his leg ever day."

"What's that? Did somethin happen?"

"Well, as I heard, he was sup posed to drive the car at a bum and the car turned over and brok his leg. They had to stop shootin and they're all kind of gloomy."

"And they leave me inside th —this stove. How do I get it o tonight? How'm I going to driv my car."

But for all his rage Pat felt certain fierce pride. He was Some thing in this set-up—someone be reckoned with after years neglect. He had managed to hol up the picture once more. ###


Howard Baer

The Miracle of Chyapenkin's Sword

Continued from page 57

example to any others who want to steal the Czar's jam, and therefore he decrees that the peasant, Ivan Stravislawski, shall be executed tomorrow. Tomorrow he will be shot, and I am a murderer."

"The lieutenant worries himself needlessly," I said.

"Astrenkov, you are coarse and insensitive," he said. "Tomorrow a man will die, and that man would have continued to live if I had not caught him and brought him before the tribunal. A terrible judgment for a jar of jam."

"It is the Czar's decree," I said. "It is the law."

"Astrenkov, it is a terrible judgment, and it is a terrible thing to be troubled with a conscience. And so I am going to get drunk."

I nodded sympathetically. "I shall bring the bottles," I said.

"No!" Chyapenkin's voice stopped me as I turned to fetch the liquor. "I am going to the Stray Dog, and there I shall forget my troubles."

"But, lieutenant, are we not on duty tonight?"

"Astrenkov, be still. A man is a man, and it is to his conscience that his first duty belongs."

"But will you not change your uniform? Your sword . . ."

He did not deign to answer, but drank the remainder of the liquor, turned on his heel and left me, his sword almost tripping him as his long angry strides carried him down the corridor.

The Stray Dog, in case you do not know, is a saloon which is patronized mostly by merchants and salespeople. It has a middleclass clientele, and very few officers ever frequent the spot. Maybe that is the reason Michael Chyapenkin went there. Perhaps he did not want to mingle with his friends. Perhaps he wanted to drink alone. I assume it to be the case. A man troubled with a conscience will do strange things and I am not one to question motives in a time of emotional stress. So much for Michael Chyapenkin that night in St. Petersburg.

But why the Czar of all the Russias chose that night to disguise himself in civilian clothes and go to the Stray Dog I am unable to say. I can guess Chyapenkin's motives, but who am I to probe the great and delicate processes of the Czar's thoughts? Whatever it was, it was a coincidence. It was coincidence that the Czar selected that particular night to go incognito among his subjects; it was coincidence that he went to the Stray Dog; and it was the crowning coincidence that he chose to sit at the very table where Chyapenkin had already traveled half the road to drunken oblivion. You see, there is no miracle, but merely a series of coincidences.

An orderly learns to put two and two together, and so what I am about to tell you is the story as I have reconstructed it from what Michael Chyapenkin later told me, and from what I was able to learn from the waiter at the Stray Dog.

Had Michael Chyapenkin been in a sober condition he would most assuredly have recognized Nikolai, the Emperor, even through his disguise. But Chyapenkin was not sober, and furthermore, had no reason to suspect that the stranger was any other than the affable drinking partner he seemed to be.

You know how it is when two people are drinking. One word leads to another, one confidence leads to intimacy, one friendly gesture leads to brotherly affection. And it was so with Chyapenkin and the Czar that night.

Next month Esquire features the first of a series of articles about the world's famous regiments, by James Warner Bellah and Compton Pakenham.

Soon the lieutenant was telling his companion about Ivan Stravislawski who had stolen a jar of jam, about the Czar's decree, and about how Chyapenkin was a murderer. Chyapenkin did not say in so many words that he disapproved of the Czar's action, but I imagine that a person of the Czar's eminence becomes somewhat sensitive to criticism. He said nothing to make the lieutenant suspicious, but merely nodded in agreement.

Also he told the Czar how he left the camp without official leave. You know how it is with army men, how they are tied hand and foot to regulations. The Czar, as head of the army, could not have felt otherwise but that Chyapenkin must be punished for his presumption. Of course, you realize that I was not there myself, nor am I privileged to see inside that complicated brain of the Emperor of Russia, but even so I am a man, and one can imagine what went on in his thoughts.

One can imagine, for instance, that the Czar's thoughts might have been as follows: "This fellow has dared to criticize his Emperor, had dared to leave his barracks without orders. He must be punished for his effrontery, but in such a way as is fitting with the exigencies of the moment. He must be made the laughing stock of the whole corps. He must be the butt of jokes, the target of ridicule, and men shall say that such-and-such is the reward of those who dare to think for themselves when their thoughts are contrary to the Czar's. And why must he be made ridiculous? Why, simply because the fancy of the Czar of all the Russians will have it so."

This must have been what went on through that fine magnificent brain of Nikolai the Second. And so they went on drinking, and soon they were telling each other jokes, and singing songs, and drinking and drinking . . .

You, my friend, are a man of the world, and you know that when one continues to drink into the small hours of the morning, the distiller must be paid. There is no argument. And so it was with Chyapenkin. With a rueful smile he turns to his companion and dangles an empty purse before him.

"My friend," he says, "our evening of mutual cheer has come to an end. You see my purse . . . not a single *kopek*."

The friend is filled with consternation. "What a donkey I am," he says. "I have let you buy drinks all evening. Now it is my turn."

Chyapenkin agrees that his friend shall buy several more rounds, but now see what happens. The friend has no more money either. He too dangles an empty purse before Chyapenkin, whose bleared eyes stare at it sadly.

And so Chyapenkin says, "I fear we must part, old friend of mine. There is no more money, there is no more vodka."

But the old friend becomes cunning. "The hour is young," he says. "It is not necessary to part. There is more vodka if one but knew how it might be obtained."

"Ah, if one but knew . . ."

"There *is* a way!" The friend leans forward confidentially. "The manager will give you credit on your sword!"

"On my sword? Ah, but that may not be done, my friend. This sword does not belong to me. It is in the service of the Czar!"

"You mention the Czar," says the stranger craftily. "Does not the mere mention of his name merit a toast?"

You see, there is no argument. A toast must be drunk to the Czar, and since there is no money Chyapenkin's sword must go to the manager as guaranty. You see how clever and shrewd is the brain of the magnanimous ruler of the far-flung land of the Russias.

And so Chyapenkin draws his sword from the scabbard and gives it to the manager, the toast is drunk, and yet another and another, until the friends have run out of toasts, and the sun's morning rays drive the late customers out of the dark corners of the Stray Dog.

* * *

"And that was how it happened," I said. "Now do understand?"

"It was a miracle," my dru friend repeated.

"Very well," I said. "I have to continue so that you get the whole story. I do not to see a man suffer through under illusions."

* * *

The next morning Chyapen returned to camp and to his qu ters much the worse for wea helped him remove his unif and put him to bed. "And when the lieutenant's sword?" I ask

"Astrenkov, you annoy me w trivialities," he said. "I am go to sleep, and I order you not awaken me for forty-eight hour

"But the sword, lieutenant

A loud snore that seemed shake the room was the only swer he gave me, and I retired order as a good orderly should left him in peace to sleep away carousal, and went to join colleagues in another part of barracks. There is a building wh we orderlies meet to play che drink wine, and gossip about officers. It was to this club ro that I went, and it was here tha found nobody except Stanisla the Pole who mops the floors.

"Stanislaus," I said, "Wh are my friends?"

"Have you not heard?" Stan laus said. "There is to be a para today. A dress parade for t Czar, and a military execution

"I have heard nothing of this I said. "You are joking!"

"The order has just bee posted," he said. "The orderl left to make ready their officer uniforms and equipment for t dress parade . . . and for the ex cution. Poor fellow."

"Poor fellow? Whom do yo mean?"

"Ivan Stravislawski, of course.

But I ask you, my friend, w not Chyapenkin also in the de of a fix? For how could he go dress parade in his conditio That he was drunk, that I cou fix in my own way. But that should go *sans* sword . . . that not allowed in any army. Th was a predicament, I tell yo frankly. I see now that it was ruse on the part of the Czar make public ridicule of Chyape kin, but I could not know it the

Desperately I rushed to th lieutenant's quarters and shoo his sleeping body madly until awakened him. Then I forced mixture down his throat, some thing that I had prepared and ha used before to sober him.

"Lieutenant!" I cried franti into his ear, "Wake up! Wake up There is a dress parade this afternoon. Wake up!"

In five minutes time he had re covered enough so that he coul understand what I was trying t tell him.

"Dress parade?" he asked. "Bu why?"

"By order of the Czar!"

He sprang from his bed wit

an alacrity that almost upset me, and must have caused his swimming head no end of misery. "My uniform," he shouted at me. "My boots and spurs! Get my sword!"

"But lieutenant, sir, there is no sword."

"No sword? What kind of nonsense are you saying, Astrenkov? There must be a sword."

"The lieutenant doesn't remember, sir. He came in this morning without his sword. His scabbard, yes, but no sword."

And now at last he was sober. The circles were still under his eyes, the red haze still lingered in the whites, his face was pale, but even so he was sober.

"No sword?" he repeated dumbly.

I shook my head.

"But how is one to go to dress parade for the Czar without a sword?"

I shook my head.

"Does one dare?"

"No, lieutenant, one does not dare."

"Astrenkov," he said looking at me with tragedy pouring from his eyes, "something must be done."

"Most assuredly. Something must be done."

"For God's sake, Astrenkov, don't echo me! If you can't think of anything constructive, be quiet and let me think."

I tell you it was a time that tried men's souls. He sat on the edge of his bed and thought. I could fairly see the wheels inside his skull whirr faster and faster. The muscles in his face tightened, and the cords in his neck looked like elastic stretched to the breaking point.

"Astrenkov," he said finally, "it may work and it may not, but we have to try it."

I looked at him inquiringly.

"Astrenkov, you will get a piece of wood so long," he measured with his hands, "and carve me a sword that will fit into my scabbard. Then you will paint the hilt and guard with a silver polish so that it will appear to be made of metal. It may pass a loose inspection."

"A wooden sword?" I asked stupidly.

"A wooden sword," he said. "Now go, and hurry!"

I hurried. In the carpenter's workshop I found wood and tools. For two hours I worked on that sword, carving it to fit the scabbard, modeling the handle, planing the surface, sandpapering, painting . . . until it was finished. My friend, I should like to tell you that that sword was a perfect model, that only by touch could it be known for what it was . . . a wooden sword. I should like to tell you that its resemblance to an actual sword was amazing and undetectable. But such was not the case.

When viewed from any angle it was obviously what it was . . . a wooden sword such as might be carved by any schoolboy playing soldier. The hilt did, however, have a metallic glint due to the silver polish I had painted on, but I had no time to perfect my creation. I hurried back to the lieutenant with the crude facsimile.

He stared at the stick of wood until I thought that he might cry. "Astrenkov," he said, "you have failed me. Never will such a weapon pass muster on parade."

I stood with bowed head absorbing his rebuke. We orderlies, too, have our pride. But it was too late to do anything about it. The assembly call had already sounded and Lieutenant Michael Chyapenkin was already strapping his scabbard, complete with wooden sword, into place on his belt. He started to go, then suddenly turned back to me.

"Astrenkov," he said, "if all goes well, we shall celebrate together. If all does not go well, remember me as a kind but stupid lieutenant who should have been a peasant." And he was gone.

All seemed to go well on the parade grounds that afternoon. Inspection had been loose, and fortunately Chyapenkin's wooden sword had not been detected. Your uncle has probably told you about the scene, the color and the music. You have heard how the Czar's band marched brilliantly that day in St. Petersburg, how grand the corps looked that day in bright new uniforms and gleaming silver sparking out at the sun like a field full of diamonds. It was a grand sight, and the Czar himself sat astride his horse every inch an emperor. His left hand gripped the reins of his nervous prancing horse, and his right hand went constantly up and down in stiff military salute.

I thought at the time that it was merely my own guilty conscience, but it seemed to me that the Czar's eyes shifted constantly to the spot where Chyapenkin stood at rigid attention. But why should the Czar single out my own Chyapenkin for surveillance? From where I stood it seemed that a triumphant smile graced His Majesty's features. Ah, it was a scene of splendor that day. Your uncle was right never to forget it. It was a day to live forever in one's memory.

And then the music stopped. The troops stood at attention, line upon line, uniformed in gay colors such as only we Russians can assemble. Nikolai the Second surveyed the scene in silence for a moment. Then he lifted a hand in signal. The Officer of the Day came forward and read the Orders of the Day in a loud voice that carried almost to every corner of the grounds.

No one ever listens to orders since it is all merely routine rubbish, but suddenly his words came to me in a brilliant flash that penetrated my brain with all the painfulness of a red-hot rapier.

"Special Order number one!" he said. "Ivan Stravislawski, having been duly tried by military court, and found guilty of marauding, has been sentenced to death by the order of the Czar, to be executed this day in the presence of the —th Corps of the Imperial Russian army."

There was a pause. The Czar held up his hand for silence. We held our breath for we knew that His Majesty was then about to speak.

"Lieutenant Michael Chyapenkin! Front and center!"

I looked at Chyapenkin, and I can tell you that his face had blanched before the impact of those awful words. At no time did Chyapenkin care to be the center of attraction, and now, being without a sword, he was doubly reclusive. . . .

But in true military manner he obeyed, stepped forward and halted.

"Michael Chyapenkin!" said the Czar, and that smile was still there. "We have learned that it was you who discovered the criminal, and therefore it is to you that the honor of executing Ivan Stravislawski must be awarded."

DELIVERY ROOM

"Anything yet for R. P. Stillwell, 9999 N. Harper Avenue?"

There was a tense silence on that field. There was not a single soul who envied Chyapenkin at that moment, not even the lowliest recruit.

"Bring the prisoner!"

Ivan was brought forward, his arms tied behind his back, his whole body quivering in mortal fear, for which I, for one, cannot blame him. Two guards held him several paces in front of Chyapenkin. Between the two of them I could not tell whom I pitied more.

The Czar's voice came again, clear and cutting against the wind:

"Lieutenant Michael Chyapenkin, you will drive your sword through the prisoner's heart!"

I tell you a cold chill went through everybody who stood within range of the Emperor's voice. Such cruelty had been known before, but none of us had the stomach to witness the scene in actual deed. To this day I have never known whether or not the Czar actually meant for the order to be carried out. I stood paralyzed as I watched Chyapenkin.

The lieutenant's face was a study in calmness. Only two men on that field knew what was contained in that scabbard: Chyapenkin and I. That the Czar was aware of the truth I did not learn until later.

Chyapenkin's brain, he told me afterward, was racing like the wind. He did not want to kill Ivan Stravislawski, and even if he wished to do so he could not without a sword.

He stepped a pace forward, his hand on the handle of his sword. And then he spoke. His voice was loud and clear, but a little shriller than was natural for Chyapenkin.

"Your Highness!" he shouted. "Your Highness, after the decree of the Emperor of Russia there is but one appeal . . . and that is to God! And now, before the Maker of the universe, and Creator of all that is good, I hereby vow that my hand shall never be turned to kill my fellow man! If such a vow please God, may the cold true steel of my sword be turned to wood!"

And with those words he drew his sword, and lo and behold, it was wood.

I grant you that those who witnessed that scene were impressed and took it for a miracle. Only the Czar, Chyapenkin, and I knew the story of Chyapenkin's quick thinking that saved his name and Ivan Stravislawski's life. The Czar, realizing that Chyapenkin had outwitted him, made the lieutenant a Captain in his own private guards. And that is the true story of Chyapenkin's sword, and of how he came to be in the Czar's guard.

* * *

My companion belched as he set his glass down upon the table. "He should have gone to the Church," he said. "A man who can work miracles should be in the Church."

"But I tell you it was not a miracle!"

"My uncle saw it with his own eyes. It was a miracle!" ###

The Legion of Tomasova

Continued from page 49

outside of my mind.

Inside, out of my control, was a raging fire and at the core of it was the woman. I saw her walking, talking, I saw the strange half-smile on her lips, tasted the freshness of her lips, smelled the warm, milky smell of her skin. When I saw the bare skeleton of a birch, I thought of the tree in leaf, the underside of the leaves shining in the wind like a wave of fair hair. The clear blue sky of winter reminded me of her eyes. Always between the curtain of sleep and my weariness I saw Tomasova, gentle, wise, assured and sweet.

* * *

After a while between dreaming and waking I found my outfit going into reserve. Again we passed the little house with the smoke coming out of its chimney and the rosy-cheeked children running down to wave to us. Riding ahead of the company, I trembled and burned. I would be back that night, back again in Tomasova's arms if the commanding general himself barred the way . . . if he were there ahead of me.

But before we took our billets the major had a few words to say.

"Gentlemen, that woman is trouble, nothing but trouble. She would have been evacuated long ago and sent to hell and gone with her brats and her cow, but it seems," sarcastically, "that she has many friends."

The major was a family man of impeccable morals.

"I warn you again," he said. "I can't lock you up because you have, alas, a certain freedom after working hours, but don't forget what I say. There have been ugly quarrels and if what I hear is true, a fist fight occurred between two officers in the barnyard. You are still gentlemen . . . even if some of you are only officers of the reserve . . . and I can assure you that you can expect no leniency from me. You are wearing the Emperor's coat, you are with the army in the field on enemy territory, and damn it, you will be court-martialed for the slightest infraction of gentlemanly conduct!"

Then to my astonishment he cast a particularly baleful look in my direction. I took a deep breath and decided to consult the adjutant.

That officer shook his heavy head in sympathy. It appeared my comrades of the artillery had been talking freely. The major knew all about everything. My career was at stake and again I decided that this affair must come to an end immediately, forthwith. I wiped Tomasova off the record.

When the evening came I billetted my men down, read the orders of the day, inspected the stables meticulously.

Unless something happened I would be riding in ten minutes and in my anguish I turned to an officer commanding an infantry company, a sound lawyer in civil life. Without holding anything back I laid the situation bare to him. What was his opinion? He was an older man, elder in rank.

In all the wisdom of his thirty-six years he looked at me and smiled. "I don't know, friend," he said. Then he smiled. "If it is as you say . . . I can only see one way out. I will save you from her and go myself."

"Let's both go," I said quickly, "let's go together."

"No," he said. "You are already under suspicion. You must not risk your reputation, your whole career. I will save them for you, all three of them."

Too late I realized my folly. This *friend*, this snake in the grass was my senior. He had the advantage of me. I had cooked my own goose. The insult to my own judgment in trusting him was nothing, it was Tomasova that hurt.

Miserably I went to my bunk, turned up the oil lamp and began trying to read Kant. In those times this abstract abstruse stuff was no more suited to my comprehension than *Alice in Wonderland* to a Hottentot. The mere dwelling of the eye upon the length and complexity of the German sentences was sufficient to put me to sleep in ten minutes. But here I was tossing and turning, punching the pillow with a feverish look upon an indecipherable page, hour after hour. I shivered more with fever than cold under the blankets. . . .

"All our knowledge begins with the senses, proceeds thence to the understanding and ends with reason. There is nothing higher than reason for working up the material of intuition and comprehending it under the highest unity of thought . . . As it here becomes necessary to give a definition of that highest faculty of knowledge, I begin to have considerable misgivings . . ."

Now, there's some sense for you. He begins to have misgivings.

Man is a being "who cannot endure his fellow man and cannot possibly do without him . . ."

Noisily my former friend came swaggering in.

"My boy," he said, between solemnity and hilarity, "you are a true friend of mine. What a woman, what a woman! Never saw anything like it."

He stretched himself luxuriously and, to my distaste, sat down. "I thought I would never be able to leave," he went on. "I thought what a beautiful death it would be to die in her arms . . . yet I had to go. Somebody else came and she pushed me out of the door."

He maundered on and on. Once in a while I thought if I hadn't had to get out of bed to get the revolver, I could have shot him where he sat. What an oaf, what a vulgarian. Since then I have always hated lawyers on sight. But when, raving in his ridiculous poetic way, he staggered out into the dark and left me in my cold hot bunk, I again took a resolution.

Tomasova was not for me. She had destroyed my ideals, my life. I was an officer in His Imperial Majesty's army, I was a gentleman. The answer was duty.

* * *

Day after day, day after day I lugged the machine guns across the frozen fields. This was the job of my men and noncoms, but I would show them. I liked the hard physical labor that wore me down, made me return to the billet at night with my legs trembling from effort and sinking under me. Damn it, this unit would be the pride of the division. The major congratulated me. From early morning until late at night I inspected, measured out discipline, praised, blamed, worked like three men at my routine. My men were ent siastic. I grew pale and thin, nervous as a moth, irascible.

God, I wished I'd be sent to t active Italian front. Again couldn't sleep. In the few toss hours I had, Tomasova was m vivid than during my waking m ments. Between me and my me between me and rest, always h ered this woman, big, alive, kin sensitive, lovely. The more I slav the more present she became un she walked with me across t fields, stood by my hand when gave orders, and when I turned i she came close into my bed and woke up in a cold sweat, jump and shaking.

The promotions came down a I looked at them with a vaca eye. Our brigade commander b came a major general and I b came a first lieutenant.

A celebration was called for a the promoted threw a little par in the officers' home. The gener put in an appearance, a kindly o gentleman very fine in the sple dor of his crimson lined great co and the broad red stripes on h breeches. He was in a jovial moo "Well, lieutenant," he said, "th two great occasions in an officer life, eh? I become a general, yo become a full officer." I heard hi as though he were talking in theatre through a microphone.

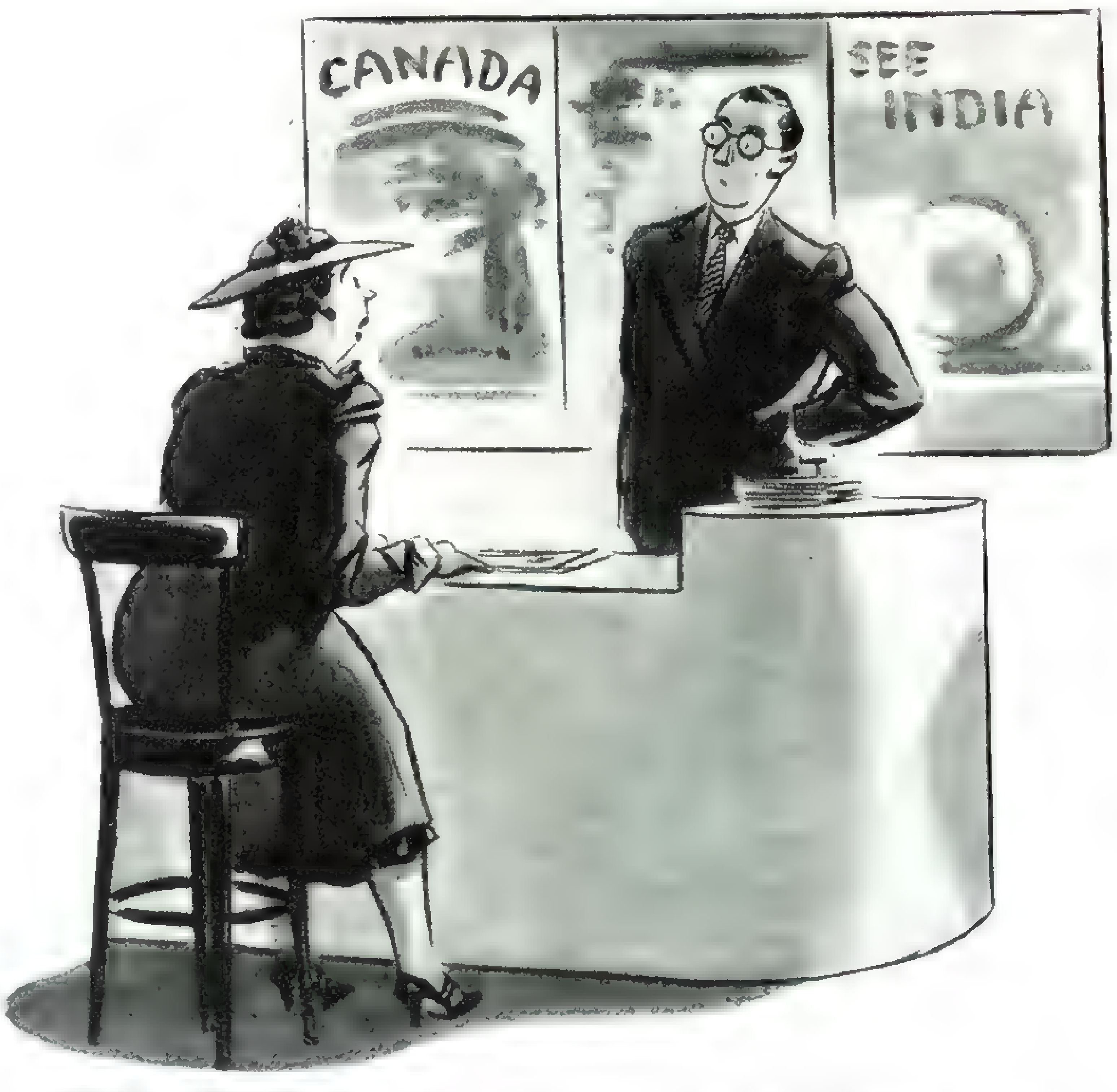
Then there were the toast King, Country, Victory! The gen eral warmed up. It was unusual i our army for a general to stay i the officers' mess, but our ma was democratic. He sent the wai ers out and looking around a somebody who does not care t be overheard by the profane ear of the rank and file, lifted his glas and said, "Gentlemen, I give yo Tomasova!"

The toast was received with ap plause.

"I only wish," the general said "that I was a lieutenant now, no an old man, yearning for the en of this war and a general's pen sion in Graz . . . and resignedl for death. But you . . . at leas most of you . . . have somethin in common besides the uniform you wear. You have all been he lovers. Oh . . . I have seen her. I was a privilege. A marvel of woman . . . substantial and I am informed she manages to give you something that you could never buy."

I was sick. The wine turned sour in my mouth and I felt faint. I closed my eyes and she appeared like a vision, big, blonde and kind, with those flashing teeth and her curious knowing smile.

The general called for pencil and paper. "Come gentlemen," he said, "by now she ought to be a rich woman. We have been here almost four months. During that time each of you have given her probably a month's pay . . . let me see." He figured on the paper. "There are about two hundred young officers in this division. Let us be conservative and say that her fame



"What I'm looking for is a nice non-belligerent zone with scenery"

has not spread beyond our boundaries." He scribbled. "Hmmm . . . it adds up to a very pretty total, about three times the pay I would draw if I were commanding a division. Pity she cannot write her memoirs. They would be interesting and instructive."

Everybody thought this a capital joke. I felt like weeping.

After that night I attended to my pack animals and trained the new men, a stupid lot they were. My God, the pains I took with those fools. What sort of people did they send us then?

* * *

Like a minor strain of trumpets came the sharp northern spring. The pines took off their white caps . . . Icicles hung long and longer, dripping in the bright morning sun. How amazingly sweet, how sharp, how mournful and ecstatic this third spring of the war broke upon us, as though death were a woman. Soon enough, we thought, the guns would begin their harsh barking . . . terror and wounds. My bones were dry and aching in me. I was as gaunt and bleak as a winter wolf.

On Sunday morning was church parade. There we went, shaven and trim, leather shined, buckles burning in the golden sun. The bugles played and we stepped lively through the softening snow.

There again was the little white house, neat and precise, smoking chimney speaking of warmth and safety, the brown stable where my horse had stood waiting.

When she heard the bugles she came out in her Sunday finery, red petticoats billowing to her swinging stride, my sweater on her shoulders and breasts, with the sunlight making an aureole over her fair head. In front of my whole company, I did something no officer should do. I saluted. Her eyes widened, she blushed, and, turning, ran into the house.

My second came up to me. "Chief," he said, "I'm going to sneak off now. I'll wait a few minutes and then step into the bushes. I'll join you on the way back."

"No," I said. "Lieutenant you take over. I am indisposed. I have a toothache. My jaw is swelling up. I must go immediately to the field lazaret to have it attended to or I shall be unfit for duty."

The boy gave me an angry look and saluted.

Where the poplars and birches crept down to the road I stepped out and waited, watching my company march past. I went back, walking as though I were drugged. The pulse beat in my throat. I stood on the doorstep and raised my hand to knock. The door opened. She must have known I would come back.

Heavily I marched into the room. I opened my blouse at the throat for I was suffocating.

She stood behind me and gently took my head to her breast. Even now I remember it was like a draught of water in the desert. I had been burning up and now I felt eased, still sore and sorry but better, as though I had passed the prolonged crisis of a disease.

In her warm dark voice she spoke to me as a mother speaks to a child. "You are mad at me. You do not want to come to see me. Even now you would like to go away. You think I am bad. What am I to do?

"When the Russians came in at the beginning of the war and one officer ordered me to his quarters, I was afraid. I wept all the way.

"Since then everybody left the village. I remain. Soldiers keep coming. Russians, Austrians, Germans and again Russians. What am I to do? Leave my house and fields, my children and wander away? Where would we go? What would happen to us elsewhere?

Next in Manuel Komroff's current series of Bible-backgrounded stories for Esquire will be *The Slave Girl from Judea*, in the October issue.

"I stay. I keep my fields tilled, my house clean, my children fat. What am I to do? You all want me. If I make you enemies, you drive me out."

I did not answer. I had no skill to answer her nor any desire. I listened to her steady breathing, the beating of her heart. We made peace.

She never spoke so many words to me at any other time, nor did I ask her anything more about her life. It came upon me dimly that she was like a part of this countryside, like the hills and the little valleys with their rich fields and trees. This woman possessed of a hundred men and undoubtedly loved by many in their different ways of understanding love, this clean woman with her plump children, good house and bag of gold under the bed, was such a personage as must remain somewhat of a mystery to my twenty-two years. But I knew she was solid, kindly and beautiful like the rolling earth around us, simple like her house of logs. It was by chance that she was also part of the terrifying disorder that had come upon the world, like the fields, torn by trenches and gun emplacements, covered with barbed wire, like boys forced away from their mothers, men from their wives to live celibate, devoted to death and destruction. The enormity of her situation, I felt rather than thought, was a part of the whole crazy business of war.

* * *

Thereafter I visited her whenever I could. She always received me with the same smile of our first acquaintance, almost maternal yet exciting and voluptuous. Love brought her exhilaration in the way a glass of champagne enlivens people unused to drinking.

Now that we were better friends and more quiet with each other, I came to know many of her likes and habits, I was able to observe her more objectively. She was quite mad about scent and sardines. Nothing pleased her more than a bottle of perfume or a can of the little fish. With her sardines she retired to the kitchen and ate there delicately like a cat. She never dined with her guests, except to take a small bite now and then to make them feel comfortable and hungry.

The spring came on with clashing cymbals and Tomasova began to work again in her fields. Many times I was amused to see a young officer with his blouse off, sweating and striving mightily with a spade or fork so that she would more quickly accomplish her tasks. Beside him Tomasova was the better worker. Her face was browned by the sun and she wiped the perspiration off her forehead with her forearm, looking sideways at her lover and giving him an encouraging smile as he turned over the rich earth.

Her affairs continued to flourish and she was careful to make her head rule her heart except in one instance.

Among her visitors was a young Jewish lieutenant, dark and pale with a spiritual look in the eye. In civilian life he was a famous violinist. Something happened there . . . in the spring. I suppose fundamentally Tomasova was no better than her sisters who are notoriously interested in poets and musicians. He played to her those wild yearning gypsy airs that express in universal language the height of pleasure and the utmost despair and, when his two weeks' leave came, he calmly moved into her cottage.

In spite of a mounting resentment throughout the division, Tomasova refused to receive anyone during those two weeks, nor was the musician seen outside her door. Officers who essayed her favor, could hear inside the house a violin sobbing and crying, or dancing whirling through a scherzo. Tomasova was unable to see them.

After his leave was over the lieutenant was mysteriously transferred to the Italian front. Tomasova looked pale and worried but she never asked about him. Maybe she did not want to hear. She seemed to sense that she was the cause of something which might have terrible consequences. She was. A few weeks later we learned the musician was killed in Italy.

One day I was talking to the doctor in charge of the field hospital, a young man much disliked for his respect for Professor Freud, and said to be a socialist, if not a pacifist. Tomasova rushed in, close to hysterics, disheveled, weeping, carrying her six-year-old girl like a baby in her arms. The child was blue in the face. She had something stuck in her throat, but the doctor fished out the obstruction in a moment.

Overjoyed, with the tears running down her face, Tomasova seized the doctor's hand and kissed it. He lifted up her head and solemnly and fervently kissed her on the mouth. So . . . he was also one of us.

After she left the doctor sat down and started to talk quietly and with a strange combination of the lecturing scientist and the poet. One particle of Tomasova, he said, was worth more than several thousand middle-class virgins, marriage with them and the entire life that followed. He would be happy to marry her, he said, "if she would take me."

"But doctor," I said, "marriage with a woman like that! Why they would reduce you to the ranks."

He smiled. "What society and a military court of honor could do to me," he said, "would be a small enough price to pay." The scientist spat to show his contempt.

"You know what she is, my boy," he said, "she is everything. She is a piece of humanity, humaneness in this filthy, verminous, and murderous war. She is worth more than all the men who have been with her these months, lechers or just sex-starved youngsters with no brains, no sensitivity to see her full size; or probably like yourself, conscious of something superior and fine in her, but not big enough to see outside the narrow code of shopkeeping society and the military. She is life, my boy, life, and we . . . we are nothing."

* * *

In the middle of summer with the wheat high in the fields I went calling on Tomasova. To my great amazement a bewhiskered corporal of the Uhlans stood in the doorway smoking a pipe.

"Who are you and what are you doing here?" I asked, arrogantly enough. This was an officers' preserve.

"I am Corporal Tomas at your orders, sir."

I swallowed.

"This is my home," he said. "I am on leave of absence from Italy."

He explained that he understood that soldiers were soldiers and a lone woman was a lone woman and did the best she could. "But my wife," he said with pride, "keeps the house well, the fields tilled and my children healthy."

I wished him a pleasant leave, turned and walked away with as much dignity as I could but with increasing tempo. I had an uneasy feeling in the lower part of my back and was happy when I reached the cover of some willows. ###

Too Many Tennis Players

Continued from page 60

country. In the U. S. Lawn Tennis Association alone there are some 850 clubs with an active membership of 50,000 to 60,000.

And as for tournaments—a mere listing of them would fill a book. There are National Championships on grass courts, clay courts, etc., etc. There are National Public Park Championships, National Junior and Boys Championships, National Indoor Championships, National Junior Indoor Championships, National Intercollegiate Championships. Not to mention the various sections. They all have their own championships and other tournaments; the New England Section, the Eastern Section, the Middle-State Section, the Middle-Atlantic Section, the Western Section, the Missouri Valley Section, the Northwestern Section, the Southern Section, the Texas and Southwestern Sections, the Intermountain Section, the California Section, the Pacific Northwest Section . . .

Not to mention: the Davis Cup Matches, the Wightman Cup Matches . . .

All in all, the Association sanctions some six hundred tennis tournaments a year. And this figure doesn't include the thousands of tournaments that are held in the public schools, high schools, and colleges of the country.

You might think so much tennis could only result in America's ruling the world by tennis and the world of tennis.

Well, America has had her great players. To name a few: Richard D. Sears, Robert D. Wrenn, William A. Larned, Maurice E. McLaughlin, William Johnston, William T. Tilden, Donald Budge . . .

But America doesn't rule the tennis waves by any means. Compared to her size and the human reservoir, the results are not so hot. Especially when it comes to top players.

Just take the Davis Cup. If it had to be won by the best hundred players, or even the best ten players—no country in the world would stand a chance against the U. S. But it has to be won by the two or three top players. And the result is that in the past thirteen years America could win it just once and defend it once.

In those years France held on to the Cup most of the time; little France with its comparatively young tennis tradition. It was France that took the Cup away from the U. S. Which shows more than anything else, how little quantity has to do with quality in tennis.

There were four young Frenchmen who came to America again and again, fought for the Davis Cup over and over against terrific odds until they finally left with the Cup. They were called the Four Musketeers.

From 1923 to 1927 all four, or sometimes two or three of them, crossed the sea. The first and second years they were beaten by the Australians in the Inter-Zone Finals. But in 1925 they got into the Challenge Round against Tilden and Johnston. The Americans won hands down, 5:0. But the next year the Frenchmen were able to gain one point, when René Lacoste beat Tilden. Sooner than the others, Tilden understood the meaning of that match. He was inconsolable. Again and again he said, "I saw it coming . . . I watched it growing . . ."

It came the very next year. The Frenchmen beat Tilden and Johnston 3:2. Henri Cochet defeated Johnston; Lacoste won both his singles.

Lacoste said later, "Tilden wasn't beaten by one player in Philadelphia; he was beaten by a team!" This is literally true. Not only Tilden; both American players had been beaten by a team. Both Tilden and Johnston were great tennis players. But the Four Musketeers formed a team. They made up for each other's weaknesses. Each of the four *had* weaknesses, but the team had none.

There was Henri Cochet, a former ballboy. A gamin, poor but without a worry in the world. He played without effort and with infallible instinct. He played almost carelessly and loved to take risks.

And there was Jean Borotra, a handsome chap, fiery and temperamental, with a sense of the spectacular. He was always attacking, always at the net.

Then there was Jacques Brugnon, slightly older than the others and nowhere near them in brilliancy and natural talent. But he was an incomparable strategist, an intelligent and sound player.

The fourth and greatest of them all was the boy wonder, René Lacoste. He was the son of extremely wealthy parents. He had no talent at all for tennis, in fact, no talent for any sport. But he was a miracle of acquired skill and superhuman energy. One day this boy had decided to become a great tennis player. And so he practiced twelve, fourteen, sixteen hours a day and did become the greatest tennis player of them all. He was unbeatable because he could keep the ball in play for hours, because he was like a wall that bounced back anything and everything. He exhausted his opponents, undermined them, drove them to collapse with his slow, carefully thought-out game that somehow seemed more like chess than tennis.

What the Four Musketeers' victory meant was that the world's championship in tennis no longer belonged to the best players, but to the best team.

And after the French had held the Davis Cup till 1933—when there were no Four Musketeers any more—the Cup was again captured by another team. English this time, Perry and Austin. Bunny Austin as an individual player was never any too good. But as part of the team, he would never let down and he collapsed completely only when the team broke up.

And, after a short interval of two years in which there were no teams (and in which the world's best tennis player, Donald Budge, won the Cup for the U. S.), it was the Australian team that took the trophy away from us again.

Their victory is actually the story of the Four Musketeers all over again. Just like the French, the Australians sent the same team abroad year after year: Crawford, Quist, Bromwich. Even though they were beaten year after year, they kept coming.

That is how teams are built up. By repeatedly sending players under fire, even though they are often beaten, you give them a chance to mature.

Of course, the French, the English, and the Australians really had no choice. They had just those few crack players.

Over here things are the other way around. There are plenty of first-class players at the disposal of the Tennis Association. All those players want a chance. How can a team be built under such conditions?

It's the fad, nowadays, to throw left hooks in the general direction of the Tennis Association because for years, in spite of the strength and scale of American tennis, it hasn't succeeded in getting together a good Davis Cup team. But what can the Association do?

There are too many tennis players. Far too many. That is the problem.

American tennis is organized on a democratic basis. The principle of elimination rules. But the best players don't always win in the eliminations. A trivial cold or an upset stomach may handicap them. Cochet, Lacoste and Borotra would have been sent to America, cold or no cold. But our representatives are always those who get through the eliminations.

But suppose those who do survive the eliminations are really the best? Sometimes they aren't any more, after the eliminations are over.

That is the case especially when the eliminations take place shortly before the deciding matches, as happened during the last two years. Only two or three weeks before the Challenge Round, players like Parker, Grant or Cook had to fight each other. It's none too good for the nerves.

By the day of the match, most of the Americans who play for the Davis Cup really belong in a sanatorium, not on the center court.

But Democracy rules in tennis. Justice prevails. So every good player gets one chance. Just one chance and then he goes to the scrap heap.

The result is that we have countless talented players who've never matured, countless nearly-great players and utterly unreliable players. What's happened to Hennessey, who played with Tilden in the Davis Cup in 1928? Why did Shields, who seemed un beatable in 1931, never turn o to be more than a promise? Wh is Wood, pretty nearly a tenn genius, one of the most erra players in the world? Why ca Vines stand up under fire? Wh did Gledhill just vanish? Exper said he had more talent tha Vines. And what about Doeg, wh beat Tilden for the Championsh in 1930 and then flopped com pletely? And how about Riggs, th best American player today, wh every now and then gets hims beaten by third raters?

George Lott, once coined th phrase "tennis bum." He calle practically all amateur playe tennis bums because they couldn do anything but play tennis an live on their expense account while they're on top. But the never learn how to earn a cent.

If it's the good life that make a tennis bum, the Association ha certainly done everything in it power to stop production of mor of them. It has passed the eight weeks' rule prohibiting the averag player from receiving expenses fo more than that time, and latel it's been supervising the priva lives of tennis players so muc that it isn't funny any more.

But all this won't help to cu down the numbers of the rea tennis bums. Because the rea tennis bums aren't those who can do anything but play good tenni They're the ones who can pla good tennis which just isn't goo enough—the almost great players the chronic runners-up. The eter nal semi-finalists.

Unfortunately, there's no eight weeks' rule against them.

And the more tennis is democra tized, the more tennis goes to th masses, the worse this problem will become. Right now, the mas production of American tenni players has gone too far. If th Association succeeds, we will hav many more than the mere six o eight million tennis players w have now.

Everything is being done t make American youth tennis con scious. In "tennis centers" in mor than one hundred cities all ove the United States the Associatio has established so-called tenni clinics, where young players ca improve their suffering strokes Films of matches and exhibition are circulated. Monthly bulletin are distributed by the thousands There are about 125 Davis Cup preparatory squads. There are Junior Davis Cup squads. There are about 250 Junior tournaments.

The President of the Association, Mr. Holcombe Ward, said at a meeting of the Associated Tennis Writers, "What we want is more and better tennis in schools and colleges."

Well, that will just about finish American chances for the Davis cups. But—so what? After all, what is it that really matters—the Cup or the players? ⧺

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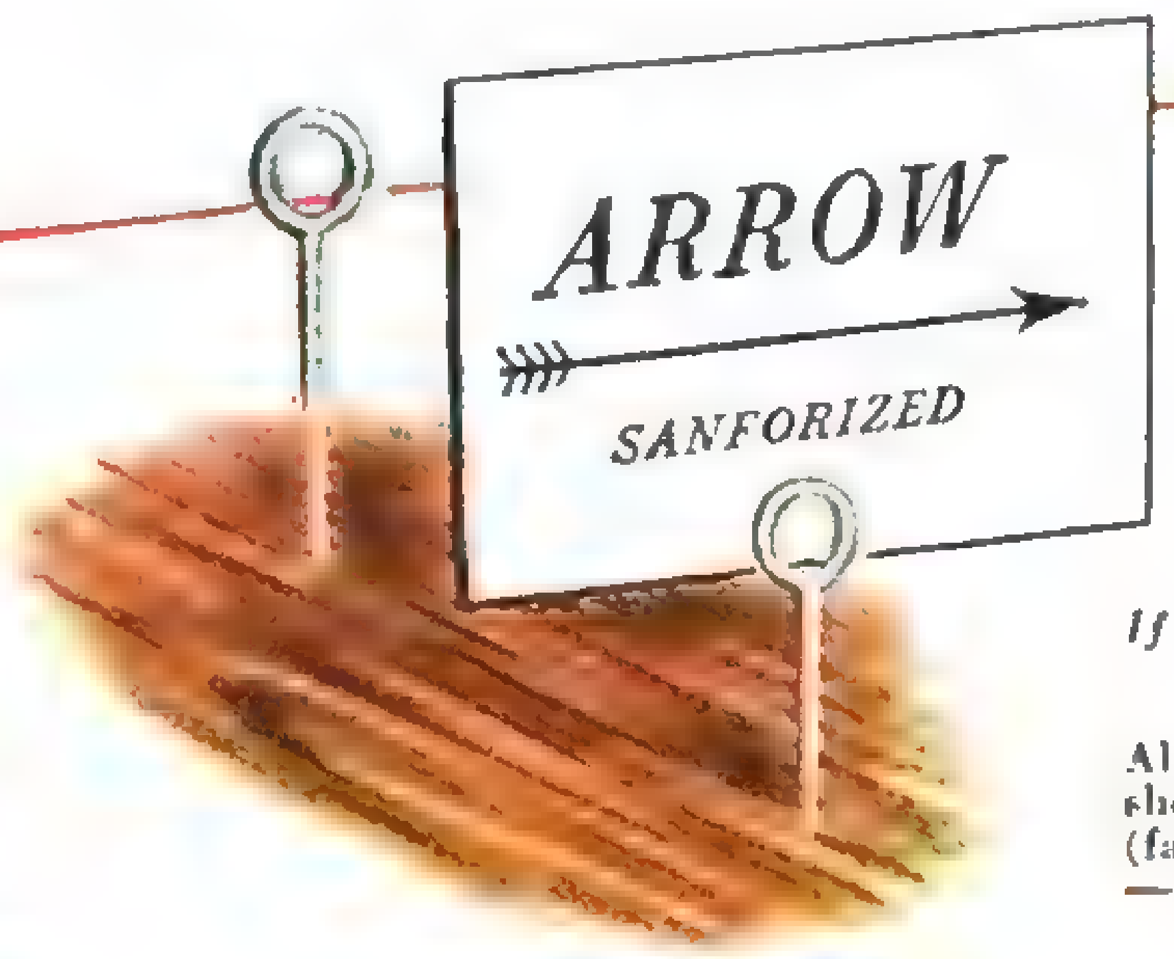

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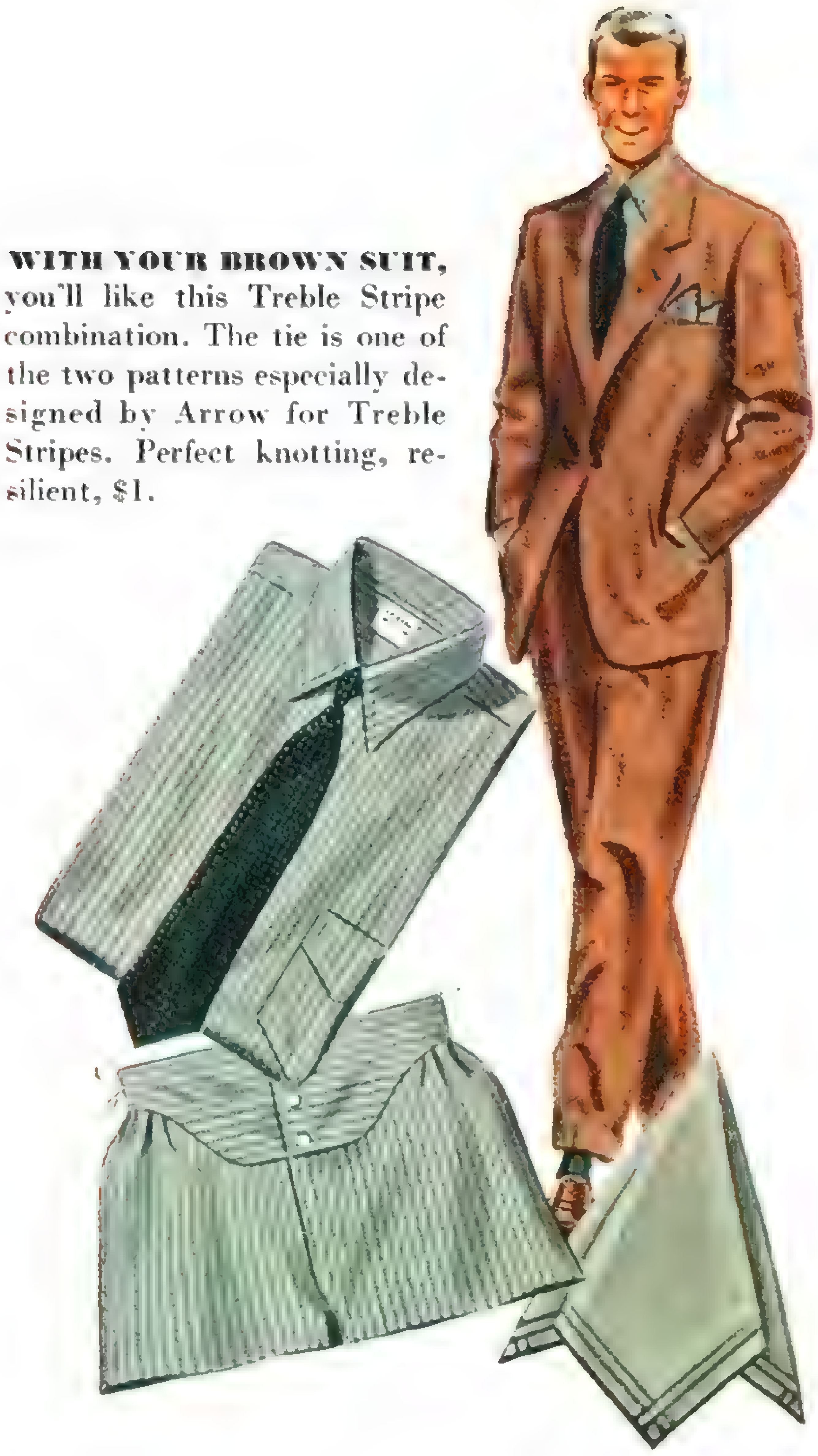

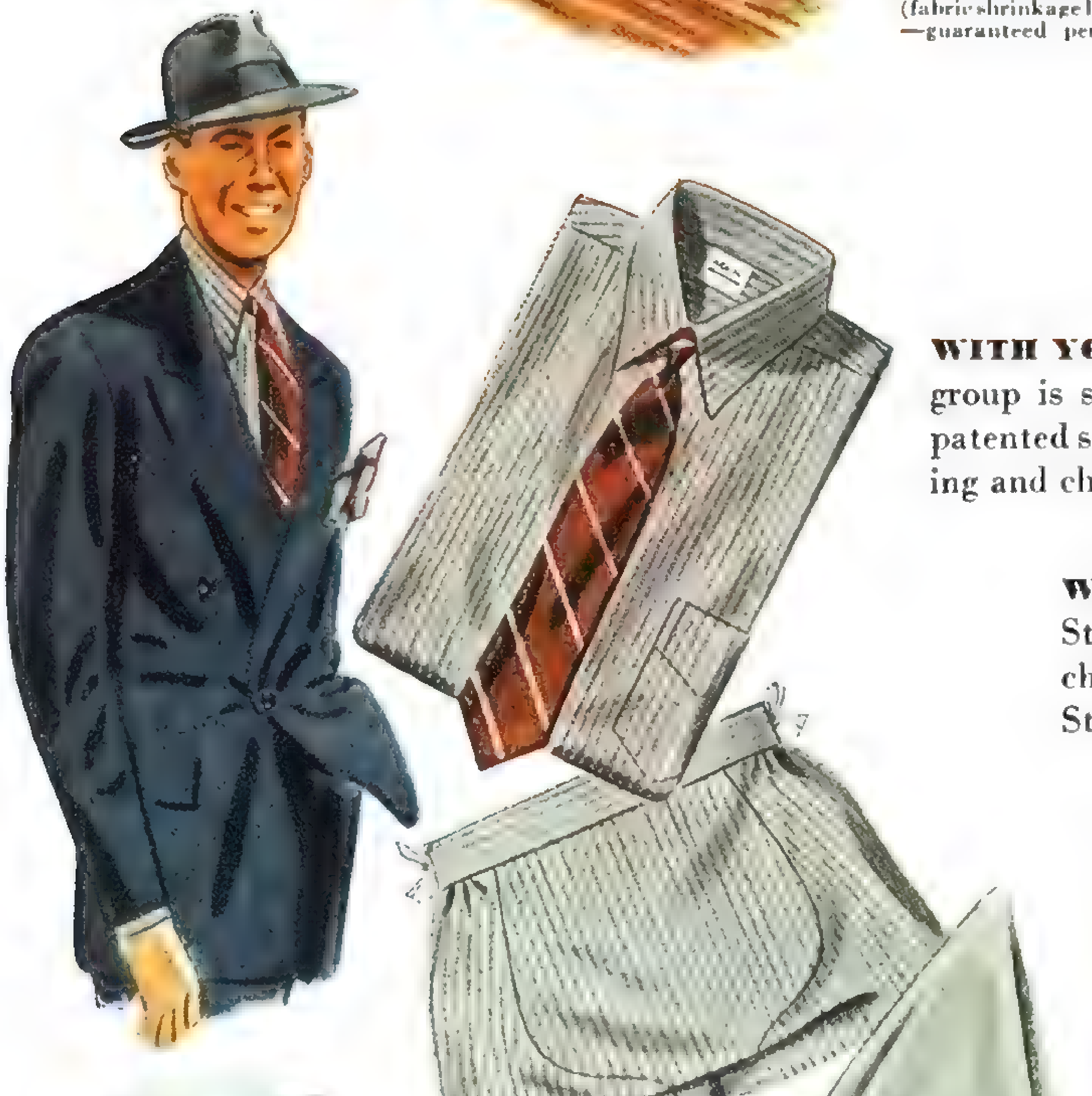

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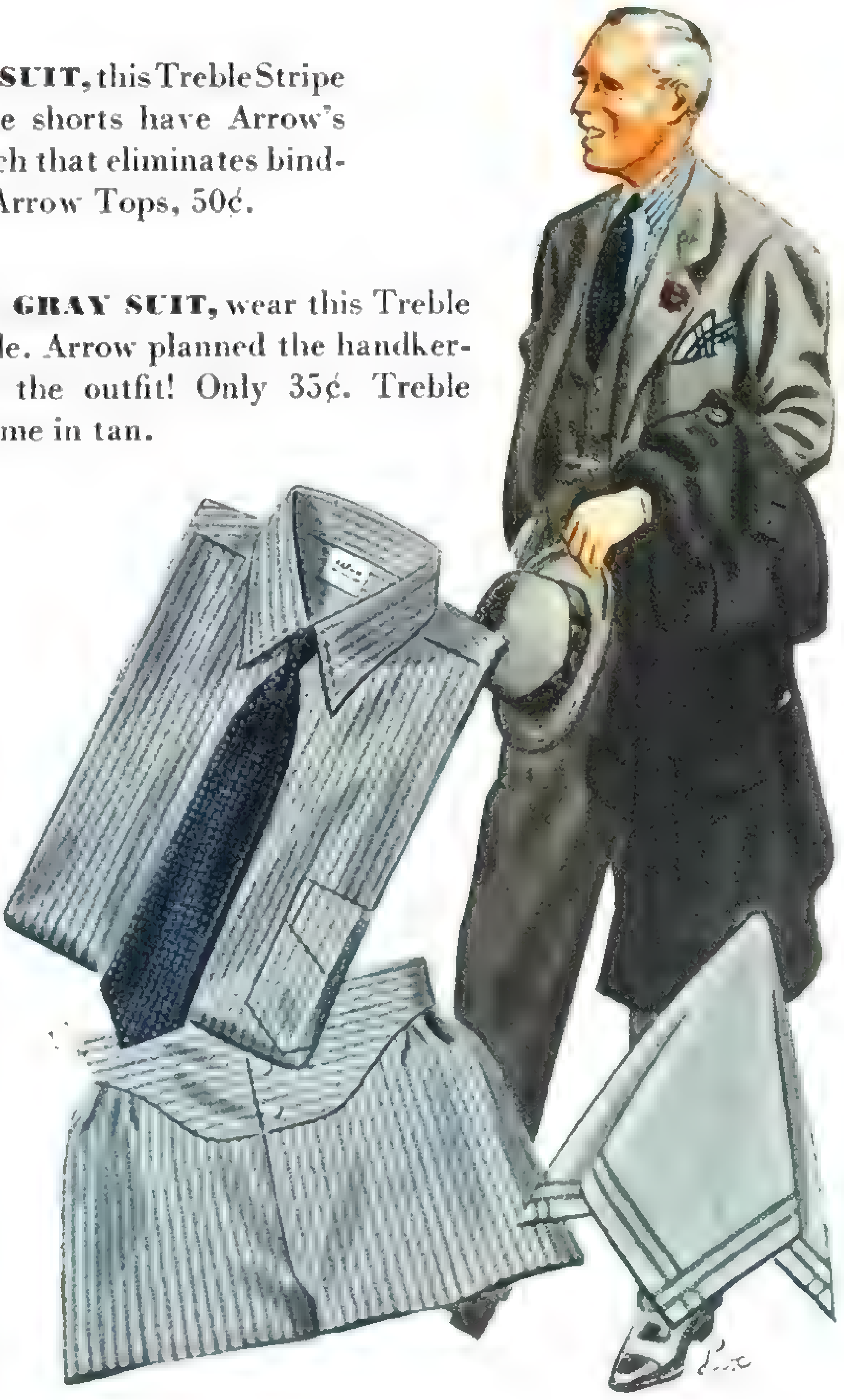

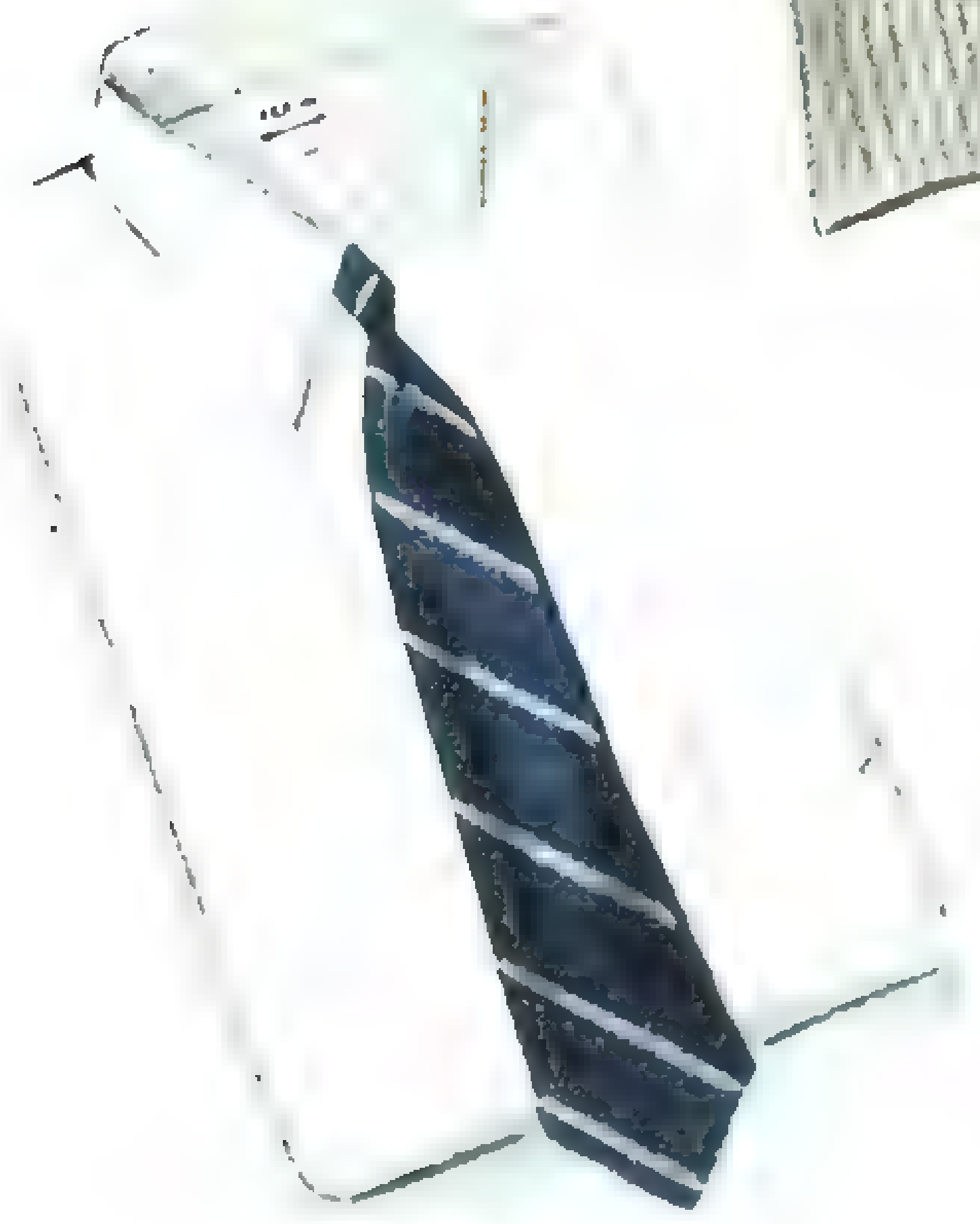

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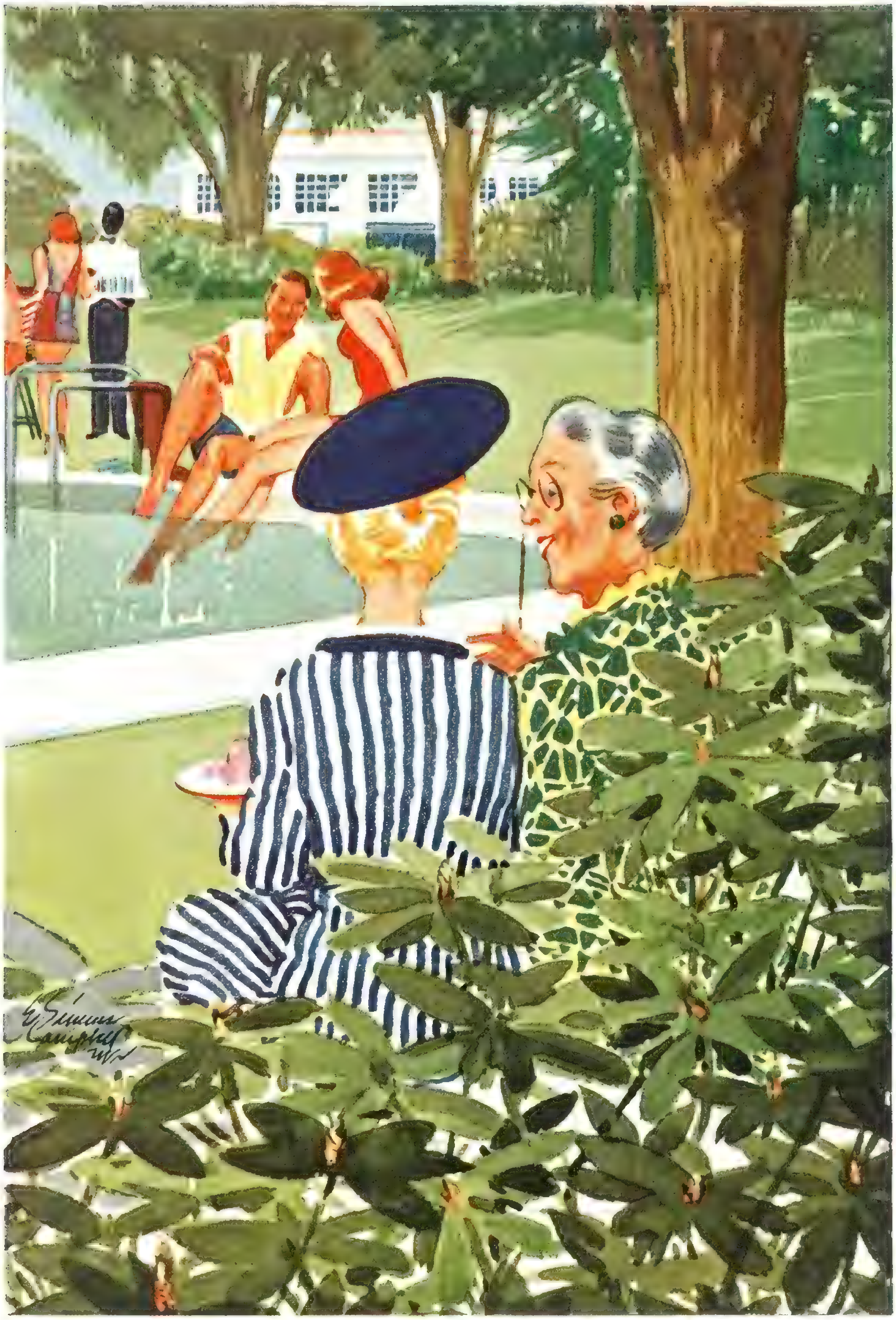
E. Simms Campbell

"My youngest daughter, Jane—I was afraid she was going to be a wallflower but she was named corespondent in a divorce case yesterday!"

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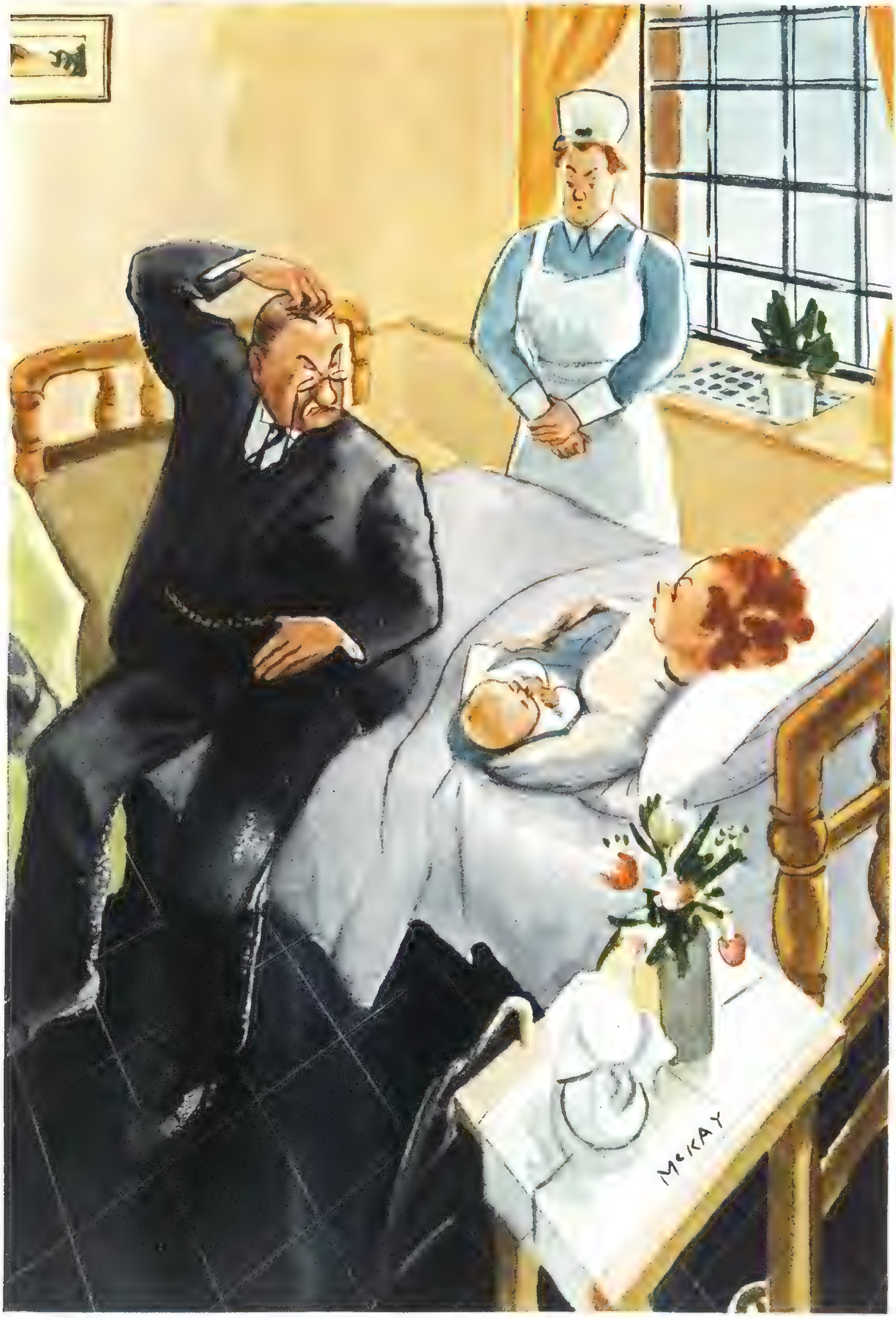


"I'm going to sue the Acme Travel Agency. They guaranteed me a safe crossing"

Most Horse Races Are "Fixed"

Continued from page 55

horses were entered. After the entries closed, the handicapper studied the record and abilities of each horse. Using his best ability he assigned weights that would *equalize their difference in ability*. These weights were published—months before the day of the race. Finally the day of the race came. Fourteen horses paraded to the post. Here's how the weights were distributed:

Seabiscuit	130 pounds
Kayak II	129 pounds

Then a drop of 11 pounds—equal to more than two seconds—to the next—

Ra II	118 pounds
Specify	116 pounds
Whichee	114 pounds
Heelfly	114 pounds
Don Mike	112 pounds

Now we drop to horses getting 20 pounds or more less than the top: the equivalent of *four seconds*, remember,

Vicounty	110 pounds
Wedding Call	108 pounds
Hysterical	108 pounds
Can't Wait	108 pounds
War Plunge	107 pounds

And finally with 30 pounds less (6 seconds) we have two three-year-olds.

Royal Crusader	100 pounds
Kantar	100 pounds

If these horses were equally weighted, the best horse would probably win. But who would care? Certainly not enough fans to make a $100,000 purse worthwhile. And certainly not more than four or five of the fourteen horses would even run—were the weights equal.

Actually, in this particular race, the handicapper provided a bang-up finish (Seabiscuit, Kayak II, Whichee) with seven horses within 5 lengths of each other in a race so fast that the track record was broken.

The second variation of the handicap system is the "allowance" race when certain conditions are made that apply to all the horses which enter the race and the weight depends on the number of races or the amount of purses which a horse has previously won. Those conditions are printed in the program for you to read—and also on the entry sheets and in the racing form. Remember they have nothing to do with anyone's *opinion* of a horse's ability; they are *entirely automatic*.

For instance, here are the conditions of an allowance race at Hialeah Park on March 2nd: "For 4 year olds and upwards. Non-winners twice in 1940. Weights, 4 year olds, 110 pounds; older, 114 pounds. Winners since September 1, two pounds additional for each race won. Non-winners twice in 1939 allowed three pounds; a race, six pounds."

Translated, this means:

1. That no horse under 4 years old may be entered in the race.
2. That no horse which has won two or more races in 1940 may be entered in the race.
3. That the "base" weight for 4 year olds shall be 110 pounds and if 5, 6, or 7 years old (or older) 114 pounds.
4. That for every race the horse has won since September 1, 1939 he shall add 2 pounds.
5. That if the horse has not won any races at all in 1939 he shall carry six pounds *less* than 110 pounds if he is a 4-year-old, and 6 pounds less than 114 pounds if he is older.
6. That if he has won only one race during 1939, he shall carry three pounds less than the above scale.

Now, all of this makes pretty good sense. The first two provisions restrict the race to horses of about the same age and condition.

The third condition is based on a theory that a grown-up horse can run faster than a young horse and the four pound difference in weight tends to even matters up.

The fourth condition assumes that a horse that wins races is a faster horse than one which loses and consequently has to carry extra weight to give the losing horse a chance to beat him.

The fifth and sixth conditions are based on the rather sound assumption that if a horse has won only one race or no races at all in over a year, he ought to be given a little advantage over the others, so he carries 3 or 6 pounds less.

So, now without anyone's personal opinion being involved, we have a race in which five horses actually started, with weights of 106, 107, 114, 115, and 116 pounds and a pretty good chance of providing a thrilling finish and an "open betting race."

The third variation is the simplest of all—the claiming race, and is based on the value which an owner puts on his own horse. A race is booked as a "$1,500 claiming race." That means that any horse which starts in the race can be "claimed" or bought for $1,500 and the owner *must sell*. The claim, however, must be made before the start of the race. (And even if the horse drops dead during the race, as sometimes happens, he is the property of the man who claimed him.)

The theory is, that if a horse is worth *more* than $1,500, his owner won't take a chance of losing him. And the only reason he would be worth more is because he could *run faster*. Therefore, the claiming system as a rule keeps horses of about the same ability together and penalizes the owner who undervalues his horse in order to try to win a purse. Sometimes a race is for several claiming prices with lower weight for a lower price. As, for instance, a $3,500 claiming race, with two pounds allowed for each $250 less than $3,500 down to $2,500. Thus the $2,500 horse carries 8 pounds less than the $3,500 horse.

These are the three basic variations of the handicap system which provides interest, excitement, and competition for hundreds of race followers. It is a system of "fixing" races—just as a golf handicap "fixes" a golf tournament. But the whole procedure is open and aboveboard and anyone who takes the trouble to read the papers can see what's what.

But, no matter how carefully handicaps are arranged—whether they be actual handicap races, allowances or claiming races—*only one horse can win*. And picking that one horse is much more complicated than if there were no handicaps and the "best horse" won every time.

Many of the greatest horses on the turf have not been tremendous money-makers because they were "handicapped out of races." Discovery was one such horse, Kilmer's grand old Exterminator another. Seabiscuit lost two $100,000 purses by two inches each—once when he carried 130 pounds to Stagehand's 100 pounds (30 pounds = *6 seconds*) and once when he carried only 114 pounds and was beaten by Rosemont who carried 10 pounds *more*. (But with top weight of 130 he won the same race this year, becoming the top money-winner of the world!) And when, in the Pimlico Cup Race of two and one-quarter miles, Samuel Riddle's Crusader (by Man o' War) carrying 132 pounds was beaten by Edith Cavel (also sired by Man o' War) who carried only 96 pounds, Mr. Riddle was said to have vowed never again to race his stable at Pimlico. (But he did—and won a $50,000 Preakness with War Admiral.)

So when you lament the "tough luck" of a Seabiscuit or an Exterminator—a Discovery or a Crusader, and you cast dirty looks at the handicapper, just remember that if it weren't for the handicap system, there wouldn't be any $100,000 races—and mighty few $5,000 ones—because the public won't pay to see a "walk-over" and the owners won't let their horses "break their hearts" at the heels of a horse they can't possibly beat.

Most races, therefore, are "fixed"—and it's a good thing they are. There are, however, some races that are not fixed—that do not give any weight advantage to one horse over the others. Some of these are races for 2-year-olds, who are the "babies" of the racing game, and when they first start running there isn't any basis for a handicap; there are races for "maidens"—horses who have never won a race; and there are the big stake races for 3-year-olds like the Preakness and the Kentucky Derby.

In all of such races there is sufficient element of uncertainty to insure exciting and thrilling sport without a handicap. The horses are mostly young—(of age comparable to a school boy athlete at 2 or college athlete at 3) and their form is constantly changing. But by the time they have reached the "professional" or full-grown age of 4 or more, their form has settled down, and without the weight differences provided by the handicaps, racing would be as monotonous as a marathon.

Very occasionally there are special races or match races, such as the Pimlico Specials which brought War Admiral and Seabiscuit together one year, and Kayak II and Challedon the next in non-handicap, weight for age races, where it is purely a case of "may the best horse win." But brilliant as such races are, they do not attract either the crowds or the betting of a big handicap.

Sometimes you hear race fans speak of "breaking a horse's back" with weight. In fact, you often read just that in the columns of sporting writers who should know better. That is ridiculous. A running horse sometimes carries 130 or 132 pounds—even 138 pounds. But that weight doesn't *hurt* him; it merely *slows him down*. The proof of the fact that high weights do not injure a horse is steeplechasing. Here horses run two, three or four miles—over jumps three to five feet high—carrying 150 to 160 pounds. And they keep on running and going strong when they're 14, 15, and even 20 years old! Yet a running horse 8 years old is a rarity at a race track.

So if your favorite horse breaks down; blame it on the hard dirt tracks, blame it on too much racing; blame it on racing horses too early before their bones are fully developed; blame it on too many *short* sprinting races—but don't blame it on the weight-handicapping system which has developed the most *interesting* sport that the people of America enjoy. ##

Do you know that there is just one city here that is fully prepared to cope with anything? Read, next month, *D-Day in Los Angeles*, which could serve as a preparedness blueprint for other American cities

In the Land of Egypt

Continued from page 62

They open not to those of the East.
They open not to those of the North.
They open not to those of the South.
They open not to those who are in the great places of the earth.
The sun beats its heat forever upon thy head and still they open not.

* * *

The master of the ferry explained that the song was not unlike the hymn to the pagan Sun God. It came down from primitive times. "But," he added, "the slaves sing it differently. They corrupt everything they touch."

He spoke with great contempt of the slaves and their half-feminine bard, and also of the little boy who went from one to the other, dipping his long-handled wooden ladle in the river and pouring the water over each head. "So much work is being done in Alexandria," said the barge-master, "so many buildings being constructed and . . . Almost fifty years have passed since the great havoc and destruction caused by Caesar and much of the damage is still being repaired. Yes, there is plenty of work for all. But the price of the slaves!" He threw up his hands. "For a miserable carcass, half-alive, they get twenty pieces of gold. And strong rowers for river work are worth double. Look at them. It's a fortune in flesh you see before you. No wonder we are required to charge more these days than the last time you . . . How long ago was it?"

"It's several years," Ben Shaba replied.

And so the origin of the song of the slaves, his contempt for their race, and the prosperity of Alexandria were all told for one purpose: to give reason for the increased ferry tariff.

When the minstrel had finished his song he drank some fresh water from a jug. He looked out to see how much farther they had to row and began another song which concerned the adventures of a prince and a beautiful damsel. Each episode ended with the refrain:

And she took a bronze needle and a fine string from her maiden harp
And sewed together her lips so that she would never sing again.

In this way Ben Shaba, Joseph, the mother and the child, as well as the eight camels and their drivers reached the opposite bank of the broad, muddy Nile. They were now in the heart of Egypt and the main road approaching Alexandria was crowded with moving traffic. Alexandria was a city of a million souls, the great metropolis of the world, the center of trade, home of medicine, literature, culture, and rival of Rome.

"Keep to your side of the road!" cried the drivers as they passed this little caravan. Rich men in beautiful bronze chariots drawn by Arabian steeds dashed past them. And they in turn passed slow moving carts drawn by yoked oxen. Here also were people and languages of all nations. More Romans and Greeks were in evidence than Egyptians. There were also blacks from Abyssinia dressed in colorful togas, Arabs and Persians with henna-dyed beards. And there were merchants from India and other distant places.

Roman soldiers appeared now and then to police the road and at given intervals there were stone markers to indicate the names of the villages and the distance to Alexandria. These milestones were carved in three languages: Egyptian, Latin and Greek. No Hebrew words were to be seen. And now the little family understood that they were truly in a foreign land and very far from home.

At length, after many days of wearisome traveling, they arrived at the beautiful city of Alexandria. Here their eyes were dazzled by the riches and splendor. Some of the palaces had long terraces with gardens that went down to the very edge of the sea. There were white marble façades of temples of worship, temples of learning, and arenas of sports . . . Here and there along their journey into the heart of the city they saw beaches with bathers dressed in silken robes and they saw children playing with light leather balls which were filled with feathers. In some streets the paving stones were of marble set together in fan-shaped patterns. Everywhere they saw riches and wonders.

And some things also they saw which they could not approve: the scanty dress of the youths of Alexandria; and the very sheer gowns of the maidens—light, airy, and gracefully draped—so transparent that to chaste eyes they seemed shockingly wanton. But here was the Greek spirit of life, a spirit foreign to their nature.

They passed through the crowded, narrow streets of the Jews' quarters, close to the main markets and bazaars, and they turned into a long courtyard where already a dozen camels and several laden asses were stabled.

"This is the home of my brother," said Ben Shaba. "And here our journey ends."

The camels kneeled and all dismounted. Each thanked God in his own words for bringing them safely through so long a journey.

The children in the house were the first to rush forward and kiss their uncle Ben Shaba. Then came his brother and his brother's wife and her father and other relatives.

Large copper wash basins were placed on benches under the vines in the yard and filled with clear water. While the men washed themselves, the mother and her child were brought into the house to rest in the women's quarters.

The clothes they had worn over so long a journey were heavy with sand and dust caught in the folds and meshes of the cloth. And boys with reeds took these garments to a corner of the yard and beat them thoroughly before immersing them in the laundry tubs. The servants were busy running here and there and shouting to the boys to fetch and carry and fan the charcoal in the grates for the feast that was being prepared. And when a feast is prepared in rich Alexandria, it is something very special and unlike anything in the entire world. The waterfowl are stuffed with apples and rice and encrusted with a fine brown millet spiced with rare herbs and oriental peppers. But the waterfowl filled but one platter of the twenty which came to the crowded table.

While the feast was being prepared, Joseph and Mary put the child to sleep in a crib and sat by the balcony window looking down into the busy street. The people seemed so different from those in Judea. There was more bustle and noise. They laughed and shouted and seemed concerned with trivial jests. They wore more gold bands and jewels than the natives of Judea. Even here in the heart of the great Jewish quarter of Alexandria the life seemed vain and pleasure-loving.

"Perhaps we can find a quiet village," said Joseph, "where there would be a small community of friends and I could find work."

The brother of Ben Shaba said that he thought that such a place might be found not far into the country on the shore of Lake Mareotis. Here was an orthodox Jewish community kindred in spirit to those from Palestine.

Ben Shaba came into the room to see if the child was awake. Finding his eyes opened wide, he lifted him from the crib and held him on his lap while his nephews and nieces crowded about.

"This is the kind of chubby boy I would like for my own some day. I never heard him cry once. And see: when he looks at my face he smiles."

The whole family played with the child until the feast was ready. Then they put him to bed.

In the morning the little family was escorted out into the country, to the quiet village on the shore of Lake Mareotis. Here the good Ben Shaba and his brother went to the home of the chief rabbi and after introducing themselves they brought in Joseph and Mary and the child. Before they departed they promised to come soon to visit them.

"May the Lord bless you always," called Joseph after them.

The rabbi was most anxious to hear the news of Palestine and Joseph sat with him at the book table and related all he knew. He told him also of the birth of the child and the star in the sky. And he told him of the visit of the kings from the East and he even unpacked the gifts they had given the child to show to the rabbi.

"And would it be possible me to find work here? I am a penter," he asked.

"Yes. There is work and fo for all."

"Those words please me."

"And how long would you main?"

"As long as necessary. How lo that may be I cannot tell but would you believe me if I told y that an angel came to me in a dream?"

"I would believe."

"It is true. The angel came me and told me to rise up a take the child and his mother a flee to Egypt. And I took up th child and his mother and that ve night we departed because . ."

"Tell me the name of the villa where you were living."

"Bethlehem."

"Heaven be praised! Only ye terday travelers came through wh brought the news that all the i fants in this village were slain b Herod's cruel soldiers."

"Then you believe my words?"

"I do."

"And you believe the ang truly appeared?"

"That also. But only one thin I cannot understand. Why is you child more precious in the eyes God than all the other children?"

Joseph remained silent. Th rabbi pondered over this riddl but could find no answer.

"And how long will you remai with us?" he again said.

"As long as necessary. If th angel came to me to urge me t flee, then he will come to me agai and tell me when it is time to re turn. When I see his face again will know it. And as I believed him then, so will I believe and obey him again."

"It is all very mysterious," said the rabbi.

"To some it well may be. But for me it is simple."

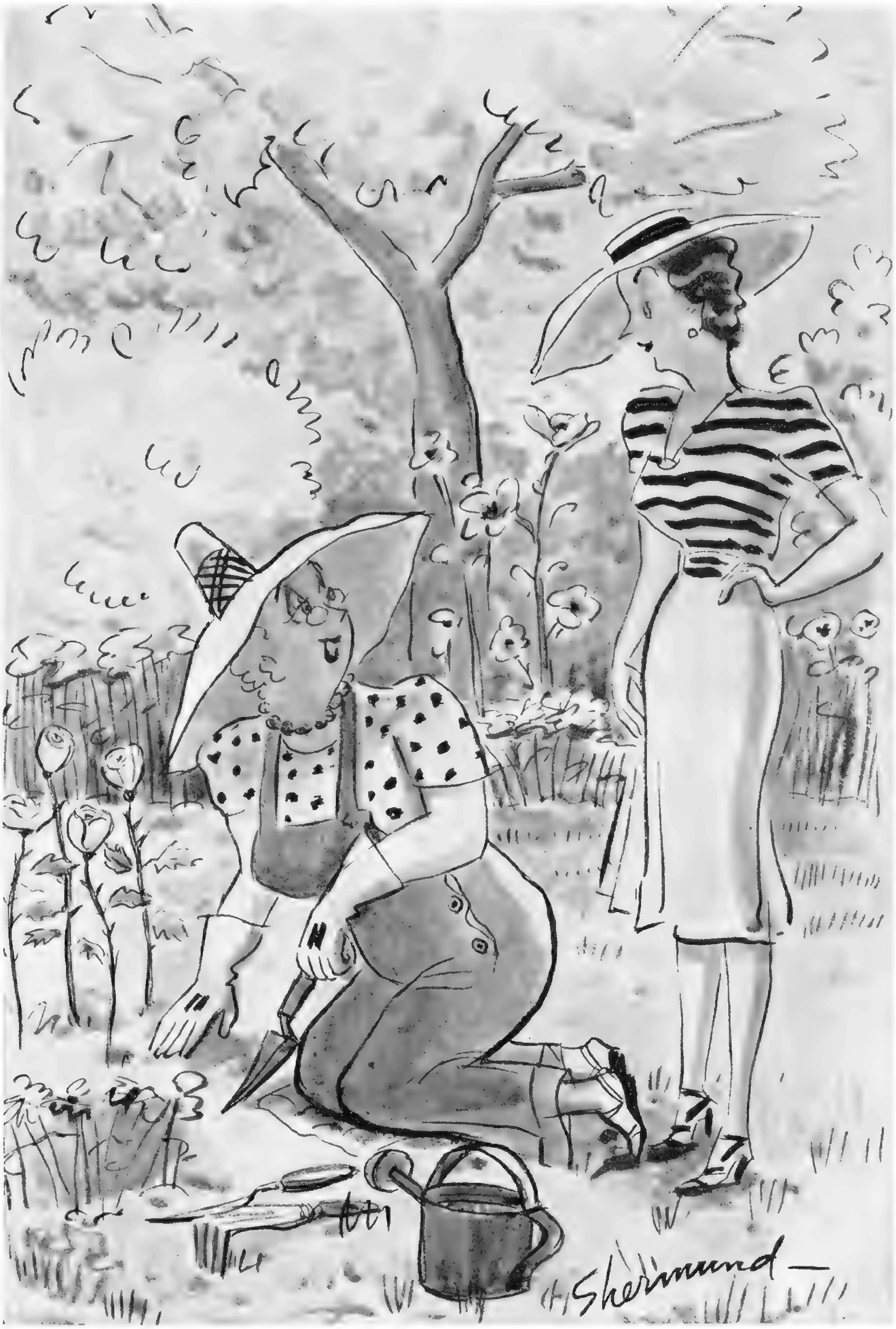
"How is it simple?"

"Very simple indeed. I believe and I have faith."

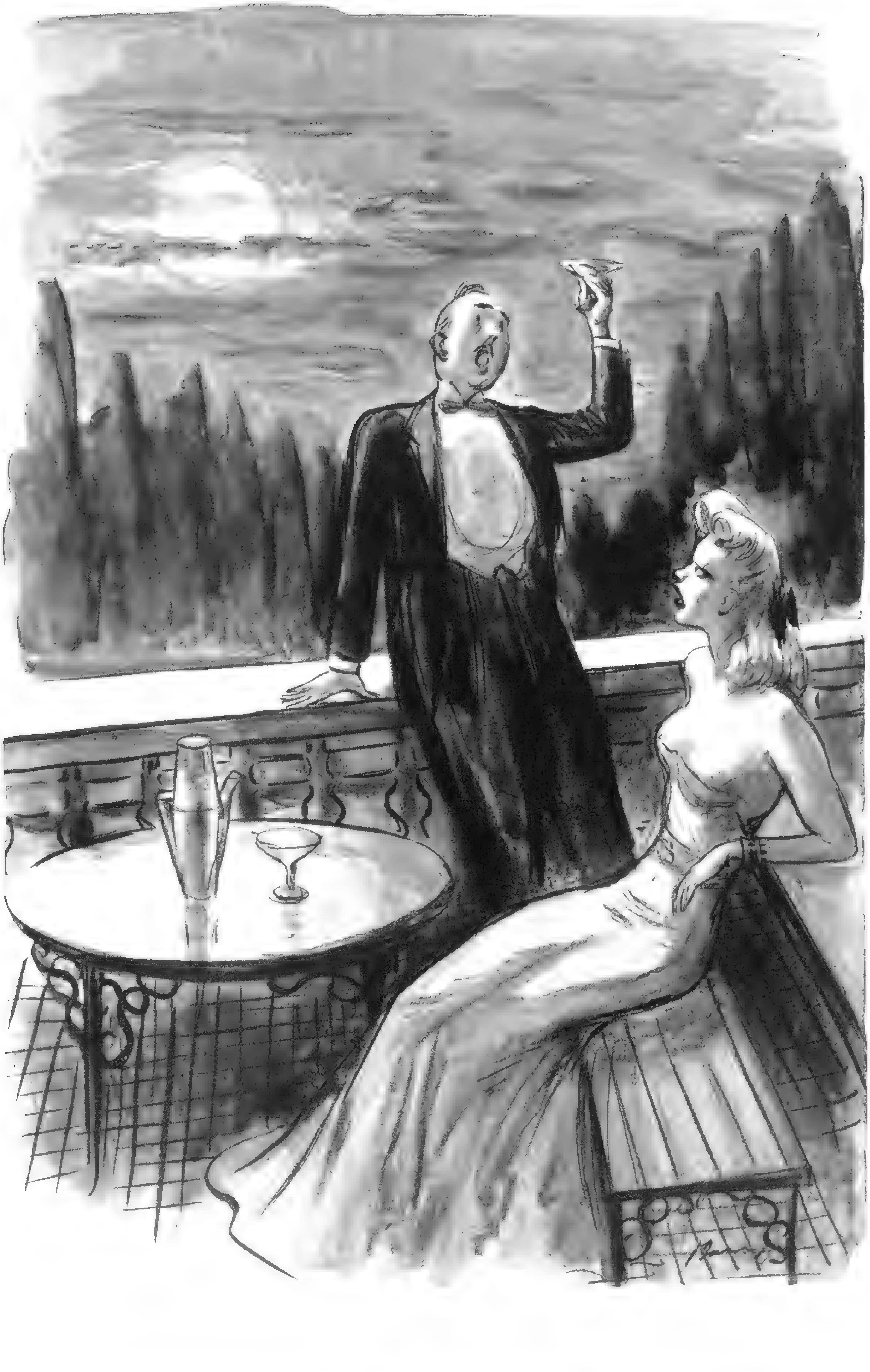
"True, true and well said. For the ways of the Lord are not always clear. But by faith and faith alone can man live and endure all things. Bring the child, that I may bless him. And I will bless you and his mother."

They brought the child and laid him on the great open book which was on the table. The light streaming through the small bits of glass of the window suddenly became stronger and a hundred small little rainbow-like spectrums seemed to brush lightly over the table.

The rabbi paused in his blessing and his eyes looked up to heaven. Then he continued his long prayer in old Hebrew. And while he chanted softly they heard the rowers of a boat on the lake. They were slaves and the chains clanked with each stroke in steady rhythm. And Joseph and Mary seemed to hear them sing the words they heard before: "But the doors in thee stand shut as the granite of the tomb." #



"I really think it's just a slang expression. I've never had ants in mine"



"Seven cocktails and a night like this and you're still talking"

Dub, Dub, Toil and Trouble

Continued from page 50

sands and thousands of players.

None of the evils of golf is latent in the game itself. They are all barnacles fastened upon it by the human deficiencies of the players. Why should it matter so much to a man out for sunlight, fresh air and a good tramp whether he finishes that tramp with a minimum of 75 swinging or jerking or twisting motions of his arms, or 150? Why? Because the instant he thinks he's out of the dub class—and most golfers do—he transforms the game into a challenge, a grim, stripped-for-action struggle.

It never occurs to the golfer to compare his finances with Henry Ford's, and he never loses sleep because he isn't as good-looking as Robert Taylor or as efficient a man with his dukes as Joe Louis. But the instant he curls his fingers around the shaft of a driver or a brassie, he is thinking in terms of the par-busting score of the professional. If *he* did it, why can't I? The answer is baldly obvious, of course—because it's a business with the pro, just as making money is a business with Ford, looking handsome is a business with Taylor, battering intrepid fellow men into bloody submission is a business with Louis. But you can't tell the average golfer that. No, sir, he's going to beat this game yet. No little white pill the size of your eyeball is going to make a monkey out of him!

And the more grimly determined he becomes the less relaxed he becomes, and a worse monkey than ever he makes of himself. And he goes home, quivering with fury, not a hearty and confident male any more but a bruised adolescent whom the whole world's against. The only ones he can take it out on are his family, and it's a safe bet he usually does, if not physically, then certainly emotionally.

The first week I ever played golf after officially adopting the game I was bracketed in a handicap tournament with a player who was worse than I was. He was an amoeba of a guy, weighing perhaps 115 pounds, playing with wooden-shafted clubs of ancient vintage and already half-licked by an inferiority complex that he carried permanently around with him as a chip on his shoulder. He had posted a score of 76 in the locker room preceding the tournament, and the dazed committee was wondering who the new white hope was until they discovered that the 76 was a nine-hole score—not an 18. Then they relaxed and bracketed him with me in a match of the club's two most abysmal dubs.

We were that, beyond a doubt. Unfortunately the guy worked in the office with me, so the match took on the proportions of the battle of the century with half the office force trooping along as a smirking gallery. So confident was I that I had graduated from the dub class (in a week, mind you!) and could lick my insignificant opponent that secretly I bribed a movie camera fiend in the office to trail us around, recording the great event for posterity. I knew that once the film addict showed up on the links my foe wouldn't have the nerve to tell him to scram, afraid that would brand him a bum sport—and your golfer would rather be called every fighting word in the Anglo-Saxon lexicon of insults than a bum sport.

I've been trying to buy those films back. We plowed up that course like Jeeter Lester taking a short-cut home through the swamp after a spree. We must have trampled down enough of the rough, looking for our balls on every hole, to have reduced the unit score of the rest of the club by at least five strokes.

On the thirteenth hole, as we were neck-and-neck, he landed a screaming 75-yard drive plop into the woods. My drive wobbled on a fairly straight line every bit as far as 100 yards. Then I, with the caddies and the gallery and the cameraman, went in to help him find his ball. I was feeling most complacent. His ball lay at the base of a tree. He took one agonized look and, white with fury, swung a number four iron as hard as he could smack across the trunk of the tree. The club snapped in two like a toothpick.

"Just knocking a little mud off my club," he explained.

Nobody said a word.

He closed me out on the fifteenth hole, and as I shook hands with him as the camera whirred—no, sir, I couldn't be a bum sport; not I!—I was nearer the act of homicide than I have ever been in my life. I could have flailed him to a pulp with my brassie and shouted with sadistic glee to see him sink down on the turf. He's still alive, however, and I have beaten him ever since. But I'll never forgive him for that match, and I'll never be allowed to forget it. He can lose complacently to me the rest of his life, for each time all he will have to do is to remind me of his great tournament victory. Then I'll creep away, literally sick inside the soul of me, my triumph turned to ashes.

The golfers who couldn't play unless they had taken on a few drinks were always enigmas to me. I was never one loath to tarry at the 19th hole, but while I was playing golf I wanted to play golf—or at least try to. But some of the best I've ever played with carried a bottle in their bags and at every third or fourth hole they would pause and refresh themselves until, near the end of the match, just their breaths were enough to blast the ball out of a sandtrap.

One of the best was the same fellow who had first betrayed me into the game via a jug and his vocal blandishments on what I was missing by not playing. Invariably he had to suffer a certain routine before other golfers at the club would take him on. A routine which was something like this:

A prospective foe would circle him warily as they chewed the fat at the first tee, preliminary to getting started, sniffing like a pointer. If prospective foe whiffed the odor of whiskey then all even bets were off; he would bet, and then with great reluctance, only if odds were given by the drinker. If he smelled no liquor breath then he'd take the fellow on with all bets even. And the guy was just that good—half-tight he played the course four to eight strokes better than when he played cold sober. He always claimed a few drinks relaxed him and made his opponents more taut by comparison. Maybe so. It never worked with me, I am certain; what there was of my game never failed to blow up in my face if I tackled a match with even two drinks under my belt.

Most pitiable to me were the would-be big shots who joined the club and desperately put in an appearance now and then on the links because in their microscopic minds they thought it gave them prestige, a false prestige which they could not afford to pay for and knew it. And always their pose was a painfully transparent one. Golfing males as a class may not be distinguished for their intuitiveness and penetrating knowledge of human nature; nevertheless they knew—and expressed that knowledge with a shrug—just who the phonies were.

They always hated to get trapped in games with them, not because of snobbishness on their own part, but because they knew the phonies couldn't afford to lose the sums they always insisted on wagering. Those fellows' foes preferred not to take the money they won—for most of the climbers played execrable golf, had no understanding of the game or of its ethics and unwritten code and really hated it deep down within, and so they always lost. But what the devil!—if the winners didn't take the dough they would make mortal enemies of the losers by impugning their inability to pay. So rather than do that they stolidly pocketed money that they knew was making the loser sweat with worry and anguish inside.

I played quite a bit with one of these specimens early one summer. It happened that he and I nearly always reached the course earlier than the regular invaders, our jobs allowing us to take off an hour or two earlier than most of the swarm; so we would get in nine holes as a rule before the mob scene began. I thought he was a nice fellow and enjoyed playing with him at first, though his game was even more appalling than mine. He seemed to have plenty of money, had new clubs, new togs, tipped the caddies liberally; and when he paid off his bets he never winced openly.

When I caught him subtracting strokes on me once I thought it was a mistake and overlooked it. The next time I called it—gently—to his attention. He was profusely apologetic. The third time it happened I made a mental resolution to dodge him in the future, especially since another member of the club, in his cups one night, told me he was off him and why.

I didn't have to dodge long. In less than a month the fellow had suddenly resigned his job, and with his wife had moved back home to his parents. Inevitably it came out—it always does in a town that small. His accounts were some $500 short, and if his mother had not made up the shortage he would have been practicing his putting stance before a rockpile with a sledge-hammer.

Please don't misunderstand me—I'm not holding up that poor devil as a victim of golf. If anything he was a victim of the golfing psychology, that artificial and malignant parasitic growth on the game which so very often destroys the glow and serenity of the pastime and makes of it a deadly trap for weak human flesh. Golf to him wasn't a recreation or a healthy physical and mental challenge; it was something to be exploited, desperately and at tragic cost, to prove he was as big a shot as the next man. Golf didn't twist and pervert him, but he certainly, in his shallowness of soul, twisted and perverted golf. And whatever there is weak or shallow or superficial or snide in a man, golf will most assuredly bring it out, with harsh and unerring clarity.

I haven't boycotted golf. I play it now and then, but its zing and snap and mellow seducement have waned to the vanishing point as far as I am concerned. I can stand only so much of nervous tension, drawn faces, financial over-splurging, four-letter words hurled at caddies. Maybe I'm a Pollyanna but I never did like to see human beings unmasked. Sudden grim flashes of naked reality about people I like, disconcert and disillusion me. And golf is the greatest mask-snatcher I've ever encountered.

I try to think of the soul-cleansing satisfaction of that *cr-a-a-ck* when a driver's head meets a golf ball in a perfect mating, of the pure ecstasy of sinking a putt from off the green, of the relaxation of pleasantly tired muscles and a pleasantly tired mind when there has been no gambling, and when no brutally nude moment of the inner man has marred things. I like to think of the coursing of ice-cold beer down a parched throat, a needle shower sloughing caked sweat off of a hot, moist body, the precious treasure of a 79 card after weeks of playing in the 90's.

But somehow—maybe it's realism, maybe it's cynicism—I can't seem to dwell on these sweet memories of golf anymore. My mind insists churlishly on recalling the evil as well as the good, and there doesn't seem to be anything I can do about it, although I continue to envy those who do do something about it. And I continue to say: More power to you. ###

Two Heroines Unsung

Continued from page 47

completely silent about us.

"We're soldiers," we said. "We're going to France tomorrow."

The girls looked skeptically at out street clothes. "Blague," they said. That's Bronx.

"We are going to France. To die for you. A kiss," we said. But we were ahead of our time.

* * *

The A.E.F.'s vanguard sailed next morning from Hoboken. It was Saturday: May 19, 1917. It was a bleak day. As we climbed the gangplank, we could see a small group of young women leaning on the ship's rail.

They were the nurses. Like us, they were newcomers in a strange army life. On transatlantic sailings, women often hold flowers in their arms. These didn't. The pier was empty. No one stood by waving farewell to them.

We pulled out, in secrecy, aboard the liner *Mongolia*. It was the first armed, U.S.-leased steamship to fire on a U-boat. . . . For a moment, on deck, we saw something to wipe the high-jinks from our eyes: There were three sinister 6-inch guns—two mounted forward, and one aft. Hovering over the cannon, cleaning rags in hand, was a U. S. Navy crew. An excitable trigger-fingered bunch, as well we learned.

But sliding down New York Bay was thrilling for us, a war frolic.

Already we saw ourselves as in heroic movies . . . as in a grim potato race, say. One jumped out of a trench, sprinted out there into No Man's Land, grabbed a poor wounded wretch; then tossing him over one's shoulder, running back to safety under fire; then out again into the din for another man; then ducking back with him . . . out and back . . . a human potato race.

The *Mongolia* was a passenger liner. Even buck privates shared cabins. None of those floor-to-roof canvas perches dealt the A.E.F. millions that followed us. . . . There was a bar, and dancing. We bucks cut in, took the nurses away from the officers, and danced.

At sea, somebody broke out the equipment—thoughtfully supplied by the U.S. Army. . . . An Iowa boy yelped, "Gosh, is this here France in the tropics?" We hauled out great piles of mosquito nets. Quinine for jungle malaria. And broad, shiny bolo knives—war *material* for hacking brush in pursuit of Aguinaldo's insurrectos!

(Later on, the German High Command, horrified, protested that we U. S. Medical corpsmen carried the bolo knives on hip ever ready to behead their wounded Heinies. And our blades were taken away.

The Philippines-in-France stuff was our first hint of Washington bureaucracy, which had had three years, feet on desk, to read the papers about fashions in Flanders. And who remembers now that not one American-made plane or artillery piece ever reached the front?

And suddenly next day, aboard the *Mongolia* 50 miles east of Nantucket lightship, we collided with that bureaucracy head on.

* * *

Sunday, May 20.

After dinner. We went up on deck. We lighted cigarettes. The lazy May sea and the salt air overjoyed us Midwesterners.

The ship was alone. It was before the days of convoys.

The Navy crew itched to try their three guns. Their officer, Lieut. Phillip Seymour, U.S.N., went up to the bridge. He talked to Capt. Emery Rice. The *Mongolia's* skipper said he would have empty barrels thrown overboard.

"Rather small for submarines," he said, apologetically.

"They'll do nicely," Seymour said.

Word got around about the target practice. Topside, the gunners were busy. Up on the port side of the boat deck, in steamer chairs, I could see about twenty nurses and as many officers. On the deck below, lounging at the rail, were groups of enlisted men. It was 2 P.M. Astern, barrels floated in the water. The ship began to circle.

The port gun fired.

You could hear the nurses squealing and laughing.

"Did it hit?"

"I couldn't see—"

The 6-inch caliber gun boomed again. Then the stern gun was trained 'round to the port quarter on the target, which was rapidly floating away. The stern gun blasted. The gunners were showing a lot of boyish zeal, but the target was too far astern now.

After a deafened moment Miss Emma Matzen, of Columbus, Nebraska, one of the nurses on the boat deck, leaned over to Dr. Milton Mandel.

. "Doctor," she said, "something's happened."

"Where?" he said.

"Those girls—aren't they hurt?"

He turned and saw Miss Wood. She was sliding awkwardly from her deck chair. Beside her, Mrs. Ayres already sprawled on the deck. Mandel rushed toward them. Others hurried up. They saw that Miss Wood had a frightful bruise in the head. Mrs. Ayres had a wound over the heart. Then a nurse, aghast, turned to Miss Matzen.

"Why, Emma," she cried, "you are bleeding too."

Miss Matzen said weakly, "Am I?" They gave her treatment—she was the first of many thousands the unit succored in those two horrible years that followed. But they could not help the other two. The women were dead.

A girl, two years out of school, began to cry.

"It's so awful," she said. "Now Helen Wood's the third to go in her family. She told me on the train how her two brothers enlisted from Scotland in 1914—in August, I think. They were killed in France. And now Helen—"

* * *

But what happened?

Nobody knew.

Someone talked about German sabotage. The Navy gunners were puzzled, grimly untalkative. Could our own gun have killed them? Impossible! The gun had been fired out to sea. And yet—two women dead, one hurt.

The ship turned and headed back to New York. Next day, May 21, as the *Mongolia*, flag at half-mast, was entering the harbor, Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels gave the U. S. press a statement:

". . . When about 100 miles at sea (the Secretary said) in accordance with the usual practice, guns were fired, to test the mounts and ammunition and to practice the Navy crew in their use. The guns were 6-inch caliber, for which shell and powder are loaded separately into the gun. The powder charge is contained in a brass case, and there held in place by a pasteboard wad, distance pieces, and a brass mouth cup that fits closely, thus making a moisture-tight joint, in order that the powder may always give the velocity and pressure intended.

"When the gun is fired, this brass cup is propelled some distance—sometimes whole and sometimes in pieces, but always in front of the gun . . .

"Several nurses who were watching the firing were sitting on the promenade deck, some 175 feet abaft and 10 feet above the gun. On the third shot, the brass mouth of the cup struck the water peculiarly, boomeranged directly back to the ship, struck a stanchion near where the nurses were sitting, and broke. Its pieces killed Mrs. Ayres and Miss Wood.

"This method of firing has been used by Navy for fifteen years. Such an accident as this . . . not been even considered by ordnance experts . . ."

* * *

Miss Matzen was rushed to the New York Navy Yard Hospital; and we turned, sailed again for Europe. What made shell cups ricochet off the waves and strike death among the passengers? Newspaper reporters in Washington and New York, defying the censorship, let a sensation out of the bag:

"LINER EXPLOSIONS DUE TO OLD SHELLS . . . *Accidents caused by projectiles made during Spanish war!*"

This was 1917, remember. Go back to 1898, to the Spanish-American War. Go back before even that Caribbean farce. Theodore Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, was creating a furor. He disclosed that the tradition-crusted admirals were compelling the Navy to use old-fashioned brown powder, which, fired, made a big tell-tale cloud of smoke for any enemy to see. T. R. demanded that Congress appropriate funds for smokeless powder.

Now move your eye up abo twenty years. 1917. The A.E.F.' first casualties, two young nurse lie dead. The papers reveal:

It was one of those old "thin-wall" Spanish war shells—with over-rip 1898 powder—that killed our nurse 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917 slid by . . . "And when the Navy suddenly was called upon to furnish guns and ammunition for liners, the ammunition was taken from stores that had been put up as far back as '98."

Thus other mysteries cleared up.

The American liner *St. Louis*, en route to Liverpool, in March, 1917, fired forty-five service shells at icebergs. But shells burst prematurely—some inside the bore of the guns, others before striking the targets. Again, shells from the sister ship *St. Paul* exploded prematurely. The newspapers had the facts, but held off until after our *Mongolia* tragedy. And the Washington officials, vastly annoyed no doubt, phoned up for some fresh shot and shell. America, unprepared, was about to send 4,057,101 of its youth to Armageddon.

* * *

Meanwhile, our ship was steaming ahead on the lonely Atlantic. The gun crew, kids like ourselves, shared our grief, but justified the target practice. After all, they said, hadn't they sighted a U-boat at 5:30 A.M., April 19, on the preceding voyage? And hadn't they sunk it? (Not exactly. On May 14 the Secret Service disclosed that the U-boat had not been sunk, though the *Mongolia's* shells had damaged the conning tower and killed the commander.)

A gunner, leaning against the deck house door aft, said to some of us: "Next day, though, we had a laugh. Somebody says he sees another sub a mile away on the starboard beam. We can see hundreds of seagulls flying over it. The boys get ready to fire, when the officer up on the bridge yells: 'Don't shoot. It's a dead horse.'"

Then, on the last day before reaching England, we had our own submarine scare. Some claimed they saw the torpedo swishing white. I certainly didn't. The quartermaster swung the wheel.

"Boat stations!"

We rushed on decks with life belts and cameras. The happy gunners fired round after round. . . . Amid excitement we saw a small dark craft; it was approaching fast off to our right. The starboard gun crew, forward, trained the gun—but Captain Rice was bellowing, profanely.

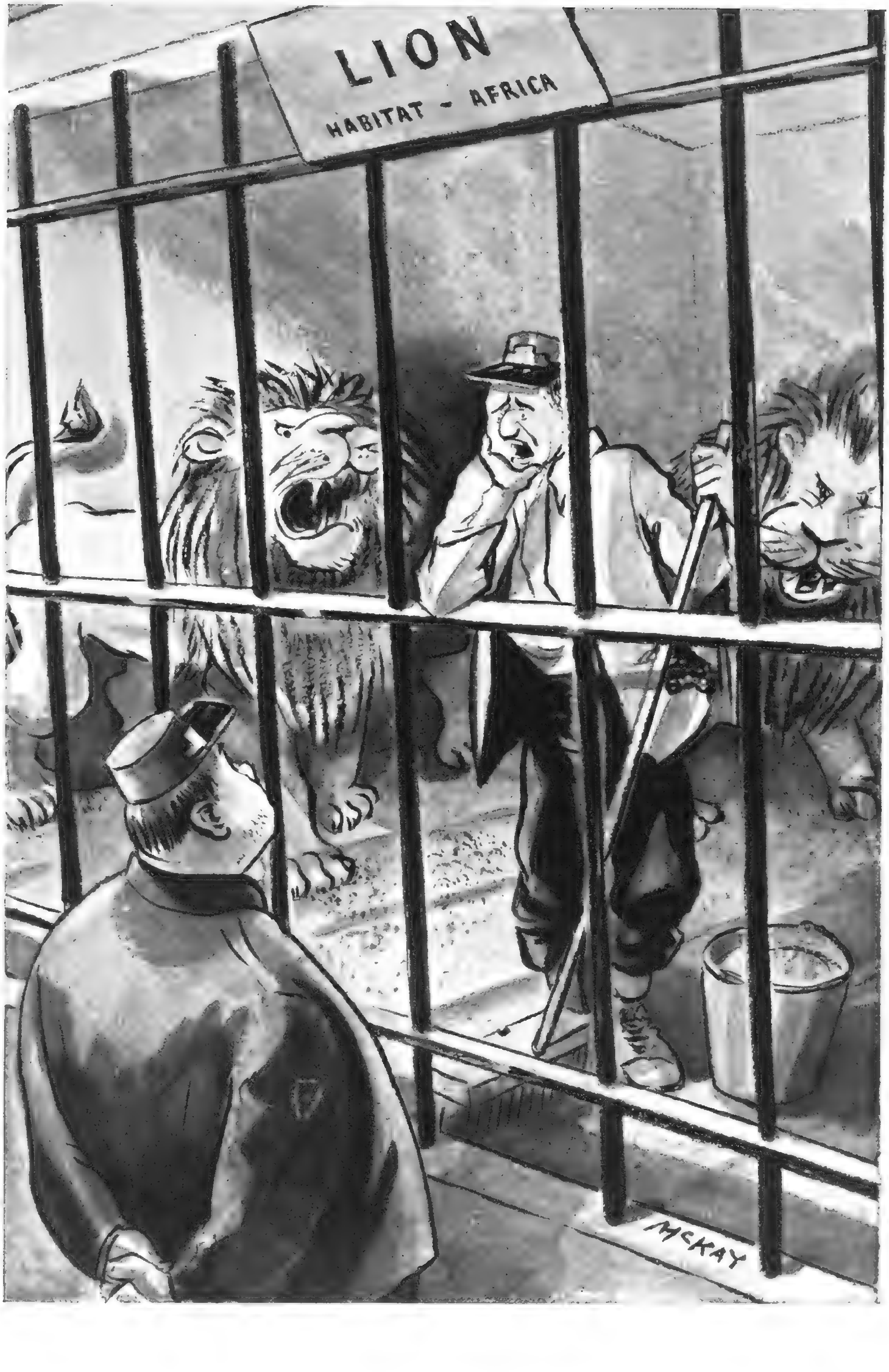
"Don't shoot—"

"Why not? It's another sub."

"Blighters! It's a British destroyer."

And like a rat terrier the little destroyer raced forward, circling us, bounding in search; now hidden in the great seas, then emerging in spray, tirelessly.

Already seasoned under fire, too soon matured, and with the contingent's papers short three names, we went forward to our race. ##


LION
HABITAT - AFRICA
MCKAY

"I'm scared to death to go home tonight—my wife's sore at me!"

Downfall of a Revolutionary

Continued from page 27

no match for actual rats, and even the more active sort of mice had the edge on them. To equalize the odds, Hoggie would catch infant rats in a trap, pull their teeth with a pair of pliers, and then throw them into a barrel with a couple of his pupils. As the latter gained in strength and technique, he would test them with rats of gradually larger growth, retaining at first one tooth each, and then two, and then four or five, and finally a whole set, upper and lower. Now and then a freshman was badly mauled in these exercises, but Hoggie did not despair, for he knew that any sort of educational process was bound to be painful, and he preferred the hard way for dogs as for men. His graduates were all recognized virtuosi. One day he let me go along as he took one to a hay-and-feed warehouse for a final examination. The candidate was only a spindly black-and-tan, but within three minutes by the watch he had unearthed, run down, and killed a whole bucket of rats, some of them of the fearsome sewer variety, with fangs two inches long.

Hoggie admired dogs, and was admired by them in turn, though his medicating of them ran to heroic measures. His usual prescription for the common run of canine malaise was the better part of half a pound of Glauber's salts. The colored quacks who practiced a Dahomeyan farriery in Reveille's livery stable down the street hesitated to give so large a dose to anything short of a cart horse, but Hoggie believed that it was foolish to temporize with disease, and proved it by curing most of his patients. He was also adept at surgery, and could point to at least a dozen dogs that he had treated successfully for broken bones.

He sutured the lacerations that followed dog-fights with the thick, black thread used by shoemakers, and always waxed it carefully before setting to work. He was, I believe, the first canine dentist ever in practice in Baltimore; to this day, in fact, they are rare. He pulled the damaged teeth of his patients with the same pair of pliers that he employed to prepare rats for his academy, and sometimes he had to pull very hard.

I heard him say once that most dogs, like most human beings, were born with too many teeth, and that getting rid of half a dozen or so toned up their systems and improved their dispositions.

No one that I ever heard of approached him in the delicate art of trimming puppies' tails. His technique was of the whirlwind variety: the tail was off before the puppy had a chance to be alarmed. In my earliest days he had a formidable rival in old Julius, an Aframerican *mohel* with headquarters in Reveille's stable, but as the years passed he gobbled all of Julius' practice, and in the end his mastery was admitted by everyone.

In that era the different breeds of dogs in vogue nearly all wore their tails clipped, so Hoggie was kept busy. I have seen him knock off six or eight of an afternoon, with the whole Hollins-Street gang for a gallery. Our own dogs, from the early eighties onward to the middle nineties, all passed through his hands, and every one of them was friendly to him afterward, and wagged its stump whenever it encountered him. He also treated dogs when they took to nibbling grass in the yard or showed other signs of indisposition—always with a massive dose of Glauber's salts as a starter. He had plenty of other medicines, and used them freely on occasion, but he depended mainly on Glauber's salts, just as Dr. Wiley, our family doctor, depended on castor oil.

Hoggie's incurable boyishness was shown by the fact that, for all his fondness for horses and dogs, he hated cats with a blind and implacable hatred, and spent a great deal of his time tracking them down and executing them. There was a time, indeed, when his chronic war upon them aroused some ill-will in the neighborhood—but not, of course, among the boys.

What was done about it I forget, but for a while he locked himself in his stable, and refused to have any truck with human society. Even the cops were given to understand that their room was preferred to their company. But then a stray cat scratched a baby down the block, and under cover of the ensuing uproar Hoggie emerged from his solitude, and resumed his crusade. I well recall the day when, as a gesture of triumph, he threw eight dead cats into the alley in one lot, and got into a row with the street cleaner who had to haul them away.

The street cleaner, it appeared, held that a person engaged in such wholesale slaughters should dispose of his own dead, and not dump them on public officials. He cited the example of the hotels which carted off their own garbage, and that of the candy factory down the alley which kept a wagon to handle its own boiler ashes, but Hoggie refused to allow any weight to the argument. So far as he was concerned, he said, the cats could lie in the alley until the Judgment Day, along with the rats that he heaved out almost daily—the melancholy refuse of his college for puppies. The street cleaner muttered a while longer and threatened several times to submit the whole matter to the jurisprudence of Murphy the cop, but in the end he loaded the cats upon his cart, and during the weeks that followed he loaded many others.

Until a fresh generation of kittens worked its way in from Hollins market, the Union Square neighborhood was almost as bare of *Felidae* as Greenland. A few, of course, survived in houses, but they were kept as closely penned as canary birds.

The boys of the Hollins-Street gang believed, like well-educated American boys everywhere else, that cats had nine lives, but Hoggie dissented. He admitted freely that no cat within his experience ever had so little as one life, but he insisted that his researches indicated that five was the limit. Indeed, it was only battle-scarred old Toms who went even that far: the average free-lance cat, depleted by its wandering, precarious life, was disposed of finally after being killed three or four times.

One day the alley metaphysician, Old Wesley, undertook to point out a possible statistical fallacy in this doctrine. What evidence was there, he demanded, that the Toms which Hoggie killed five times had not been killed four times before by other executioners, thus making up the classical nine? This argument, rather to the astonishment of his listening admirers, floored Hoggie completely. The louder he howled against it, the more he became confused and out of temper, and in the end he was reduced to the sorry expedient of denouncing Wesley as a sassy nigger, and threatening to set the medical students on him. His failure in the debate, and above all his resort to what amounted to forensic blackmail, lowered his stock with the boys of Hollins Street, but not for long. In a little while he recovered face gloriously by staging, in the privacy of his stable, a dog-fight that went down into history as the most thrilling ever seen in West Baltimore.

Despite his unhappy encounter with Old Wesley, he was commonly on good terms with the colored people who lived in the alley, and exercised a general jurisdiction over them, milder and more understanding than that of the cops. They had a high respect for him, and went to him in their troubles, though in his practice as dog-doctor and cat-and-rat exterminator he was uncomfortably close to a medical student. He did not hold himself out as skilled at human medicine, but the bottles he kept for dosing dogs were at the disposal of any blackamoor who wanted to try them, and many professed to be benefited. In particular, the liniment he used on dogs run over by carts was said to be very efficacious against rheumatoid afflictions in *Anthropoidea*.

Once he scared off all his Aframerican patients by stuffing a dead cat with oats, and using black shoe-buttons for its eyes. This gruesome object, while it remained on exhibition, kept all the colored people out of his stable, though we white boys thought it was very nobby. It didn't last long, for the huge, ferocious rats of Hollins market quickly heard of it, and one night they rushed the stable and devoured it, eyes and all. All that remained of it the next morning was a carriage-bolt that Hoggie had employed to counteract the flaccidity of the oats.

His downfall I can place with reasonable accuracy in the year 1890, when I was ten years old and he must have been about twenty-two or three. One afternoon in summer, on my way to Reveille's livery stable to visit my father's horse, John, who was laid up with epizoötic, I encountered Hoggie at the corner of Baltimore street in such vestments that I stopped dead in my tracks, and gaped at him as if he had been a cop in motley or a two-headed boy.

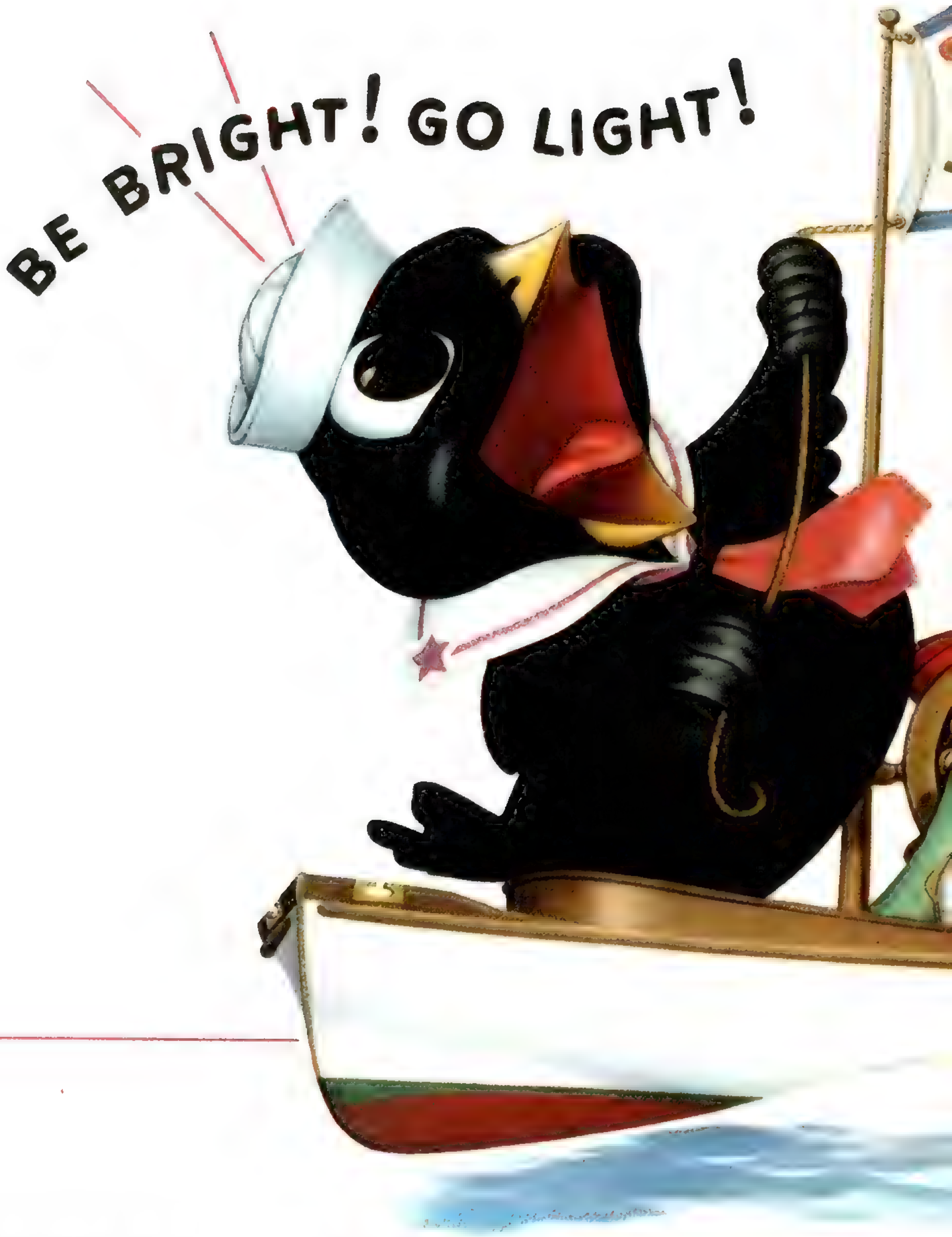
He had on a brand-new suit of store clothes, golden brown in color, and wore a pair of the immense yellow shoes then in fashion—as wide, almost, as a street-car at the ball of the foot, but stretched out to a long point at the toe. On his head was a cart-wheel straw hat with a brim at least six inches deep, and a gorgeous red-and-white ribbon. His collar, which was of fresh *celluloid*, rose above a boiled shirt that gleamed like snow on the Alps, and around it he wore a bright green four-in-hand tie, with the ends tucked over to expose a stud that glittered like a diamond, but was no doubt something else. He was shaved so closely that his neck and chin were criss-crossed with red gashes, and the rest of his face was a brilliant vermilion. Finally, and most amazing of all, his hair—at least such of it as I could see below his hat—was cropped to its roots according to the best technique of Barber Lehnert. As I passed him, I caught a gust of Jockey Club scent, familiar to me as the special favorite of our current hired girl.

I was so astounded that I passed him without greeting him, staring idiotically. He paid no attention to me, but stalked along painfully, like a man in a barrel. I spread the news all over the neighborhood, and Hoggie's secret quickly leaked out.

He had succumbed at last, after all his years of amiable outlawry, to one of the most conventional of human weaknesses: he had fallen in love. Some inconsiderable slip of a girl, name unknown, had collared him, tamed him, and made of him the dreadful poppinjay that I had seen. The rest of the pathetic story follows classical lines, and is soon told. Hoggie disappeared from his stable, and was reported to be occupying a bedroom in the Unglebower family home, and actually eating at table. In a little while he vanished altogether, and reports came in that he was married to the lady, living in far Northwest Baltimore, and at work as a horse-car driver. That was the last I ever heard of him. ⧺

ROSALIND RUSSELL

Hurrell Photograph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SCHENLEY Black Label, 65% grain neutral spirits. SCHENLEY Red Label, 72½ grain neutral spirits. Both Blended Whiskey and 90 Proof. Copyright 1940, Schenley Distillers Corp

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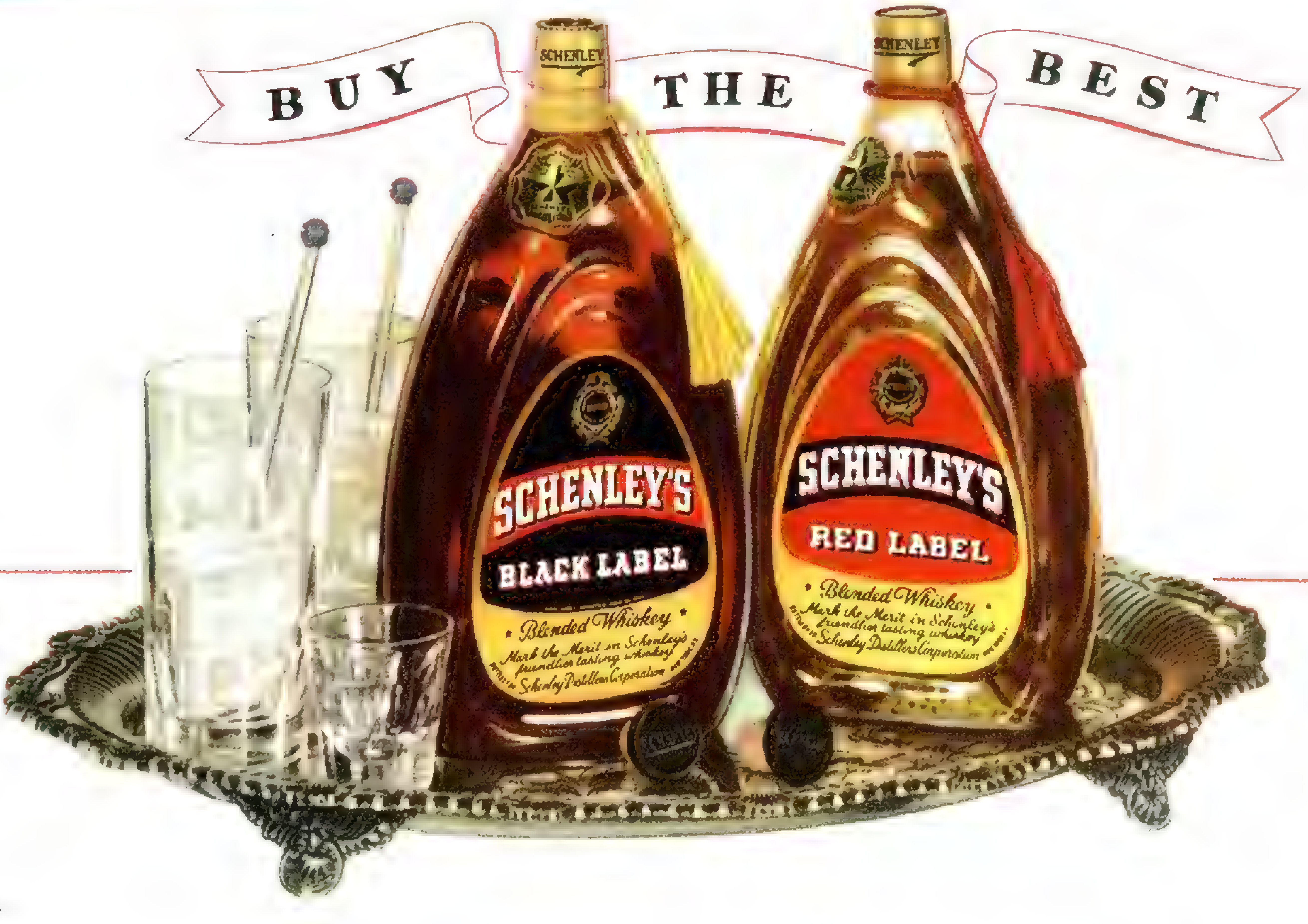
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ES

poration, New York City.

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 96

ability of these containers, it is worth mention that one has only to put in cereal and pour boiling water over it in the evening, and the porridge may be eaten the next morning, just like in an old-fashioned fireless cooker. Mr. Lincoln, an executive of the Thermos Bottle Company, assures me that the porridge is delicious, but I have not tasted it.

Steak, chicken and other such food is put in the 828 Food Jar, which sells for sixteen dollars to the airplane companies. The Thermos Company has no contract with the airlines, but just the same, they work in close collaboration with them, and they constantly develop new ideas together. The Thermos people talk with the chefs and the stewards and stewardesses, ask data, and converse in general on food and containers. In the spring and summer the meals increase, although people nowadays more or less disregard the weather in air travel; the traffic today seems to be pretty uniform at all seasons.

The quality of the meals seems to be uniform, too. But on long flights, there is more food, and variation. On the New York to Boston run, a light breakfast is served early, consisting of orange juice or grapefruit, hot sweet breakfast rolls, butter, jelly, and coffee, tea or chocolate. People flying to California are fortified with scrambled eggs and link sausages in addition to the light Boston breakfast.

However, there is another reason why the meals in a plane must be uniform; the companies' experts try to make up generally-liked menus. It might be useless to serve fish chowder to a Texan, who would probably not relish this dish as a New Englander would. I asked several officials of airliners if requests for special foods telephoned to their offices by a passenger before starting time would be honored. For instance what would they do if Tommy Manville and six blondes were going to fly to the coast, and wanted to eat broiled lobster above the State of Illinois? Of if Clark Gable had a yearning for Ragout Sardanapale in the air? The officials told me that these requests might be granted, though quite reluctantly, by their companies. On the other hand, they accommodate people who are on a diet, and put aboard the plane any kind of food they ask for. They do meet religious requirements; there is always fish on Fridays for Catholics, and if someone requests it, there is kosher food, too, to be had.

A great deal of chicken is eaten in the air; most people like it, and it keeps a long time. It is used in various ways: à la King, roasted, fricassee and in pot pie form. Lamb chops are often served, too, and so are veal and steaks. Foods with too much starch in them are tabu; they give headaches. Soup, fruit juice, celery, relishes, olives, vegetables, fruit, dessert, make up the rest of the meal; if someone doesn't like any of these, there is always the Buffet Snack Kit—the Room Service of the airliner. This kit contains all sorts of sandwiches, cookies, crackers, cheese (not the smelly kind), fruit, chocolate, and tea, even chewing gum and cough drops. (In addition to the Buffet Snack Kit a Baby Kit is carried on all long flights, with a full line of strained, canned vegetables, baby cereal, zwieback, sterilized bowl and spoon, didie wrapped in cellophane—and a doll, all approved by the American Medical Association.) There are many people in the United States who are not used to heavy, full-course lunches, and prefer a sandwich instead. They are not likely to refuse the lunch on account of a disagreeable taste; although the saga of the cranks of the air is getting richer every day. Airplane food, since the high altitude and fast travel deteriorates it quickly, must be superlatively good. Monsieur Marcel Boyer, for example, was pastry chef at the World's Fair exclusive French restaurant; today M. Boyer makes cakes at La Guardia. Mlle. Ida Balocco, a pretty Marseillaise, is head salad-girl, bossing four others in the same kitchen, and is one of the most important members of her profession in America: a few months ago she won two cups, first prizes for making salads, at the Hotel Exhibition in New York. Consequently two helpings of salad per person are carried in the planes.

In the fourteen-passenger Douglas sleepers flying to California, the serving pantry is at the front. You have to walk through both the long compartment, accommodating twelve, and another smaller room—a private two-passenger compartment, often referred to as the honeymoon cabin. The serving pantry is between this two-passenger cabin and the captain's engine room. The aluminum alloy pantry is to the left as you face the motors; every inch of space is skillfully used. The pantry looks rather like a ship's galley, but except during flights, there are many empty spaces: the rest of the galley comes aboard at the last minute before the take-off. Every food-filled Dural box to come, every giant Thermos container, has its allotted place. The containers for china, silver, napkins, cigarettes, etc., fit in the galley, and when the space is all filled and accounted for, the little cubby-hole is a veritable miracle of efficiency. The stewardess has over three hundred pieces of equipment to handle, all within easy reach.

If the fourteen-passenger sleeper is filled to capacity flying out to the Coast, it really carries seventeen persons—two pilots and a stewardess in addition to the fourteen passengers. However, there are only sixteen meals put aboard. The one person who does not eat in the plane is the stewardess. This Spartan measure is not imposed by the companies on the pretty girls; they themselves voted against full-course meals, which require leisure to appreciate. The stewardesses have no time to sit down to eat; their responsibilities are constant from beginning to end of the trip. They carry a Hershey bar in case of hunger, but this gives ground for the suspicion that they really carry the chocolate because even in the air they cannot forget their feminine sweet tooth. Hunger is not the question: the stewardesses get an allowance in place of the meals, and presumably eat heartily before and after duty. The allowance is fifty cents for breakfast, seventy-five cents for lunch, and one dollar for dinner.

As Emily Post says in her latest revised book on etiquette, thus confirming established custom, airline stewardesses are not to be tipped.

There is no liquor served on airliners (except the clippers) and no drinking is allowed. When this fact was disclosed to me by Miss Hazel Brooks, director of the stewardesses' training school at La Guardia field, I smiled doubtfully, with a rather pitying look at her extremely pretty but fragile frame. Stewardesses must weigh less than 120 pounds, and not be over 5 feet 5 inches tall. However, Miss Brooks assured me that the stewardess could handle the situation all right. If someone even smells of spirits, he is immediately put under her close observation; if the passenger takes a drink, the stewardess asks him not to, and takes away the bottle or flask, pointing out airplane rules and regulations. Usually there is instant compliance—sternness from an attractive face is even more compelling; but if there isn't, one of the pilots is called back to the cabin, and the captain of the air gives the recalcitrant voyager a talking-to. But in union there is strength: the majority of the passengers back up the stewardess in any disciplinary action toward a "sly-drinker," and a mere verbal ganging up on him produces unbelievably quick results. Drinking has quite a different effect at high altitudes from what it has on the ground; one cocktail in the air is equivalent to five on terra firma on account of the oxygen rarity.

Now and then, when the plane reaches a refuelling station, the thirsty passenger may refuel himself. At this time the pantry is replenished, too, dirty dishes are exchanged for clean ones, and empty special containers are traded for full ones. United Air Lines has its own commissaries. American Airlines has about twenty food replenishing stations all over the country; only a few of these are actually operated by American Airlines. The others are concessions; for instance food at Washington, D. C., is supplied by the A. and W. Hot Shoppe chain-restaurant concern. In Memphis, Tennessee, a Mrs. Weller fills up and puts aboard containers of excellent home-made food. But American Airlines is proudest of the Cleveland food, which is supplied by a small private concern.

At these stops the airplanes usually take on also a new supply of salt and pepper shakers. These smart little gadgets, of exclusive design, are as a rule quietly slipped into pockets and handbags by air travelers who take a fancy to them. The stewardess closes her eyes to the petty larceny; in fact the airlines encourage the theft, for the tiny shakers act as an advertisement. One company alone "lost" over a hundred and fifty thousand of them last year. The companies take a different attitude about the china and the silver. The special light-weight china used on long flights is more valuable than the saltcellars; so are the "Dekaware" composition cups, plates, saucers, etc., that are carried on shorter flights.

The food problem is really much more complicated for the transatlantic than for the cross-country airliner. There are no really long non-stop flights in the United States; the longest is about five hours without a landing. But the 42-ton plane traversing the Atlantic to Europe alights only at Horta, after a start from New York or Baltimore, and five meals are taken aboard, besides the "incidental" food.

Usually the clipper leaves La Guardia Field at one-thirty in the afternoon. There is coffee and sandwiches at the airport before the take-off, "to kid the early-rising passengers into a good humor," as William McKittrick, chief steward of Pan American, put it. Tea is served around five o'clock, and dinner at seven. Next morning's breakfast is served just before getting to Horta, and luncheon near Lisbon.

For the westbound voyage one of the two stewards who fly with each clipper purchases the food at Lisbon's Hotel Negresco for one dollar a meal. For good measure the Negresco sends the steward down to the port in its own cab. The Thermos bottles and containers pound out a song in the car, roughing it over the cobblestones. But the Negresco food is good and can stand it.

The complications about food in the clipper arise from the extreme safety measures that ship takes, and from the great expense of the payload. (The payload is worth $4 a pound one way.) The load that may be carried on any plane flight is governed by the fuel load; this fuel—or gasoline—load is in turn governed by the weather forecast; the mail carried governs the number of passengers and the number of the passengers governs the weight of the rations. These are some of the reasons for the clipper's precise figuring of the food load.

If there are 33 passengers, including eleven in the crew, the

Continued on page 128

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It's really *something*... the way this new Dobbs color combination has taken hold! It's partly because college men have a habit of spotting style winners... And partly because Dobbs color craftsmen can be trusted to handle *skilfully* such delicate matters as precise color shades, lighter tone felt edges, and correct silk bands... *Campus Khaki* has a youthful smartness becoming to every man!

\$6⁵⁰ and \$7⁵⁰

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DOBBS
FIFTH AVENUE
PARK AVENUE AT 53rd

SOLD IN FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from pages 96-127

clipper carries 352 pounds of food stuff out of the home port at La Guardia Field or Baltimore; this is slightly over 10 pounds per person. If there are fewer passengers, the rations increase. There is almost 14 pounds per person, or 303 pounds total, if the passengers and crew come to only 22. Toward the end of the voyage, from Horta to Lisbon, there must not be more than 157 pounds of food aboard, or 4.76 pounds per person in the case of 33 passengers and crew. In the case of 22 passengers and crew the total food on the last stretch amounts to 140 pounds or 6.27 per person. I'd hate to be crossing with the maximum capacity of 61 passengers—as far as food is concerned.

The china alone weighs 65 pounds. (There is some very nice special light-weight china aboard, and also cups and plates of a plastic called Beetleware.) The light-weight but very handsome silver, specially made by the International Silver Company, including finger bowls and a lone cocktail shaker, weighs 24 pounds. The clipper personnel watches the salt and pepper cellars with Argus eyes; they are worth money. Kitchen utensils, glassware, trays, magazines, cigars and cigarettes, toilet articles, playing cards, Chinese checkers, and other miscellaneous items come up to 68 pounds counting a package of toothpicks. The two stewards' eight white coats weigh one pound each.

The larder sounds like a grocery store: anchovy paste, liverwurst, preserved figs and mayonnaise, several kinds of mustards and olives, canned soups, meat, fish, salami, tongue, frozen vegetables, applesauce, frozen fruits, cheese. The beverage kit weighs only 42 pounds; all you can get on board is a Martini, two kinds of whiskey, brandy, and sherry. Frenchmen pester the stewards for wine; but of course the bottles would be too heavy to carry on a trip where every ounce counts. Ice and water weighs 50 pounds. Melba toast is the least troublesome item in the clipper's storeroom; great quantities weigh hardly anything, and they serve more than one purpose. In case a meal "breaks down," which does happen now and then despite the modern containers, the stewards make a dish of canned chicken à la King, canned shoestring potatoes and peas, and put it on melba toast when it is done. Or canned salmon with sherry in it, à la Newburg, also on melba toast.

No sooner does the clipper leave its base than the passengers are cheered by the sight of a long buffet table on one side of the dining salon; the table is laid with all sorts of cold food and drinks, and there is a steward behind it to serve you; even though rations are limited, the clipper people seem determined not to let you starve. A few steps lead to another compartment, the so-called bar-room, where passengers sometimes sit over a high-ball; this room also stores the Thermos bottles and food jars with the meals in them. As far as I could find out, it is also the stewards' hangout, a sort of an office, or dignified serving pantry. The galley is next door. Experts tell me that this galley is not very well designed; one of them declared in a reproachful tone that after all these planes are built for passenger service, and there ought to be an appropriate electric kitchen. On the other hand, a company executive said that an electric kitchen with its generator would weigh almost a thousand pounds and consequently would cost \$4,000 to carry one way. He admitted that aside from the weight it would be very practical.

To me even the present one seemed a miracle; for a moment I thought I was in the engine room, there were so many gauges, handles, knobs and buttons. At the left there is an ice box for wet ice; a drinking-water cooler, a hot-water heater; above it an Espresso coffee machine; the stewards assured me that there was nothing the matter with the coffee; it is one's taste that changes at high altitudes, not the coffee. There is a plate-warmer; then the garbage chute; most non-solid refuse goes overboard into the ocean, only empty cans, boxes, etc., are carried to the other side. There are innumerable large and small aluminum compartments; and one entire side is occupied by the *pièce de résistance*—the steam table, the kitchen range of the clipper ships. Long pipes run back to the steam table from the motors' exhausts, and are bent into a radiator design in the table; the pipes, containing Prestone or Glycol, heat the water in the table to the boiling point. The system is used most of the time for heating, rather than actual cooking. Most of the food in the containers is put on ice in the clipper, and reheated when needed. What with cooking, heating, bartending and valeting, the stewards have quite a job on their hands.

One of them is generally older than the other; they are coupled in this fashion on each flight, to link experience with ambition. The stewards are foreign-born, with a great deal of foreign experience, but they have to be American citizens. They must be well versed in the restaurant business, for they have to handle all the important and intricate "hotel" questions that may arise in the course of the trip. It takes foreign waiters to serve efficiently, cook sometimes, and speak fluently in several languages, but it takes an American to organize the whole business. William McKittrick, the chief steward, who came to Baltimore from Miami after organizing the Caribbean and South American clipper catering, now holds the reins of the transatlantic service. He has a difficult job in picking the stewards; they have to be absolutely trustworthy, speak several languages fluently, be all-around hotel men, and quick on decision. The stewards are paid $100 a month for the first six months; then it is increased to $150.

Emily Post ought to include in her next revision of the etiquette book that the clipper stewards *do* take tips.

There was an old English lady who flew over last summer to these shores. When the clipper neared the American base, she went over to the steward, who happened to be an Italian, and very generously placed two five-cent stamps in his hand.

"Do write to your sweetheart back in sunny Italy. I had these stamps left over from the last time I was here."

On the other hand a young American lady wrote out a check for a hundred dollars as a tip to one of the stewards.

Archduke Otto, who recently visited the United States, was generous coming over, but he flew back to Europe "stone broke," according to the stewards, who like him rich or poor, "because he is a swell guy."

Like in European restaurants on the ground, anecdotes grow around this question like mushrooms, for these men were brought up in the tipping tradition. Drinking produces gratuities more than anything else. Naturally, drinking is not encouraged; when the stewards see that someone has had enough, they close up the bar.

You begin to appreciate the importance of a clipper steward, when you hear that besides replenishing the water, milk, butter, and ice supplies, they have to collect food samples at foreign ports, pack them with almost laboratory precision, and hand them over intact to United States Public Health Service officials at the home ports. When the clipper ships tie up at the Patapsco River Municipal Airport, these gentlemen are the first to board the plane; they take the samples from the stewards, and are off, racing for their laboratories to make bacteriological tests. They are trying to safeguard the health of passengers and crew, since there is more climatic variation in air transportation than in any other form of travel. Pan American learned to be cagey about foreign food and drinks in the South American service. Here they have to take supplies aboard at twenty-two different points; to the dismay of native caterers, they enforce very strict sanitary rules for the food they buy. It is interesting to note that the Buenos Aires provender is the best; as far as meat goes, it is unbeatable. The second best is Port-au-Prince, Haiti, where Mrs. Oloffson, the caterer, provides excellent food cooked in wine in the old French style.

Clipper passengers may kick about the food or service: cards are placed all over the dining salon, on which the guests are invited to complain or offer suggestions. Schiaparelli, the Paris modiste, who as a rule now travels by clipper, once wrote on the card that she insisted the company immediately promote one of the stewards to air admiral. Then there was another lady who motioned to the steward during dinner.

"Do open one of the windows, steward," she commanded. "It's awfully stuffy in here."

The man tried to explain that this was impossible with the plane doing better than a hundred and sixty miles an hour; that if he did, they would all be blown overboard, or at least something might get in their eyes. The lady did not think the explanation either sufficient or witty, and marked on the card that the steward refused to open the window.

Owing to its long flights, naturally Pan American is beginning to be noted for its food. Even the Navy, getting hold of one of their dinner menu cards (green turtle soup, roast partridge, rice pilaff, buttered spinach, chocolate cake, demi-tasse), wrote to ask for a description of their organization, and suggestions to be utilized on long-distance bombers.

It is hardly likely that the Navy wants to imitate passenger airliners in the way of food and service. But probably they do want to better it. I asked Major General Arnold, chief of the Air Corps, and found out that United States military planes at present have no standard kit or food. On trips requiring extensive travel over jungle, desert, or sparsely settled country, flight commanders make provisions accordingly, either by carrying cans of water and food, or by making up emergency kits for use in case of forced landing.

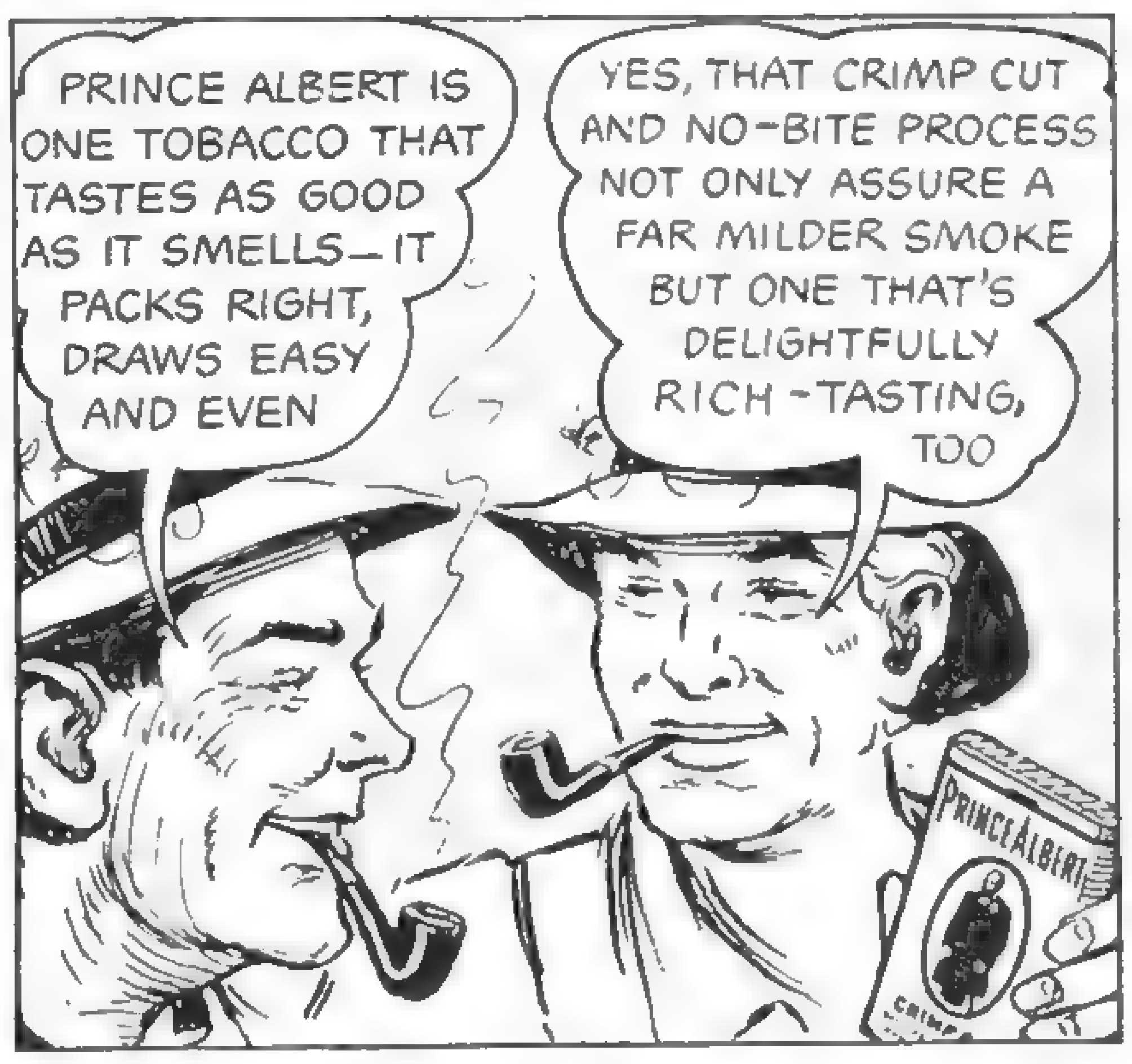
In only one type of Army plane is there provision for the preparation of hot food. In the Boeing B-15 bomber there is a small galley with a cabinet for storing food, a ten-gallon water tank, a two-burner electric plate, an electric coffee percolator and a soup heater, each of half-gallon capacity, and a small dry-ice box. This galley provides for the crew on sustained flights at high altitude.

Air catering is an evolving business; things change a bit on each trip, and the people concerned are always learning something new. No doubt in the planes of the future, where space will be less precious, the food will be even more elaborate. But probably they will always have to stick to some pre-cooking; there is not much time to cook in a plane, and a complete kitchen would always be too heavy. And in the rocket planes, that will soar through thin air at eight hundred miles an hour, perhaps no food will need to be served at all. You will eat your hors d'oeuvre in America, and continue with the meat course in Europe. Then if you have any desire in you to establish freak records, you will have your dessert and demi-tasse when you step out of the rocket plane that has carried you back to these shores. ###

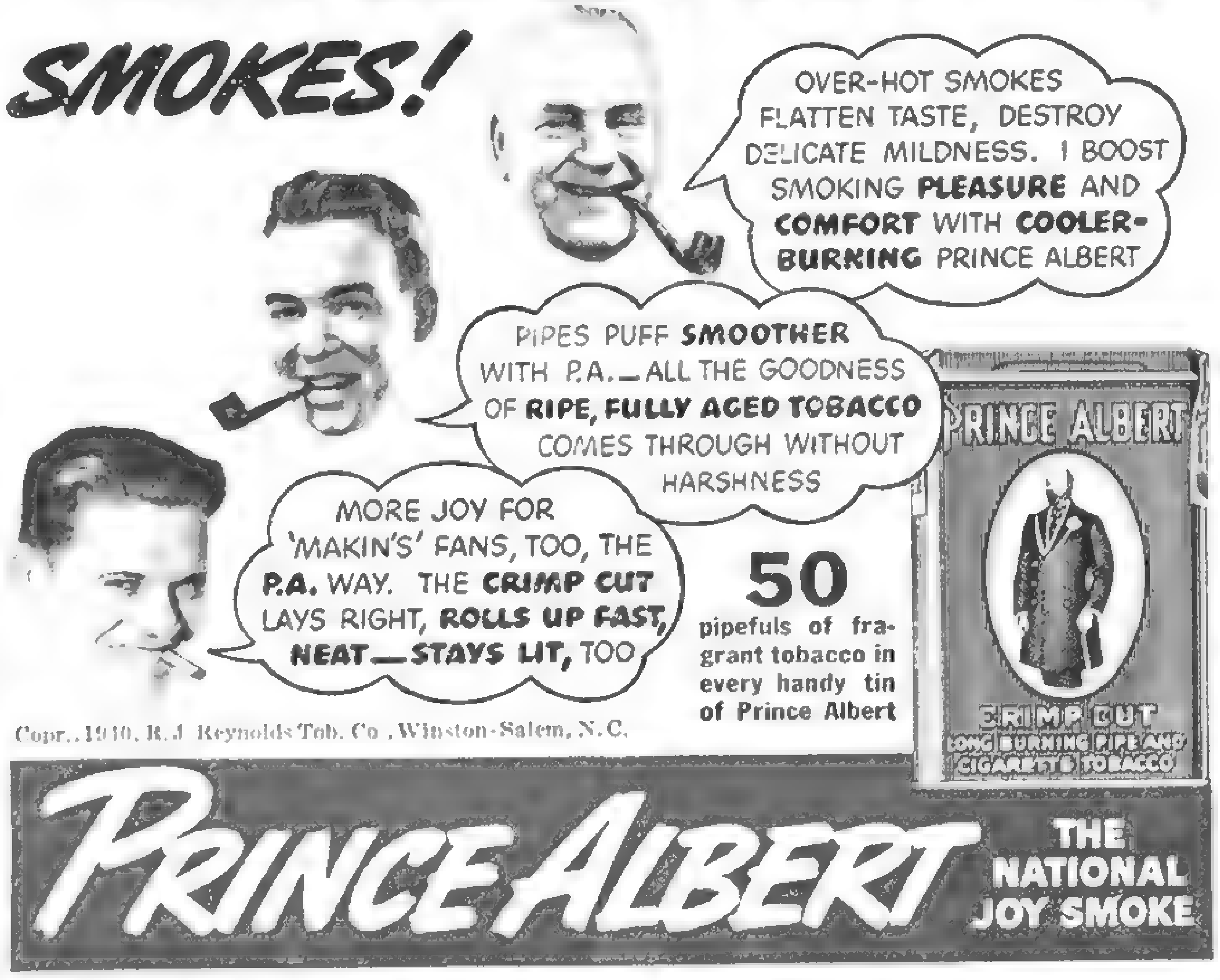
OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

JUDGE, YOU'VE SEEN A LOT OF OLD MILLS IN YOUR TRAVELS, BUT WE'VE GOT ONE OVER HERE THAT'S UNIQUE
GOSH, THAT IS DIFFERENT! MM-M-DOESN'T THAT WATER LOOK CLEAR AND COOL!
THE INDIANS THOUGHT SO, TOO. THEY CALLED IT 'NEOSHO,' WHICH MEANS CLEAR, COOL WATER!
YOU SEEM TO KNOW A LOT ABOUT INDIAN LORE
OH, IT'S JUST A HOBBY OF MINE. HERE'S A PIPE-HEAD I HAD COPIED FROM AN OLD INDIAN RELIC—THE STEM WAS 69 INCHES LONG
THE INDIANS WENT TO A LOT OF TROUBLE TO GET A COOLER SMOKE, EH, JUDGE?
HOW EASY IT IS TODAY, THOUGH—JUST A TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT FOR A SMOKE THAT'S REALLY MILD, COOL-BURNING, EASY ON THE TONGUE

IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, **PRINCE ALBERT** BURNED **86 DEGREES COOLER** THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED... COOLEST OF **ALL**!


PRINCE ALBERT IS ONE TOBACCO THAT TASTES AS GOOD AS IT SMELLS—IT PACKS RIGHT, DRAWS EASY AND EVEN
YES, THAT CRIMP CUT AND NO-BITE PROCESS NOT ONLY ASSURE A FAR MILDER SMOKE BUT ONE THAT'S DELIGHTFULLY RICH-TASTING, TOO
PRINCE ALBERT

STEP UP SUMMER FUN WITH COOLER-BURNING SMOKES!


OVER-HOT SMOKES FLATTEN TASTE, DESTROY DELICATE MILDNESS. I BOOST SMOKING PLEASURE AND COMFORT WITH COOLER-BURNING PRINCE ALBERT
PIPES PUFF SMOOTHER WITH P.A.—ALL THE GOODNESS OF RIPE, FULLY AGED TOBACCO COMES THROUGH WITHOUT HARSHNESS
MORE JOY FOR 'MAKIN'S' FANS, TOO, THE P.A. WAY. THE CRIMP CUT LAYS RIGHT, ROLLS UP FAST, NEAT—STAYS LIT, TOO
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy tin of Prince Albert

Copr., 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Voice From the Past

Continued from page 67

picked up and left. I hated to do that, because I had a lot of figures to go over and material to secure for a new order that the Acme Milk Company had placed for harnesses, but finally I decided that I could go home, and do the work there. You see I just do the executive work now. I don't still make the harnesses myself."

"So you went home?"

"That's right. 1047 Fulton Avenue. But I hadn't been there more than half an hour before the door bell rang, and I opened it, and there was a man who said he was from the *Star*. He said he wanted some pictures of me, and I told him I'd be glad to let him have one. You see Maude—that's my wife—made me have one taken for our silver wedding anniversary. She had me go down to Wilson & Haas to pose for it, and when it was done, she paid for it out of her own money that she had saved up. She bought a silver frame for it too—to go with the silver wedding, of course. Do you know Wilson & Haas?"

"I'm afraid I don't."

"That's too bad. They're one of the oldest and best firms in the city, a good dependable firm that's been in the business for three generations. They take nice dignified pictures that are posed real carefully. I told all this to the *Star* man, and I told him I'd be glad to let him have the picture if he'd be sure to return it. He seemed like a nice fellow, and I figured it would save him some expense."

"And what did he say?"

"He looked at it, shook his head, and said: 'We wouldn't want that. Too formal.' Too formal! That's what he called it, the nicest picture I ever had taken! Then he told me to take off my coat and vest and sit in the easy chair in the parlor, and pretend to be reading the paper—'the way you do when you come home from work,' he added."

"You did that?"

"Yes—finally. I told him I never take my coat and vest off when I sit in the parlor, because I don't think it's good manners, and neither does Maude. But he kept insisting. 'It's what our readers expect,' he said. So finally I gave in. Then all of a sudden he said: 'Your hair's too neat,' and he reached out and mussed it up. And if there's anything I hate, your honor, it's to have people do that. But I figured it was the quickest way to get rid of him, so I let him take the picture."

"Did he leave after that?"

"Yes, your honor, but in about five minutes a photographer from the *Standard* appeared. I got the picture Maude had given me, showed it to him, and pointed out how nice it was, just the way I did with the *Star* man, although I now realize that it was a waste of time. 'This is just what you want,' I told him. 'I've got my best suit on, and look how neat my tie is and how nicely my hair is brushed.' Really, your honor, it's *such* a nice picture."

"Proceed with your story, Miller."

"He was even ruder than the *Star* photographer. He just said: 'Lousy. Not what I want at all. You come with me.' I asked him where, and he said to the place where I found the bag. I asked him why, and he said he wanted to take some pictures of me finding the bag. Now, did you ever hear of anything so ridiculous? I had already found it two hours before, so how could he take a picture after I'd already returned it? I pointed this out to him, but he just kept insisting that I go with him."

"And you complied?"

"Yes, I finally did. At least it got him out of the house. When we got to the place, he put a bag down on the sidewalk, and told me to pick it up and look delighted. Of course I objected that this bag didn't look at all like the original bag, and that this would be a gross deception."

"What was the outcome of this episode, Miller?"

"My arguments were useless. The photographer claimed that his readers wouldn't know that it wasn't the right bag—an utterly dishonest attitude, you can see. The upshot was that I made a lot of idiotic faces, and posed picking up the bag. Finally he got tired of taking photos he said made me look natural, and he let me go home."

"What happened then, Miller?"

"Your honor, things went from bad to worse. There were three or four more photographers in the house, and they kept flashing bulbs in my face, and taking more pictures. I don't like to have bulbs flashed in my face. When Wilson & Haas take pictures, they use strong lights, but they don't flash them suddenly. They turn the lights on before I start to pose, and then they give me plenty of time to get ready and look my best. I never get nervous when they take my picture."

"The procedure of Wilson & Haas is not under discussion. Continue with the events that occurred at your home."

"Yes, your honor. It was worse than it was before, those crazy photographers taking all kinds of pictures of me. You just can't imagine the things they thought up. Maude, the da—the fool—had told one of the newsreel men that I like to bake cakes, so he made me go through a lot of nonsense pretending to mix one, and dressed in Maude's apron, although I never wear aprons because I never spill things, and I told him so. But he insisted the pictures would appeal to women audiences. But why should anybody want to go to a movie theatre and see a newsreel of me pretending to bake a cake when there are plenty of good movies like—"

"Miller, we cannot tolerate these digressions! Confine your account to the occurrences that actually took place."

"Excuse me, your honor. It was not only the professional photographers that bothered me. A lot of our friends had read about me finding the money, and a lot of them called on us. Practically all of them had cameras, and they kept taking snapshots of me. Your honor, it seems that practically everybody in the world has gone mad about taking pictures, and the more idiotic and undignified the poses are, the better they like it. I think they call it candid photography. I may be old-fashioned, but why shouldn't the taking of pictures be left to good dependable people like Wilson & Haas who know—"

"I have warned you against addressing questions to the bench!"

"Yes, yes, I forgot. Please pardon me. Well, all the time everybody was taking pictures of me, I was holding up the picture that Wilson & Haas had taken of me the only one that I wanted printed in the papers. But nobody paid any attention to me, or if they did, they just laughed and said it was old-fashioned. This candid camera craze seems to have affected everybody in the world. Every person you meet—excuse me, your honor. I forgot. Well, I stood just as much as I could, and then my patience gave way."

"And what took place then?"

"Exactly as in the charges, your honor. I struck several of the photographers in the house, and after that I proceeded to the offices of the offending papers and caused the property damage listed in the charges. I was finally arrested in the offices of the *Morning Standard*."

"In the act of hurling typewriters on the floor, I believe."

"No. Not when I was arrested. I had passed that point. I mean I was so mad that the mere destruction of property didn't serve to cool off my anger."

"You will have to explain that."

"When I was actually arrested, I was so mad that I was banging my head."

"I don't think I heard you correctly. Repeat that last statement."

"I said I was banging my head. Banging my head on the floor."

"Banging your head on the floor, Miller?"

"That's right, your honor. When I get *really* angry, that's what I do. I first did it when I was about fifteen months old, and it's a habit I've never shaken off—although I hope I've made it clear that I very rarely get that angry. I just get right down on my hands and knees, and bang my head against the floor. Soon I feel much better."

"That's what you were doing when the officers came in?"

"That's right."

"Banging your head on the floor?"

"Yes, your honor, yes! That's what I said, isn't it? Why do you—er—pardon me."

"You have no further statements to make—no further explanations?"

"No, except that in my opinion if this universal craze for taking candid pictures doesn't cease—no, I have no further statement to make."

"Miller, I trust you are aware that a law-abiding city like this cannot tolerate that one of its citizens should go about wantonly striking other citizens and damaging valuable property."

"Yes, your honor."

"On the other hand, there were extenuating circumstances in your case."

"Good! I knew you'd see it that way. If you had to put up with a lot of scatter-brained camera addicts who—"

"H-r-r-r-umph! I do not refer to that, Miller. I refer to the fact that the records show that you have always been a peaceful, law-abiding citizen, and most especially to the fact that your conduct as concerns the Kimball & Reid affair shows you to be a man of extraordinary—and I must say highly commendable—honesty."

"That was what any decent—"

"Do not interrupt, Miller. In view of these circumstances I have decided, in spite of the seriousness of your offenses, to suspend sentence and waive court charges."

"Well, that's fine! It was the only fair thing to do under—"

"I said do not interrupt! I am doing this under one condition, a condition which I trust you will have the good judgment to accept."

"Yes, your honor?"

"Well, Miller, it so happens that I am keenly interested in photography myself, and if you will give me the opportunity of taking some pictures of you in the act of banging your head on the floor—"

"What! WHAT! Well of all the outrageous impositions! Never in all my life have I ever—"

"No, Miller, no! Stop! Don't bang your head now! Please wait until I can procure my camera." #

Look for a wealth of wonderful fiction in next month's Esquire, including *The Hollow Men* from the forthcoming posthumous novel by Thomas Wolfe

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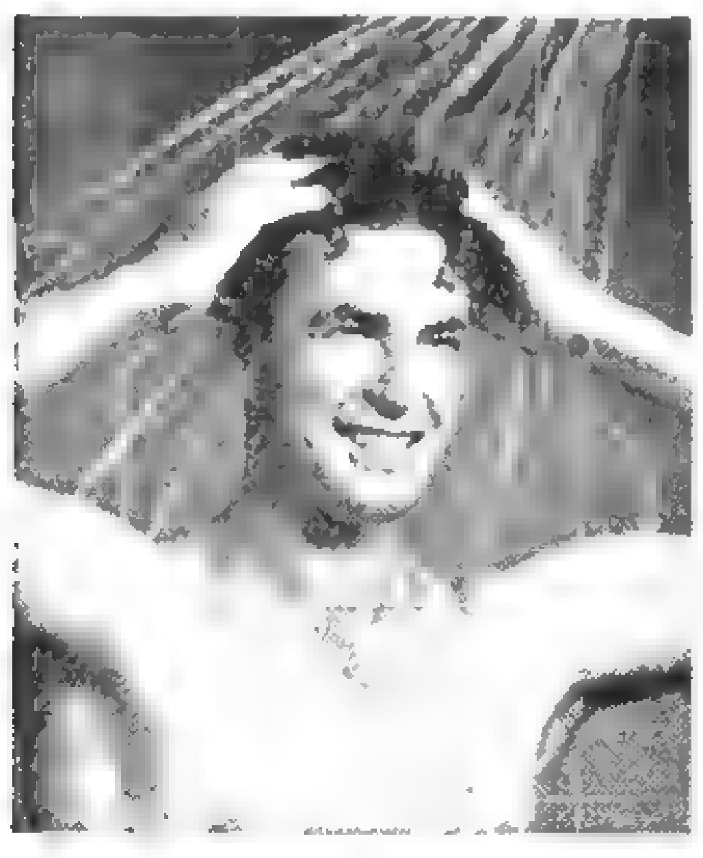

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VITALIS

HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME!

How Ox Fit with Death

Continued from page 44

Rosebud Frazier too. You think that she'll marry you because I can't make 'er a livin. I'll show you. You think you can make 'er a livin plowin these old Whetstone hills—raisin corn and terbacker! You think that's the reason you're goin to get Rosebud."

"Shet up that talk," says Ma. "I can't stand it. This ain't no time to argue over a gal. It's no time fer love makin when Death may be on your tracks in the snow."

"Leave Ox in the house until I harness the mules," I says.

"What are you goin to do with the mules?" Ma asked.

"I'm haulin Ox down to the river on the sled," I says. "I'm takin Ox to Doc Morris."

"Have your way," says Ma, "but I kept your Pap alive until he was sixty."

"Then the side-pleurisy got im," I says. "I remember the way Pap suffered before he died. He had to sit up straight in a chear. He couldn't bend over to unlace his shoes. Some of us boys had to take his shoes off'n his feet at night fer 'im and put 'em on of a mornin. Ox ain't goin to suffer like Pap did."

"Oh Lord," groaned Brother Ox as we laid him on the bed. "It's like knives cuttin me across the stummick! I'm havin awful pains."

"Can't take it," says Big Eif. He was standin in the door an laughin.

"You think that's funny, Big Eif," I says. "Would you think it was very funny if you was plugged in the stummick with a hot piece of lead? Don't let me hear you laugh again. I'm tired of hearin that big hee-haw from your big, thick beardy lips!"

"Let 'im laugh," says Brother Ox. "Let 'im laugh while he is able. I'll turn that laugh one of these days."

I ran to the barn. I put the harness on the mules. I took them out of their stalls and hitched 'em to the sled. I threw a dragchain in the sled bed to rough-lock the sled runner when we went over the bank to the river. I filled the sled bed with hay. I jumped in the sled and took the leather check lines in my hands. I drove the mules in a trot down to the house.

"Whoa boys," I says as I drove up to the front-yard gate. I jumped out'n the sled and tied the check lines around the palin's. I ran in the house.

"I've got the sled ready," I says.

"I've got the onion poultice on Ox's side now," says Ma. "'Pears like Ox is a little easier. We'd better leave 'im here."

"Ma, I've allus got along with you and minded you," I says. "You know that. But this is one time when I'm goin to have my way. I'm goin to take Ox to Doc Morris in Greenup."

"It 'pears to me like if Ox leaves this place you'll never see 'im back here alive," says Ma.

"Oh, Ma," says Ox, "I want to go to the Doctor. I'll come back. I'll be back plowin the mules before corn-plantin time this spring. Don't worry, Ma."

"Ain't your side easier since I put that onion poultice on it?" Ma asked.

"Not a damn bit," says Ox. "I feel knives cuttin across my stummick and up and down my stummick. They nearly draw me double when they cut. I just grit my teeth and endure it."

"Tough boy," says Big Eif.

"You've said enough," says Rosebud. "Big Eif you ain't got no mercy in you for men and brutes. Ain't I seen you whop the mules over nothin when you's plowin corn? Now you laugh at Ox when his side-pleurisy is mightnigh killin him. I don't like it."

"You don't, Honey," says Big Eif.

"No, I don't," Rosebud repeats. "You want Ox to die. And you think he will die. I am goin to pray to God that Ox will get well. I'm goin to marry Ox when he gets well."

"He ain't goin to get well," says Big Eif. "Old Ox is goin to kick the bucket this time."

"Honey," says Ox, "hep carry me to the sled. I wan to see Doc Morris. I ain't goin to die—damned if I am!"

"Son," says Ma, "you've gone back on my yarb remedy. You've gone back on my onion poultices! You don't believe in Doc Blevins' charms when you saw 'im charm the seed wart off'n the mule."

"I've had enough of 'em to know they ain't goin to get rid of my side-pleurisy," says Ox.

Ma took Ox by one arm. Rosebud took Ox by the other. I got Ox by the heels.

"Easy," says Ox, "for the knives are runnin up and down and across my stummick. They are about to draw me double."

Ox tried to draw up on us while we carried him out to the sled but we held his long body out straight. His lips were purple. His eyes looked like they were sinking in his head. We carried him out and laid him down in the sled bed on the straw. Rosebud ran back in the house and brought out a couple of quilts. She spread them over Ox. She tucked the corners of the quilts down under the straw.

"Honey, I want to keep you warm," says Rosebud.

"Can't take it," says Big Eif. "You haf to ride on a haystack and kivered over with warm quilts. You can't get up and walk like a man."

Ox never answered Big Eif. Ox was rolling in pain under the quilts. Ma climbed in the sled and she held one of Ox's hands. Rosebud climbed in the sled and held the other hand. I slapped the mules with the check lines and we were off over the snow. We drove down by Whetstone creek. It was almost out'n banks. We crossed the Whetstone bridge. The water was runnin over the bottom of the bridge.

"It looks like a flood to me," says Rosebud.

"It's a bad time to take Ox out," says Ma.

"That's all right," says Ox, "I'm not afraid."

"Good-by Ox," Big Eif hollered as we turned the bend in the road. I looked back. I saw Big Eif wavin his hand. "Good-by old Ox. You'll never be back to plow the Whetstone hills this spring." I heard him laughin as we turned down the big road toward Little Sandy.

"I feel like pluggin 'im," I says.

"Big Eif ain't had no raisin," says Ma. "Just leave 'im be."

I drove the mules at a trot down the road beside of Little Sandy.

"Look at that river," says Ma. "Ain't it dangerous to try to take a boat down that current?"

"Nope," I says.

The river was from bank to bank. Trees and haystacks were floating down the river. It was muddy and the water surged against the banks. I never saw the Little Sandy on sicha rampage.

"Whoa boys," I says.

"What's the matter?" Ma asked as I brought the mules to a stop.

"I haf to rough-lock the sled," I says, "before we go down this slope to the john-boat."

I took the log chain from under the hay and jumped out'n the sled. I wrapped the chain around the runner and hooked it. I climbed back in the sled and started the mules down the slope. The chain plowed down through the snow to the dirt. It kept the sled from runnin upon the mules' heels and shovin them into the Little Sandy River.

"This skears me to death," says Ma.

"It don't skear me a damn bit," says Ox. "I want to get to Doc Morris."

I drove the mules down to the edge of the river where the john-boat was tied to an elm tree. They sniffed the water and reared up on their hind legs.

"Ma, can you take the mules back?" I asked.

"I ain't much of a mule driver," says Ma, "It's been a long time since I drove a team of mules to town. It was when you and Ox were little shavers and your Pap was down with a spell of the side-pleurisy."

We lifted the quilts from over Ox. We spread them on the snow.

Ox started to get out of the sled.

"Wait a minute," I said, "we'll lift you out."

"I can lift myself out," Ox said.

"You stay just the way you are," I says. "The least you can move around when you have side-pleurisy the better off you are."

I held Ox down when he tried to get up. Ma got one of Ox's arms, Rosebud got the other. I got Ox's legs and we lifted him out and laid him on the quilts. I took a bucket and dipped the water from the bottom of the john-boat. Then we filled the bottom of the boat with straw. We carried Ox to the boat and put him in the bottom of the boat on the straw. I fastened the boat seat over Ox so he couldn't raise up and give me trouble when we's out in the river. Ma and Rosebud put the quilts over Ox and tucked the corners under the straw.

"You take the mules back home, Ma," I says.

"I ain't goin back," says Rosebud. "I'm goin with Ox."

"You'll haf to go with me," I says. "Can you row a boat?"

"I can."

Rosebud sat on the end of the boat where Ox's head was. I sat on the seat in the middle. The end of the boat, where Ox's feet were, tipped up out'n the water. That made the john-boat easy to pull. I put the oars in the horseshoe holders and pushed away from the bank. Ma set in the sled with the leather check lines in her hand. She watched us take off.

"Do be careful of that river, Henry," she says. "Don't upset the boat. That river is wild! Take keer of Ox."

"Don't worry, Ma," I says. "We're on our way to Greenup."

As I pulled the boat down the river, my face was turned toward Ma. My back was turned the way I was goin. Rosebud faced down the river and she told me when a log or a haystack was floatin in front of us. I watched Ma take the mules up the bank. I saw her get out and unfasten the rough-lock. We'd forgot to take it off at the river bank. Then I saw Ma get in the sled and drive out'n sight over top the hill.

"Cut the boat to the right," Rosebud would warn me. "There's a rift of logs in front of you."

"Cut the boat to the left," she would say. "You've got to miss the corn shocks in front of you."

I'll tell you it was a job to pull across the current. It was a job to pull over the swirl-holes and the eddies.

"Let me out'n here," Ox said.

"You be still," I says, "or you'll sink the boat."

"It's the pains in my stummick," says Ox. "They're killin me. I want to sit up. This boat reminds me of a damned coffin. I don't like it."

"Honey," says Rosebud, "you must be still for a little while longer. We'll soon be in Greenup."

"Greenup, hell," Ox shouted. "I don't like this coffin. I'm in a heap of misery."

When Ox tried to get up Rosebud held his head down. I didn't have any rowin to do. All I had to do was to guide the boat over the rough breakin water. The water moaned and the February winds whipped through the leafless water birches and ghost trees along the Little Sandy River banks. It made a mournful sound.

"I can see Greenup, Honey," says Rosebud.

"The hell you can," says Ox. "If you don't hurry the knives runnin up and down my stummick will soon have me cut to pieces."

"He's gettin out'n his head," I said.

"The hell I am," shouted Ox. He pulled the covers down. Rose-

Continued at top of page 134

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MUM
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People you meet in business—and your family and friends—like you better when you avoid risk of underarm odor with Mum.

How Ox Fit with Death

Continued from pages 44-133

bud pulled the quilts back over Ox and tucked the corners down under the straw again.

"You must be quiet," Rosebud said. "We'll soon be in Greenup."

"Greenup must be flooded," I says. "I'm goin to pull the boat across Denny's cow pasture and take a nigh cut toward Doc Morris' office."

I turned to my left. I rowed across the still backwater in Denny Warnock's cow-pasture. I rowed over the back road and up the alley toward Doc Morris' office. I got the john-boat within thirty yards of his office.

"Another flood is comin," says Rosebud.

"It's already here," I says.

I tied the boat to a wire fence.

"You stay with Ox just a minute," I says, "and I'll go down and get Doc Morris."

"All right," says Rosebud.

When I left Rosebud was holdin Ox down in the bottom of the boat. Ox was clawin at the kivers. I ran down the street fast as I could. All of Greenup was flooded but Main Street. Boats were goin up and down the alleys haulin coal and groceries. I saw a lot of couples out takin boat rides together.

"Doc Morris," I says, "come down here quick. We've got Brother Ox in a boat. He's bad off."

"What's the matter with 'im?" Doc asked.

"Side-pleurisy," I says.

"How does he act?"

"His side hurts 'im and he feels pain runnin up and down his stummick like a knife," I says.

"How did you get in here from Whetstone with him?"

"Brought 'im to Little Sandy in a sled," I says, "and the rest of the way in a john-boat."

"Down that rough river?"

"Yes."

"Who come with you?"

"Rosebud Frazier come along and hepped me."

"It must've been some trip," he says. "I don't see how you ever did it."

Doc Morris walked to the telephone and called the ambulance.

I followed Doc as he hurried down to the john-boat.

"Young man, where is the pain?" he asked Brother Ox.

"In my right side."

"Is this the place it hurts?" he asked Brother Ox. He put his hand under the quilts and pressed down on Brother Ox's side.

"Oh my God," Brother Ox shouted. "Hellsfire Doc, it's like runnin needles in my stummick. It's worse than cuttin me with a knife!"

"Just what I thought," says Doc Morris. "He must go to the hospital and he'll have to go in a hurry. The water is coming across the road at Russell, Kentucky. We've got to send Ox to Huntington, West Virginia."

"What's the matter with 'im?" I asked. "Ain't it side-pleurisy?"

"Yes," he says, "if you want to call it that. I call it appendicitis."

Rosebud lifted the quilts from over Ox.

"Phew is that onions I smell?" Doc Morris sniffed.

"Yep," I says. "Ma put a onion poultice on Ox before we left. That's what she's been usin on 'im. She's been givin 'im yarb medicine too. She had Doc Blevins to charm his side too. Doc can charm blood and make it stop when a man is bleedin. He can charm biles and warts off'n a body. But he couldn't charm Ox's side-pleurisy."

"To hell with yarb medicine, charm Doctors, and onion poultices." Doc Morris shouted. "It takes the knife to get rid of this pain. I hope it won't be too late."

We carried Ox and put him in the ambulance. He clawed and fit and wanted to ride up in the front seat with the driver. Doc Morris made him lie down in the ambulance. It took Rosebud at his head and Doc Morris and me at each arm to hold him down. The water was nearly over the ambulance wheels at Russell, Kentucky. Doc Morris told the driver to try to get over the flood waters for it was a matter of life and death. Ox cussed all the way to Huntington. We drove so fast you could hardly see the telephone poles along the highway. We whizzed past them like a big bullet.

"How's his heart?" Doc asked.

"It's not good," I says.

"It is so," says Ox. "My ticker's okay."

"He faints all the time, Doc," I says. "He takes swimmin in his head. Ox has put too much pizen licker down his neck."

Doctors met our ambulance at the hospital in Huntington. They talked to Doc Morris. He said things to them I didn't hear. Men dressed in white coats ran out with a pair of stretchers. They put Ox on the stretchers and carried him in the hospital. Rosebud followed the stretcher and I followed Doc Morris. I saw 'em put Ox on a little table that had wheels. They wheeled Ox into a room and closed the door.

I stood at the door with Rosebud. I guess we stood there twenty minutes. I heard a little commotion in the room. I heard Ox let out a little yell. I heard Ox cuss a few times. I heard the doctors talkin. The door opened and two men walked along beside of the table on wheels and one walked behind shovin it.

"When are they goin to operate on Brother Ox," I asked Doc Morris.

"The operation is over," says Ox. "They took that damn thing out'n my stummick. Ain't no pain now. It's goin to be a little sore 's all." Ox pulled the sheet down and walled his blue eyes at me.

"Brother Henry," he says, "have you got any homemade chawin on you?"

"Nope," I says.

"Lord I'd like to have a chaw," says Brother Ox.

"When will you be home, Honey?" Rosebud asked.

"In a couple of weeks," says Ox, "if the water's down till I can get over the roads."

"Ox you'll be able to plow before corn-plantin time."

"You tell that Big Eif when you go back," says Ox, "that I'm goin to be back plowin the Whetstone hills before corn-plantin time. Tell 'im since I got that thing out'n my stummick that I'm goin to just beat the hell out'n 'im."

They close the door behind Ox. Ox waves his hand to us as they roll him in the hospital room.

"He's tough," says Doc Morris. "He has more nerve than any man I've ever seen. His appendix had bursted and gangrene had set in. But he'll be all right. You all just saved 'im by bringin him to Greenup in the boat. He wouldn't have lived another night if you'd left him in Whetstone with onion poultices on his side. He's goin to get all right. And I believe if he promises a man a good beatin that man is goin to get it."

I followed Doc Morris toward the ambulance. Rosebud didn't come. She stood by the hospital door.

"Ain't you goin home, Rosebud?" I asked.

"I'm stayin with Ox until he gets out'n the hospital," she says. "You tell your Ma that she needn't worry that I'll bring Ox home when he gets all right." ##

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 91

music is 'degenerate,' 'perversive.'"

We looked at a score of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. I asked to examine the measures, which were perversive. The retort, abrupt and Prussian, assured me that it was not possible to pick out specific measures. It was, briefly, "perversive and therefore harmful to the German soul."

Being in Berlin, I persisted as good Berliners do and insisted on a definition of "perversive".

Finally, they said: "Well, if an arranger takes the *Evening Star* or the *Pilgrim s Chorus* and makes a swing version of it, that is perversive." About creative inspiration they were less definite.

I had with me fifteen new compositions by Soviet music-makers; some Aryan; some not. I offered to remove their title pages, and leave them at the Reich Musikkammer for a verdict as to their perversity and danger to the German soul. They admitted that without knowing the origin and race of the composer it was impossible to give a decision. "But," said they, "if *Der Fuehrer* says music by non-Aryans is perversive to the German soul, then it is whether we can tell it or not.

Since Hitler there has been no criticism and little discussion of artistic values in the Reich. All art, as well as all news—in fact, life itself—has been inspected, digested, interpreted, and approved. One man's prejudice became law clothed with the force of the army and the wisdom of divine revelation. So it is today.

In happier years we shall again be friends with all nations of the world, including the great people whom Hitler has subjugated. Let us in this hour of despair keep faith. Let us rejoice that there is a realm of the spirit that will endure all wars and outlast all tyrants and political philosophies, including even *Deutschland Uber Alles*.

Let us hear their music and hold communion with their great spirits.

TO BE THANKFUL FOR:

. . . Kirsten Flagstad's first outdoor appearance at the Lewisohn Stadium.

. . . Old friend Harry Lauder in his current film *Song of the Road*.

. . . Sibelius's music in the Finnish Pavilion at the Forty Fair.

. . . Fritz Kreisler, that ambrosial bit of the cosmos, restoring to music its humanity.

. . . Marian Anderson's return to the scene of her first triumph, Lewisohn Stadium.

. . . Jane Pickens' burlesque of a Metropolitan Opera prima donna making an outdoor appearance (with mosquitoes).

. . . Alfred Wallenstein's broadcasts of Mozart operas over Mutual's network.

TO LOOK FORWARD TO:

. . . Marjorie Lawrence's horseback ride onto San Francisco's Opera stage when she sings her first Minnie in Puccini's *Girl of the Golden West*.

. . . Arnold Schoenberg's second *Kammersymphonie* December 15, by the New Friends of Music in Carnegie Hall.

. . . Revivals of lyrics and song-hits from World War, Part I: *There's A Little Bit of Bad in Every Good Little Girl; Oui, Oui, Marie, Will You Do Zis for Me; When I Get You Alone Tonight*.

PREMIÈRE:

Foyer comments at the world première of Eugene Goossen's *First Symphony*, the composer conducting:

"Do *you* consider that good music? . . ."

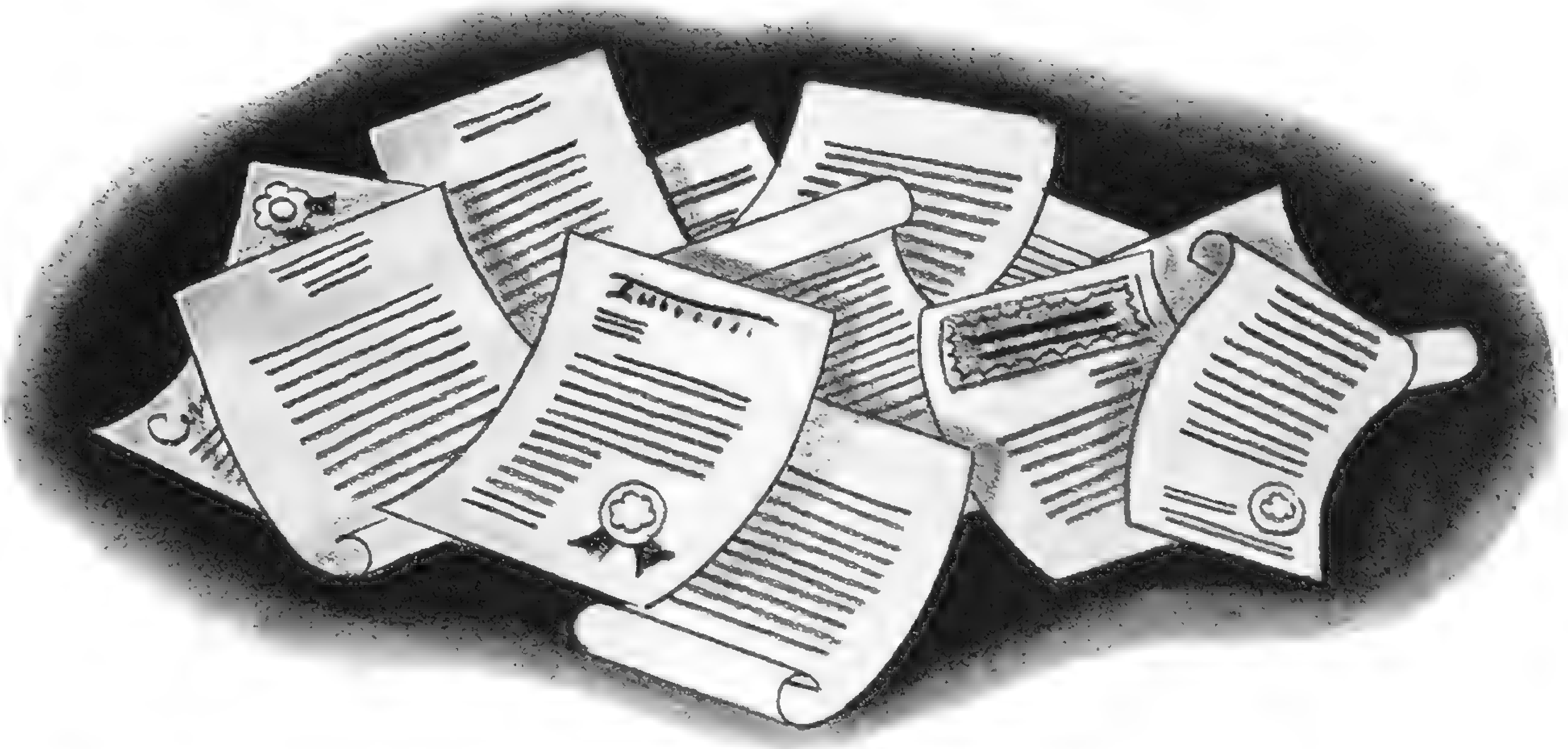
"It's taken me all these years to catch up with Richard Strauss; now listen to Goossens!"

"I'm absolutely dazed."

"Beethoven was a mere infant . . ."

"Where do we go from here? I give up . . ."

"Don't tell me you understand that? I'll never be the same after this . . ." ##



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In This Same Big Issue . . .

Bothered by hay fever? Heart trouble? Any chronic ailment for that matter? Then you'll be more than interested in August Coronet's discussion of *A Vacation Health Policy.* Learn where to vacation *without* being bothered by your particular malady. *Especially recommended for hay fever sufferers whose vacations are scheduled for late summer!* * * * Or, for those to whose nostrils pollen is something more than an irritant . . . to the hundreds of thousands of amateur gardeners of America . . . August Coronet presents a special quiz which challenges you by asking "*How Does Your Garden Grow?*" You'll find it's just the thing to entertain your guests of a pleasant summer evening. * * * Plus, of course, a host of miscellaneous short stories, articles, colorful illustrative features, marginal pieces on every conceivable subject from unsolved mysteries of the past to a brand new intimate column conducted by the inimitable Carleton Smith, brand new gatefolds (3 in full color), and the regular Coronet Gallery of Master Photographs!

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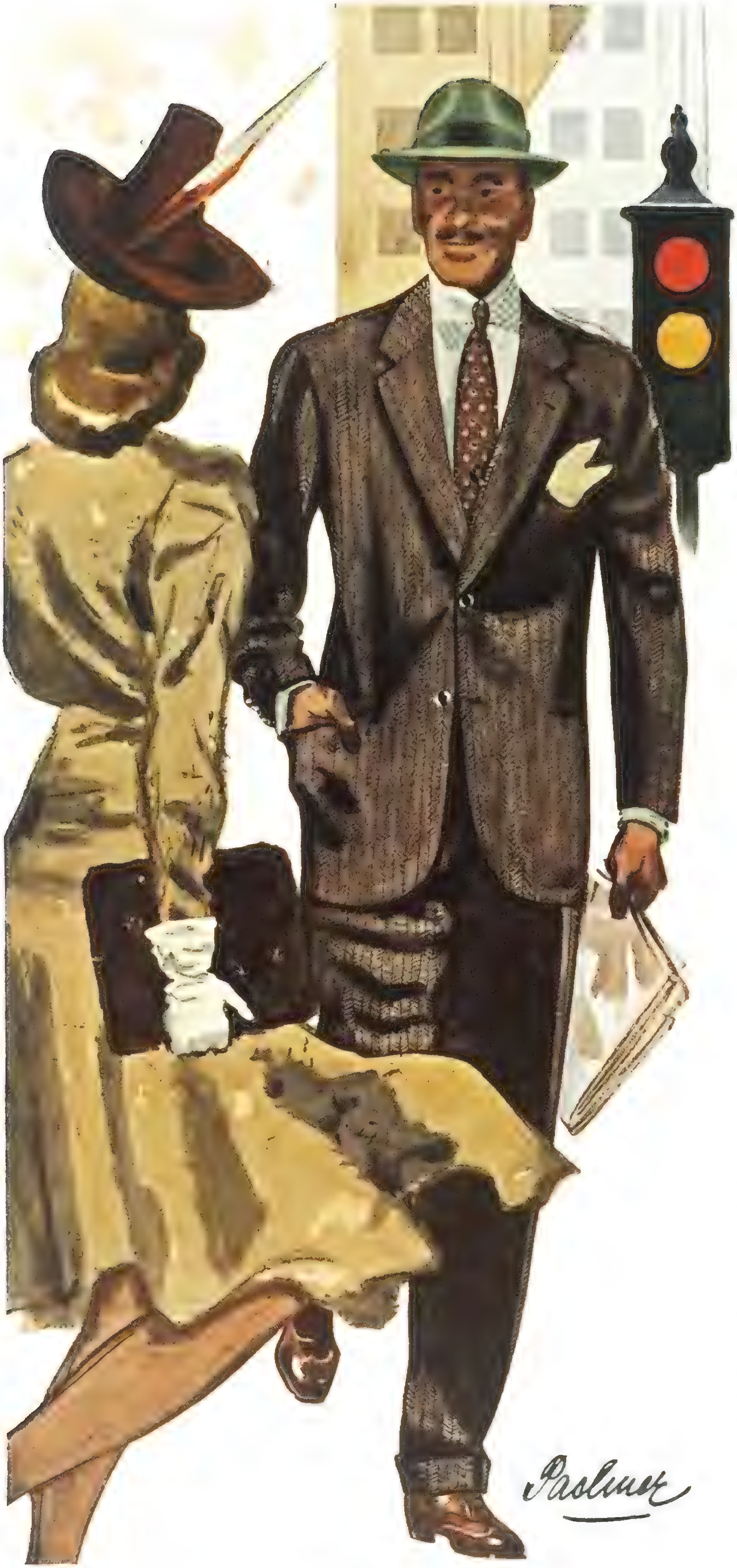

when fashion meets fashion

We don't know whether women dress to please men or to please other women, but we are sold on the theory that men dress to please themselves. At least, we've never seen a man examine a window display without first pausing to glance at his reflection in the glass. This cavalier of the sidewalks, who hasn't done a half-bad job of dressing himself, is doubtless worried about the angle of his hat and is therefore attempting to get a good look at his reflection in the eyes of the young lady.

That's quite a chunk of cheviot the man is wearing, by the bye. This fabric has a slight history. The term originally designated wool clipped from sheep residing around the Cheviot Hills that separate England from Scotland. All this was long ago, before you were born. There is no reason for believing that the wool of sheep grazing on the slopes of the Cheviot Hills was softer than any other wool, but for some reason the term came to be applied to soft woolens regardless of their source and is now used with considerable abandon as a general label for soft woolens.

The jacket shown here is a two-button single breasted model with notched lapels; aside from its good fashion rating, the chief virtue of this model—in the eyes of the great majority who esteem this as a virtue—is its tendency to add height to the wearer by reason of its lengthening lines. The shirt and tie combination, as we trust you will agree, looks better than it sounds: amber and green striped shirt, worn with copper colored twill silk tie with green figures. Note that the shirt collar is worn pinned. The green soft felt hat with snapped brim completes the outfit, along with the pocket handkerchief and the brown wing tip shoes with medium width toes. In the opinion of some, there may be too much green around here, and others might even feel that the gent would be better off without any greenery. The point we want to make is that it's not merely a matter of taste but a matter of good taste, because green is used to excellent effect here as a contrasting color. A little less "harmonizing" and a little more "contrasting" would make for a highly desirable state of affairs—greater individuality and variety in dress.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

all aboard for somewhere

Bet you can't guess where he's going. The big railroad map in the background, clue one, takes in a lot of territory. The luggage, clue two, is for more than a mere overnight jaunt. The Red Cap, a false clue, rustles baggage in double-quick time. Give up? So do we.

The trite thing to say now—and say it we do—is that regardless of where he is going, his smart outfit assures him of getting there in style. This selfsame outfit is, for the most part, a double breasted grey flannel suit. In a world of change, grey flannel is still king among staples. Dark, light or ruddy, you can wear it as readily as any shade. Slim or short, stout or average, you still can't go wrong. Devoid of any pattern, stripe or plaid, the grey flannel suit achieves distinction by its very simplicity.

Don't neglect the cut of the garment, however. Current fashion specifies the longer jacket, sufficiently roomy to give an impression of loose fit even at the waist. The welt pockets, without flaps, subtract from the width over the hips. The trousers are sensibly proportioned, tapering to medium width bottoms. Two touches make a lot of difference—the dark red boutonniere, capitalizing on the effective color combination of red and grey, and the blue and white handkerchief in the breast pocket.

The blue and white striped broadcloth shirt has the fashionable wide-spaced collar points; the tie is twill silk, its blue and red stripes separated by narrow gold and silver bars. The blue felt hat is a passing whim that stayed for dinner, blue having established itself as one of basic headwear colors. From this worm's eye view, it is difficult to perceive that the dark brown shoes have straight tips with medallion perforations. We trust, incidentally, that nobody's eyebrows have gone up at the sight of brown shoes and grey suit. Any aversion to this combination is more a matter of timidity than of taste. Not only does the fashion staff put its authoritative stamp of approval on brown shoes worn with a grey suit, but it also points out that the juxtaposition of the two practically constitutes a trend.

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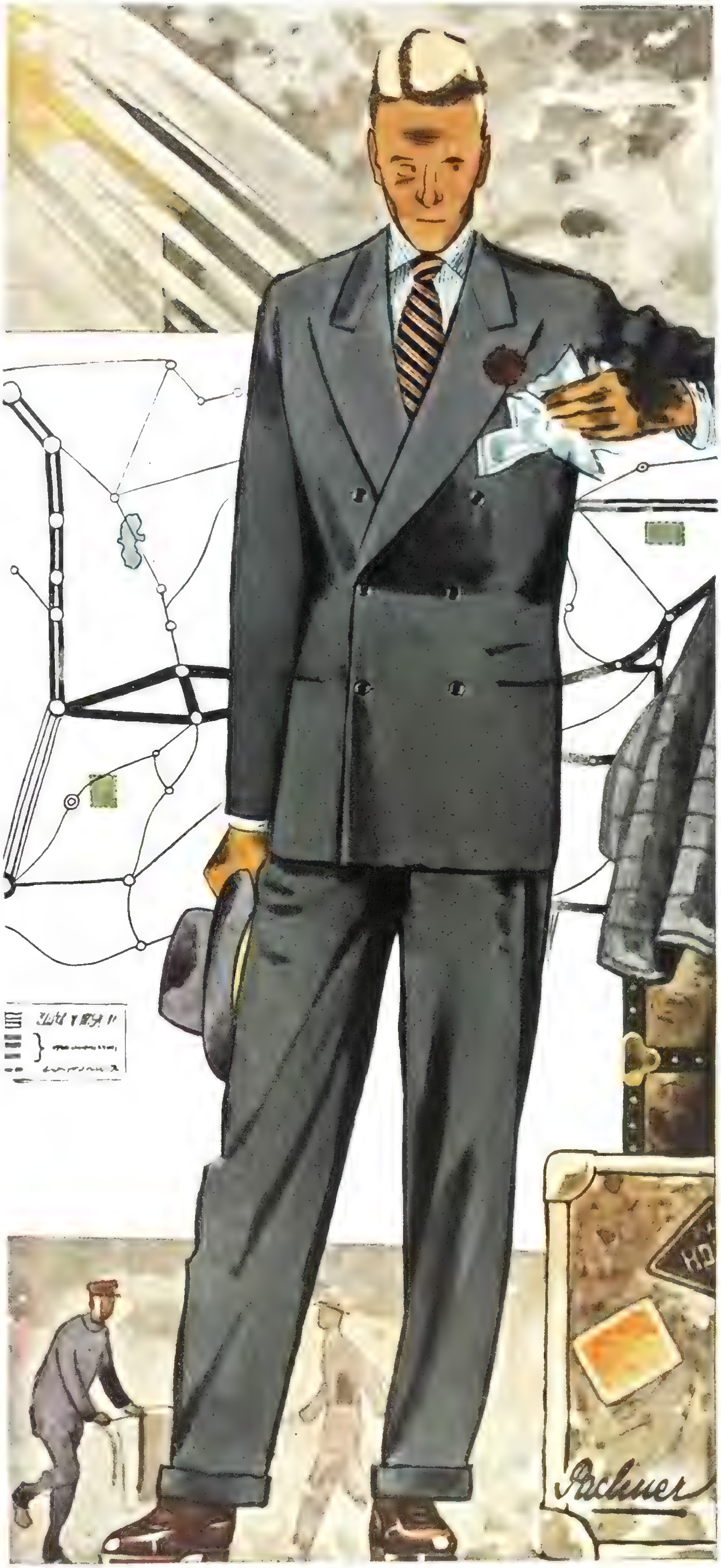

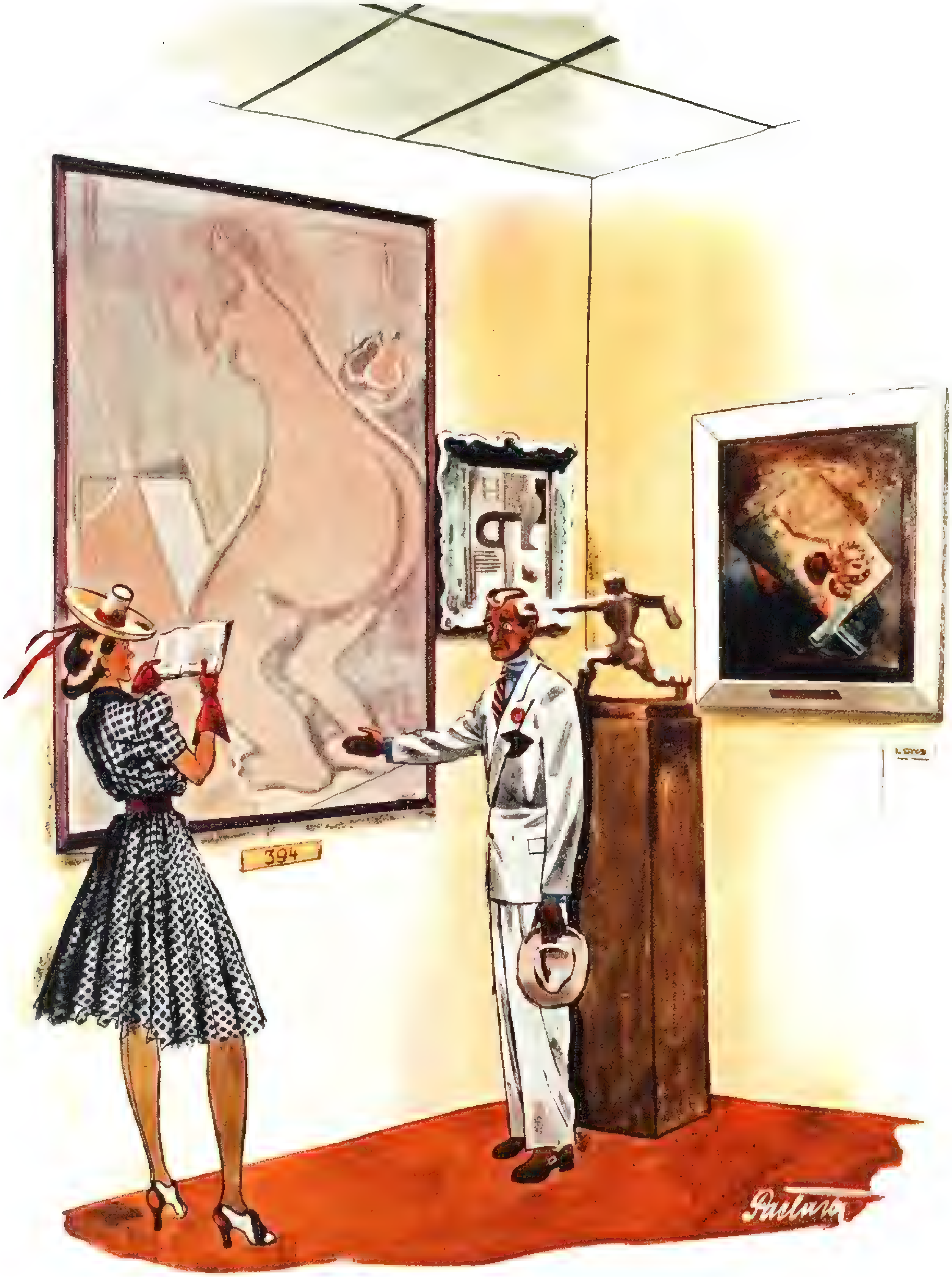

"We must be lost—according to this directory this is 'The Death Mask of Rameses III' . . . !"

Up Queer Street

Continued from page 30

whole body sailed backward through the air with great ease, and the dark round object which he could now see was a wet glistening glove, stopped a few inches from his face and never reached him. His body bent slowly and easily towards the canvas and came sailing up, so very slowly, and Clarke's glove with his dark arm attached to it, still seemed to be hanging in mid-air. Andy watched his own glove go flying through the air and gracefully land on Clarke's jaw and then Clarke's body was pressed tight against his and they were hugging each other. Just two colored boys in all this whiteness, he thought. What's he hugging and holding me for? This is nice, like running along the beach. I want to be free, what's he holding me for?

As they clinched, the ref stepped in and quickly pushed them apart.

He was no longer hugging Clarke and Andy was happy. Now he could feel his legs running along the long white canvas, slowly and easily as though he were gently tossing on a very soft cushion. The canvas was still long and white and he was running down the length of it, sometimes turning this way and that, going in and out, and often he felt a light tap hitting the whiteness. When these taps came, the whole canvas seemed to shake and he would stop sailing smoothly and seem to start along the canvas in rough jumps and bumps. Clarke was running too, often in front of him and then in back of him. Clarke would be ahead of him, running backwards, and his face would loom very large and dark-brown and handsome, so large at times that he shut out the long wide road of white before them. Many times he saw that round dark ball which he knew was Clarke's glove, come sailing up to him and fly by his chin and Clarke's arm always followed like a tail on a kite. Andy remembered a big red kite he had when he was a kid. What became of it? This would be some place for kite sailing, no wires or buildings to get in the way, nothing but whiteness. Often he would see his arm in mid-air pushing Clarke's glove away, or the glove would be resting on his arm like two crossed sticks. His own gloves, arms also attached to them, would go sailing lazily through the air and gently by Clarke's face or sometimes they would come to rest on the deep brown face and the face felt very hard. He liked this sailing along the canvas, it was a rich pleasant feeling he had never known before. This must be what they call luxury—he liked the word, for some reason it reminded him of Egypt and he thought of Egypt every time he came across it in a book. Maybe this *was* Egypt and he was running along the desert? Running for miles along clean white soft sand, running evenly and without effort, with a warm wind all 'round him and the bright sun overhead.

There was a loud noise and Andy wondered if it was thunder and if it would rain and spoil everything. But there were no clouds overhead, the sky still was so bright and . . . Suddenly Max's face was in front of him and his mouth was going up and down, open and shut, and Andy realized that he wasn't sailing anymore, but hovering in one spot like a captive balloon. He wanted to start sailing again. Max seemed even whiter than the canvas and his face looked horrible and funny at the same time. He felt something cool and comforting running down his chest, but it all seemed a great distance off, as if his chest were far below his feet.

Max was talking to him and wiping the sweat from his face and sponging his chest with cold water; then the bell rang for the third round.

There was another great, loud noise from the other end of the canvas and he was sailing through the air again and Clarke was back, sailing beside him, in front of him, and there was a shock, as if he had bumped into something, and he stopped sailing and stood still on the white canvas for a long time. Clarke was jumping up and down in front of him and Clarke's gloves went sailing past his head, faster than before, and then he felt his toes digging into the white sand and saw his own glove sailing through the air as slow and easy as ever, and Clarke's chin was waiting for the glove and they met and then his right glove made a beautiful, slow arc in the air and came down on the other side of Clarke's chin. His left glove was sailing backwards now, his arm leading and the glove following. Something white flew out of Clarke's mouth and Clarke smiled, showing all his white teeth and three bright yellow ones. Andy wanted to smile back but Clarke disappeared and Andy was running along the white by himself. He slowed down a little waiting for Clarke to catch up with him, then he looked around but Clarke wasn't in sight. Far away he could see a white man in grey bending over something dark. But that was very far away. Andy wanted to go over and see what it was, but he saw the ropes stretching in perfect parallel rows for miles and they seemed so straight and long that he stared at them for a long time. The white canvas and the black ropes were lovely and he wished Ruth were with him and that the two of them were naked and sailing along the soft canvas together. She would look very soft, her long legs running beside him, her sleek black hair in the wind, and after they had run for awhile, they would sit down and he would lean against her, feeling how soft she was, and listen to her talk. In all this whiteness they would sit and . . . Clarke appeared again in the distance and came closer and Andy saw his own gloves slowly land on Clarke's jaw, on one side and then on the other his dark gloves would hit Clarke's darker skin. Clarke was very close and their bodies were together and Clark had his arms around him and was hugging again. He wished Clarke would stop that, what was wrong with him? What would Ruth think if she saw them? Then they were gliding through the air and Clarke's gloves were shooting past his ears and he was happy and everything was all right. Clarke was a good guy and he might introduce him to Ruth, but why do that? Clarke might fight him over her and he didn't feel like fighting and he didn't want anybody else with Ruth . . . he just wanted to run along the white and watch the gloves go by like a train passing trees.

Clarke started dancing away from him and as he got farther and farther away, Andy wondered why he was leaving him, and then Max's face was in front of him and his mouth was still going up and down and he still looked very funny; his face looked like a couple of things happening at the same time. Andy wanted to find Clarke and show him how funny Max looked. Max had a little blue bottle in his hand, a deep blue that looked pretty, and he held it under Andy's nose and Andy strained his eyes to look down at the bottle and suddenly his nose was on fire and he wanted to scream and the great white canvas started to rush towards him, shrinking till it seemed it would disappear from under him.

Andy saw his glove go up and push the blue bottle away and the fire wasn't so hot and Max made even funnier faces. The canvas began to stretch out again and there was that clap of shrill thunder and Max was gone and he and Clarke were sailing along once more. Clarke's glove was coming up slowly and Andy couldn't see the arm trailing after it and he wondered if the glove would nose-dive like a kite without its tail. All he could see was the glove and it was getting bigger and bigger and it loomed large and black in his face. The glove blotted out the white and everything went black and he was sailing through black air now.

It was night and he was running and twisting through the blackness for a long time. It was so dark he couldn't see a thing ahead of him and he was afraid. I'm lost! he thought. There must be a light someplace. Not even a star. Where is Ruth? Jesus, did I lose her in this blackness? This is a hell of a night, it's so dark. I'm lost and nobody can see me in all this darkness.

There was that sharp burning at his nose again and Max was coming to him out of a fog and Max was staring at him and Max's fat face was wet with sweat. Max opened his mouth and words came out and Andy heard them. "Are you all right? You okay? Come on, Andy, you're doing great. For Chrissakes, are you okay? You hear me?"

There was blood on Max's white shirt and Andy said: "Sure I'm all right. Are you hurt? What round is this?"

"The last. Keep on . . ."

"The last!"

"Listen . . ."

"You mean I gone six rounds?"

"Yeah, this is the sixth coming up. Keep jabbing him. He had you out on your feet, but you boxed him fine. Keep that left going. He's tired as hell, but he might try a last-minute finish. The left going all the time and your right up. Watch him, he's dangerous and . . ."

As the bell rang and his mouthpiece was shoved in his mouth, Andy tried to say: "The last round?" but he could only mumble. He felt great and not at all tired. He danced out and Clarke came towards him and the ref stepped between them and they touched gloves and then Clarke came in, still crouched, swinging desperately—his long arms protecting him. Andy was inside the swinging, clubbing right and drove both hands to the body and was surprised to see Clarke's face cut on both cheeks and one eye swollen tight. His lips were bloody and Andy jabbed at the bloody lips and danced away from that swinging right. He blocked another right and the blow didn't have much force behind it and he cracked Clarke with a short hard right as they fell into a clinch. When the ref parted them, Clarke was bleeding badly from the mouth. Andy jabbed him lightly and he remembered a picture he had seen of five husky Negroes fighting a battle royal and they were all battered and bleeding like Clarke and a laughing crowd of whites was watching them. Under the picture they had something about "*Five buck niggers battling . . .*" He jabbed again and again, lightly, keeping Clarke off balance, and he could hear the dull roar of the mob. He thought, What am I cutting up this poor slob for? To make these damn whites yell? The hell with you bastards, you like to see two black boys kicking hell out of each other. You love to see any man cut up and bleeding—as long as it ain't you. I ain't going to paste this guy no more and those crumbs out there know what they can do. They got their money's worth.

He saw an opening for his right and let go, but not hard and Clarke took it and clinched. Andy pushed him away and peppered him with easy jabs and two stiff rights to the shoulder. He easily avoided Clarke's tired clumsy swings, and he knew he could outslug him now. He had a clear shot at Clarke's jaw, but hit him on top of the shoulder and wondered if Max knew he was pulling his punches. Clarke kept coming in, ready for more, still trying to con-

Continued at top of page 140

LUGGAGE LEATHER

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Up Queer Street

Continued from pages 30-139

nect with his right and Andy thought: What's he coming in for? He must know he's licked, that I can knock him kicking if I want. He ought to take it easy, coast along, he'll get paid the same. And he comes in, swinging that damn right of his like a blackjack.

For the rest of the round, Andy kept on boxing and hitting Clarke with light lefts and rights, and once he hit him flush on the mouth and Clarke's mouthpiece flew out covered with blood and spit. After that Andy kept his punches to the stomach, pulling them slightly, and making it look as though he were giving Clarke a bad body beating. The bell rang and Andy reached over and patted Clarke on the back and Clarke glared at him with his one good eye, which was kind of glassy, and Andy went to his corner. It suddenly came to him that maybe he hadn't won, maybe Clarke had beaten him in those rounds he had been out on his feet. As he spit his mouthpiece into Max's cupped hands, he asked: "How'd I do?"

"Great! Andy, you was swell. Even in the last round you boxed him like an old timer and didn't take no chances. You was smart like a champ! He had you off your nut and up queer street for four rounds, but you was on your toes and boxing like a champ all the time. My God, for a minute I thought you was out cold. What a clout he caught you with in the second round! You fell for that old sucker trick, but you took it. You showed tonight you can take it. Yes sir, you took it like a . . ."

The announcer held up his hands and then pointed to Andy's corner and yelled: "The winnahh . . . Whitman!" He could hear the people clapping and cheering and he wondered if they would be cheering if he had beaten a white boy. Andy stood up and clasped his hands over his head, like he had seen fighters in the movies do, and then he ran over to Clarke's corner and shook his hand. Clarke said in his best West Indian accent: "You're a good block mon, and I'd like to fight you a-gain. You were a very lucky mon this evening."

Andy said: "Sure. Maybe we'll tangle again. Good luck," and he thought, Lucky? You dumb monkey man, the next time I'll flatten your ears back! He ran back to his corner and Max put his robe on and as they left the ring there was a lot of applause. ⧺

Okie Success Story

Continued from page 36

in which they happened to be. The sheriff's deputies would continue to push them around.

Everybody was going north, up into the big San Joaquin, pursuing the will-o'-the-wisp called work.

"By Jesus," he said, looking like a young Jeeter Lester in *Tobacco Road*, "I figgered I better cut loose an' go the other way."

With no very definite plan in mind, he loaded his family and equipment in the old car, traded some clothing for gas, and headed south. The authorities at Bakersfield were inhospitable, tried to convince him he should go north with the others. There was work to be had up there, none at all in the south.

But there is a stubborn streak in Hannifer. In Bakersfield he heard about a public camp on the Kern River; it sounded like a mighty pretty place. He traded everything he could spare for gas and food and drove up the Kern. Some law officers in the little towns on the way tried to steer him out of there, after looking at his outfit; the region was set aside for vacationists, not for Okies. But he stubbornly kept going. He reached a public forest camp on the beautiful Kern; he stood on his right as an American citizen to make free use of it.

"Hit was sure pretty!" he said. "Trees an' green grass an' the river. An' wild flowers underfoot. If a man had somethin' to eat hit would be heaven. We snared us some cottontail rabbits. Jist about lived on 'em an' corn meal. But the kid got better an' my woman picked up. We felt kind o' free. The forest ranger was kind o' tough first off, but I got talkin' to him an' he come around.

"We stayed up there a hull month. Me an' my brother got us a job cuttin' wood for a farmer three miles downstream. He could only pay us a dollar a day apiece, but we made out. We et an' put somethin' away.

"Me an' Joe, that's my brother, always tinkered around machinery. We figgered if we could get down to the city—Los Angeles—mebbe we could git some part-time jobs. When we was all feelin' good—they ain't nothin' like livin' along a mountain river for a spell—an' no more wood-cuttin', so we lit out."

It is just as well, perhaps, that they didn't get all the way to Los Angeles. To conserve gas, they coasted down the long grade. But some twenty miles from the city, here in the valley, their ancient car broke down. Everything seemed to wear out at once. The rear axle broke, the gears were stripped, and the bearings burned out.

Hannifer got out to investigate the breakdown. It was pretty hopeless. But he looked up at the Sierra Madres, brilliant in the light of the sinking sun; then over at the green Verdugos.

"This here ain't bad," he announced. "Look at them hills. A lot of 'em—an' mighty few houses up in there. A man might be able to live in here, if'n he could git work."

"There ain't no work," his

brother said. "No orange or limmon groves, no farmin'."

"Uh-huh. But hit's right pretty."

An old man who does grading and teaming here in the valley, driving his two big work-horses with his little dog on the wagon seat beside him, came by on his way home.

"You in trouble, friend?" he asked. "Whoa, Jenny!"

Hannifer admitted that all was not well. After a little talk, the old man suggested that he tow the car down to his place—he lived in a shack on a two-acre piece of land just below here—and they could spend the night there.

"Give you folks time to figger out what you're goin' to do," he said. "You can stay in my barn if you don't set it afire."

They stayed there, with old man Baine, who is quite a person in his own right, for a month. Baine is past seventy, he's worked hard all his life, he can still do twice as much work as two ordinary younger men. He has a deep, sonorous voice, rich and expressive; he has decided opinions and he can back them up with clear, forceful logic. But he is badly ruptured and now and then a day comes when he can't work; on such days he refuses to take any man's wages. Everybody in the valley has a lot of respect for him, some of us a genuine friendship. When his kind of work is to be done, everybody says, "Get old man Baine!"

He was alone and lonely. His son had gone away on a job, recently. He was able to get John Hannifer some work, at four dollars a day, and he was glad to do it. Hannifer's wife—or, as he always called her, his woman—washed up the old man's clothes, mended them, did the cooking.

"I always heard them Okies were a shiftless lot," Baine remarked. "But I never take any stock in that kind o' wholesale condemnation of folks. These Hannifers are all right."

By the time a month had passed, Hannifer and his brother had a little cash on hand. Old man Baine told them they ought to live in a regular house; a woman and kids deserved a house. A small, old house could be rented for ten dollars a month; and Baine knew a woman who had a lot of old furniture she wanted hauled away. Some of it could be used.

Besides that, Baine said, he had a grading job coming up; there would be a lot of dirt to be hauled away. If Hannifer had a small dump truck, he could handle it.

"Where am I goin' to git a truck?" Hannifer asked.

"You an' Joe go lookin' for one," Baine said. "You know machinery. If you find one that'll run that don't cost more'n fifty dollars, I'll loan you the money till you can pay it out."

Hannifer found a truck for forty dollars. It wasn't much of a truck, but the first thing he did was to paint it a bright green. Then, in white letters, over the green, he painted a sign: Hannifer Brothers. Dump Truck Service. Hauling. Any Work.

They moved into the little house, fixed it up with discarded furniture, and entered the two older children in school. They became members of the community.

Hannifer soon discovered that he could usually sell the dirt he was paid to haul away to someone who needed fill dirt. He also discovered that many people, clearing out discarded things, merely wished to have them hauled away, didn't care to bother with trying to sell them. When other work was slack, he did such hauling without charge.

"Why, hit's wonderful," he told me earnestly, "what some folks throw out. One lady got me to haul away a load o' stuff. They was an old gas range in it. I had Joe clean it up an' paint it an' we sold it for six dollars. Next time I worked for that lady, I felt kind o' like I'd cheated her. So I told her. I offered to make hit right with her. She jist laughed at me, like mebbe I was crazy. Now ev'ry time she wants a tree hole dug or somethin', she calls us. Reckon a lot o' folks never went hongry or they would not be like that."

There were many times when no work could be found. Then Hannifer prowled around, looking for something no one wanted, drumming up trade for the future. A man who wanted some eucalyptus trees cut down gave him the wood for the labor; he cut it up, corded it and sold it.

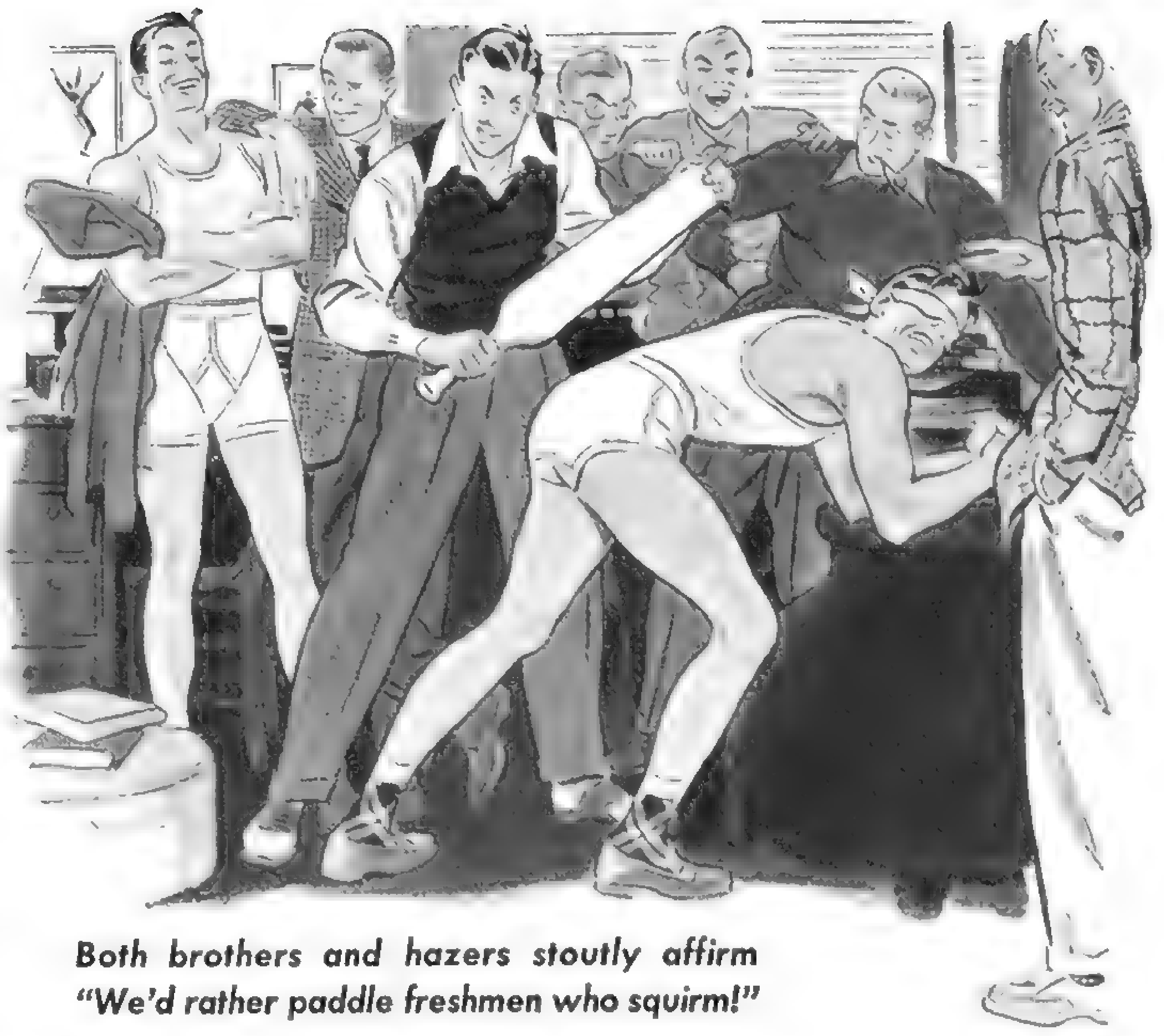
He had a little trouble with an established, prosperous rival in the dump-truck business. This man, an Italian-American, accused him of cutting prices, under-bidding and was heard to refer to him as a goddam Okie.

"Hit made me so mad I couldn't see!" Hannifer said, and his blue eyes flashed. "I didn't want no trouble, but I hunted up that Wop an' told him things. By Jesus, I showed him he was cuttin' prices an' proved it to him. How? On account he had a big new truck that wasn't paid for an' when he set a price was he figgerin' the truck cost an' depreciation an' all? No. I didn't have to figger that. My truck was all through depreciatin'. He didn't have no answer. So I told him I'd work for him at what I was chargin' other folks—an' he could be the boss an' make a profit. He said I was crazy. He got so mad I had to laugh at him. He didn't have no argument. But he ain't a bad feller. He was buildin' a rock wall an' needed stone. So I give him a few loads a man hired me to haul away. Funny. Some folks want all the rocks cleared off; others want 'em hauled in."

Hannifer did a lot of work for a builder who was erecting small houses, on a narrow margin, for sale. He cleared and graded lots, hauled away debris, filled depressions, carried materials and poured concrete. The builder found him one of the best workmen in the valley.

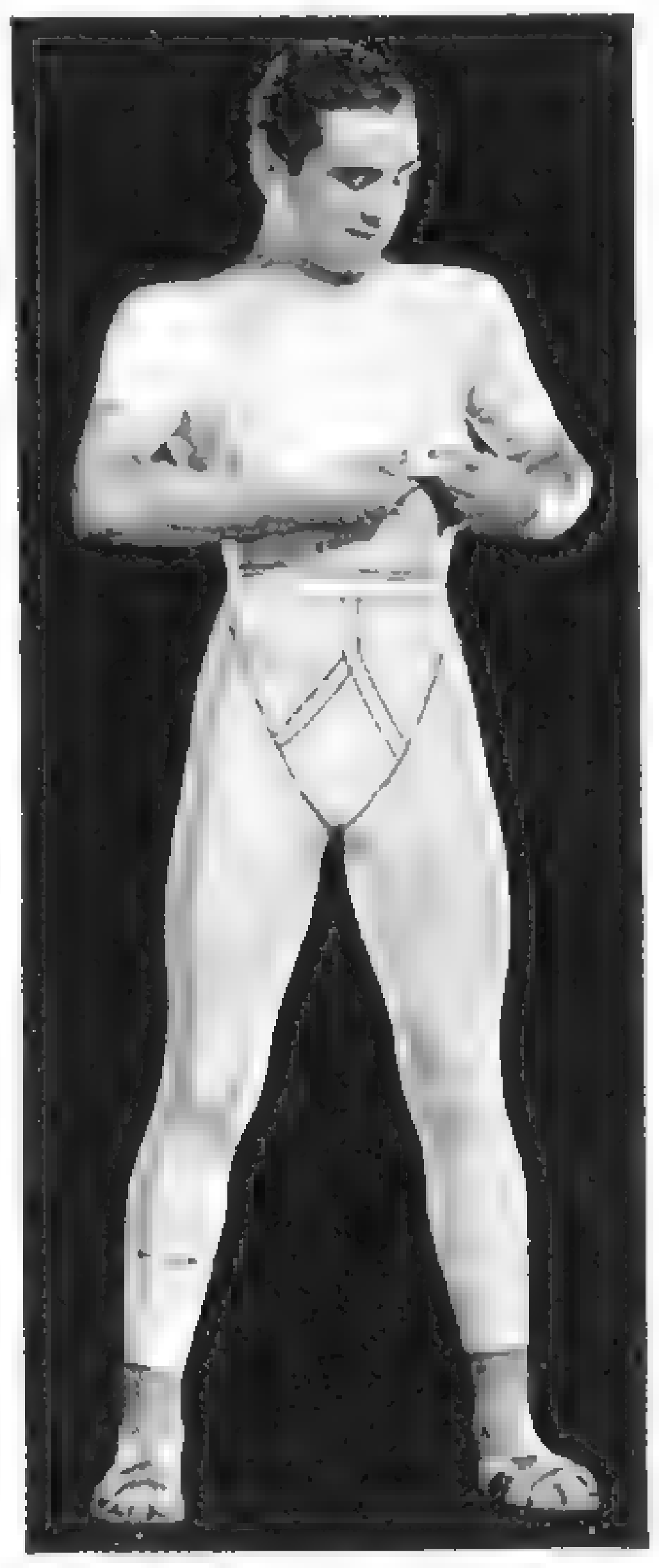
In the course of prowling around,

Continued at top of page 142



Both brothers and hazers stoutly affirm
"We'd rather paddle freshmen who squirm!"

Take a *Complete Jockey* REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. Underwardrobe to School

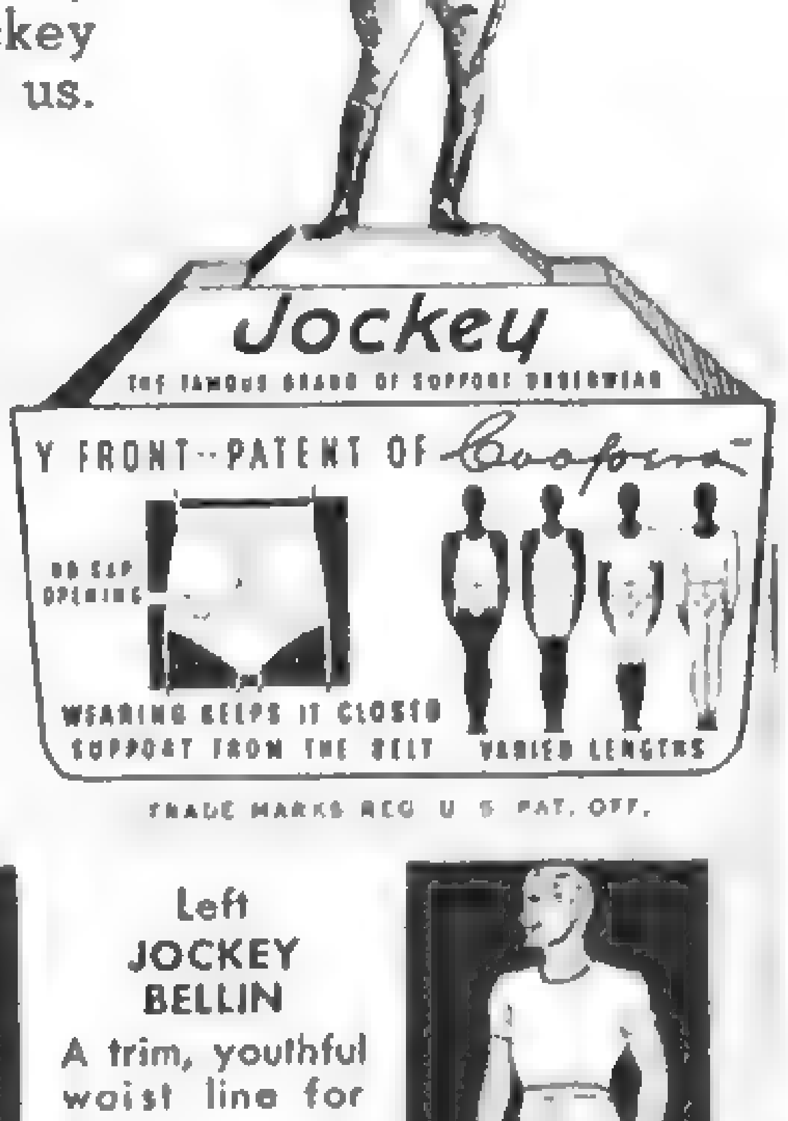


Two-piece
75¢ and up, a garment

If you'd rather not look too conspicuous in the locker room or dormitory, you'd better wear Jockey. Because at most good colleges and preps, Jockey is like a pair of slacks or an odd jacket—something that practically everybody wears. The reason, of course, is the unequalled job Jockey does of combining comfort with trimness. As the only undergarment made with the patented Y-front construction which eliminates bulk, bind and buttons . . . it is the only one which combines squirm-free masculine support with a conveniently angled, non-gap opening. Your dealer will show you the units needed to make your Jockey underwardrobe conform. They are —Short and Midway for daily wear . . . Long and Over-Knee for cold weather sports . . . and Bellin for dances.

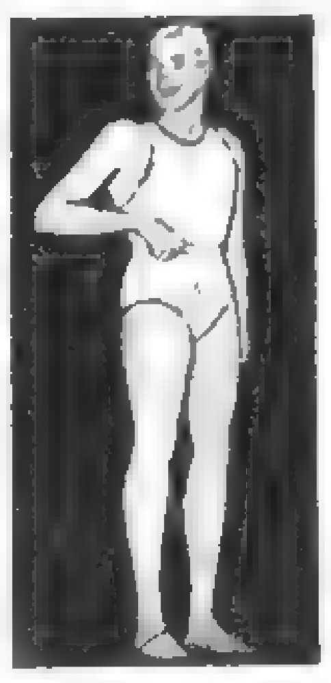
EASY TO REMEMBER **Jockey**
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Insist on Jockey and look for the name on the garment. No other underwear can have the patented construction features which have made Jockey famous. Remember, it isn't Jockey without the Jockey label. If your dealer can't supply you, write us.

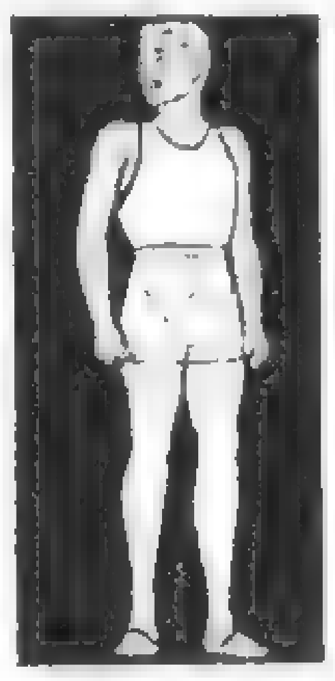


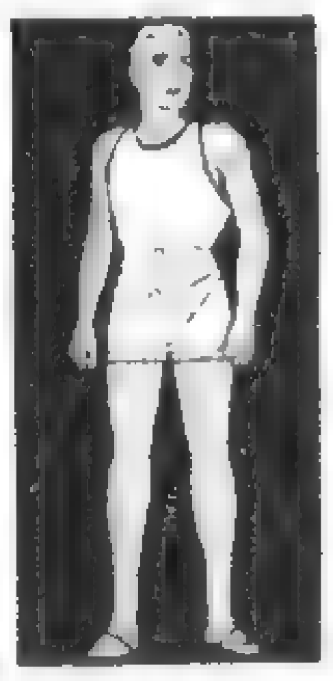
TRADE MARKS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Coopers INC.
KENOSHA / WISCONSIN
NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE
Made and distributed in Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; In Australia by MacRae Knitting Mills, Sydney; In British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Ideal House, London, In New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rudkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S 1

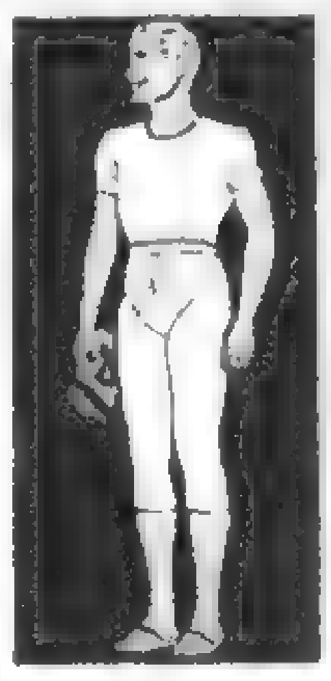


Left
JOCKEY
SHORT
Mild support for all active sports
•
Right
JOCKEY
MIDWAY
Squirm-free comfort for office and street wear





Left
JOCKEY
BELLIN
A trim, youthful waist line for dress-up occasions
•
Right
JOCKEY
OVERKNEE
Keeps trousers from wrinkling



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Okie Success Story

Continued from pages 36-141

looking for something to do, Hannifer found a house that was to be moved. It was for sale. It was a five-room, frame house, well-constructed, in good condition. It could be bought, for removal, for one hundred dollars; if a man had a lot to put it on, he'd have a good house for very little money.

"I hunted me up a lot," he said. "I bought hit for three hundred dollars, ten dollars down an' five dollars a month, on contract. Then I went to this here builder I'd been workin' for an' put hit up to him. Would he advance me a hundred dollars for the house an' a hundred an' fifty for movin' it—an' let me pay it out as I could an' work it out? Yeah, he would—an' did. I got right busy. I hauled in sand an' gravel for a foundation, bought cement an' built my foundation. Man, she's there to stay. Then I got this outfit to move the house an' set hit down on the foundation. I worked right with 'em an' they shaved the price. Never even busted a window.

"I reckon hit looked like a shack, at first, settin' there. Some o' the neighbors stuck their noses up an' didn't like the idee of a poor Okie movin' in on 'em. I told 'em off. I said, 'By Jesus, I'm jist a workin' man, same as you. Want to git me a house to live in. Hit don't look like much now, but you wait. I'll fix hit up so's your places look like a lot o' chicken coops.' Me an' Joe went at hit hard. We kep' on workin', of course, but we put in all our spare time on the house. Moved in right soon an' kep' fixin' it up. I traded work for lots o' stuff. You seen hit, mister. Hit ain't such a bad-lookin' place, is it?"

"No," I said. "It's a good house, as good as any on that street."

"I ain't started yet. Give me another year. I'll show 'em. I only have to raise five dollars a month on the lot. I've worked out more'n half o' what the builder loaned me. I got things started. Them fruit trees you saw in there—folks wanted 'em torn out, thrown away. I took 'em an' made 'em grow. I ain't braggin'. I can make things grow."

He picked up a handful of earth, with the same affectionate gesture.

"Hit's got life in it!" he said.

There was in him, I saw, a passionate love of the soil, of life, of the processes of growth. It burned in him. It had survived drouth and hunger, bad luck and persecution. Give him soil with life in it and he could make things grow. It was, in a way, his religion.

He climbed into his truck. "Got to figger on another job," he said. "Thanks, mister. Any time you need me, jist call me."

I didn't see him again for several months. The picture of his oldest child had been published in the little local weekly; she stood at the head of her class and was a very pretty child.

Then I met him at the counter of the well-stocked liquor store where we of the valley buy our bottled goods. "Hi, yuh," he said. "How's everything? I'm celebratin', mister. My woman's goin' to have another kid!—yeah! This un'll be a Californian. I jist been talkin' to Doc Graham. He's goin' to take care o' her an' I'm goin' to build a stone wall all round his place to pay off. I've got as big a thirst as any man, but I ain't been spendin' money for hit lately. Reckon this calls for a little spree. Give me a quart o' that Bourbon, mister."

He paid for his purchase, tucked it under his arm, and grinned.

"Come by an' stop in," he said. "You ought to see my place now. I sure got it fixed up. An' I bought the vacant lot next to me, so's to have more ground. Figger Joe may be gettin' hitched, pretty soon. Then he can have a house on that lot an' start raisin' a family."

"Luck!" I said.

"Thanks, mister. You-all come an' see us some time."

He went out, his broad, powerful shoulders hunched forward a little. He was whistling. At the door he met one of our local millionaires, the utility man. He waved his hand in friendly greeting.

"Hello, there," he said. "How's that flower garden comin'?"

"Hello, John. You were right about that. It needs more fertilizer. Bring me about three loads."

"That's what I told you. Okay. I'll be there first thing Monday mornin'. You can count on that. An' hit'll cost you less'n the last, 'cause I made a deal with the dairy man. Be there Monday."

The utility man looked after him with appreciation in his eyes.

"Hannifer always tries to save his customers money," he observed, "That's refreshing."

A liquor store is no place to discuss politics, if there is any such place. So I didn't point out that a lot of Okies, perhaps a majority, were hard-working, earth-loving, capable, square-shooting men like Hannifer. I didn't say that such men, given a chance to work soil with life in it, could easily produce better fruit than grapes of wrath. Because, to the utility man, Hannifer was a person, an individual, a man he liked; whereas Okies were an abstraction he read about in the editorial pages of newspapers.

Besides, I reflected, along about 1960, when Hannifer is a prosperous member of the community and his children have taken their places in the valley life, and there is another migration from the dust bowl areas, Hannifer may be among those who would stop the refugees at the Arizona border.

The Hannifers, by that time, may regard themselves as an old California family. #

Are They Coming Back?

Continued from page 29

better known as Buffalo Bill.

Even the baseball players of the sixties and seventies, as depicted by Currier & Ives, had whiskers. So did the early college football players. Policemen followed the trend. A woodcut done in 1846 showed Jacob Hays, high constable of New York City, to be a determined looking but smooth-shaven man. The cops who battled the mobs during the Draft Riots of 1863, as pictured in *Harper's Weekly*, were fiercely bearded. In 1861 the detective Allan Pinkerton looked like a Mormon elder.

When the tide turned hairy, bankers grew their own style of whiskers, a wide-flowing muttonchop so well-recognized that it became standard equipment for the banker-villains of melodramas, Card-sharps and medicine men grew long mustaches, and waxed them to bayonet points. Reformers and many deacons and other pious men followed the lead of Anthony Comstock who liked a good mustache combined with a set of bankers whiskers. Razors went into the discard and vendors of quack beard-growers swarmed into a new market. During the seventies at least a dozen of these whisker nostrums were advertised in newspapers and periodicals. Serious articles by medical men stated that mustaches were a fine protection against germs in the air and that a flowing beard was an absolute preventative against consumption.

The proper gift for an adult American male was an elegant mustache cup: Combs for beards were a staple article of merchandise. For a time it looked as if the barbers would be sunk, but the innate vanity of the American male came to the rescue; what the barbers lost in shaves was more than made up by the professional attention required to keep a fancy beard in trim.

During this period no department of life favored whiskers more than did industrialists and manufacturers of all kinds. The Smith Brothers are too well known to need introduction even to the present younger generation. The face of Dr. Earl S. Sloan, who made liniment, soon became as instantly recognized as that of the President of the United States. Dr. Sloan's over-Niagara mustache was even bigger and longer than Mr. Cleveland's. The mustached visage of Mr. Woodbury, who made soap, appeared everywhere in print. So did the truly gorgeous beard of Dr. W. B. Caldwell, of Syrup Pepsin fame, and likewise the various whiskers that advertised Swamp Root, Wizard Oil, and Arabian Balsam. From soap and medicines the advertising whisker spread quickly to shoes, bicycles, whiskey, ice cream freezers, stoves, buggy whips, lamps, and tobacco.

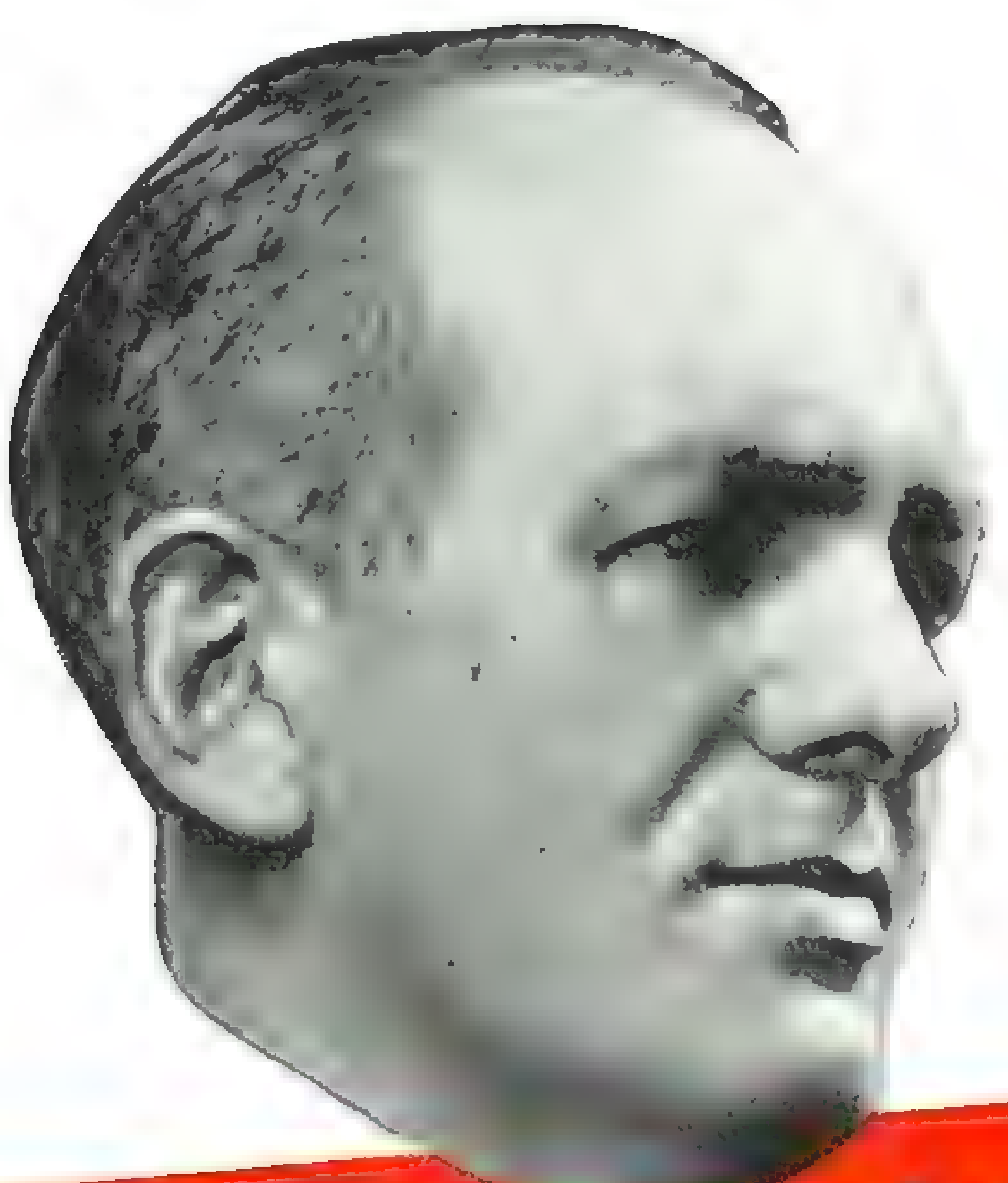
At last, after well over a century, whiskers and plenty of them were again a sign, almost a guarantee, of solid worth, of valor in battle, and of honesty in every line of American endeavor. This was the same period when all America was working hard and achieving progress to astound the world. Railroads and literature flourished. New factories went up and so did new libraries. The savage forest was tamed, and throbbing cities arose among the stumps. New inventions, many of them astonishingly successful, sent business and industry forward in new waves of progress. American science, both pure and applied, budded and bloomed. Endless new schools and colleges were founded.

It is possibly only coincidence that this half-century of America's greatest progress was accomplished by men wearing full beards, Vandykes, Imperials, Galways, goatees, Dundrearys, Burnsides, sideburns, muttonchops; while added to this glorious galaxy of hair were the Horace Greeley whiskers, the undershot style sometimes called a wreath beard, which became popular with readers of the *New York Tribune;* and the huge mustaches of the handlebar type. But coincidence or not, it is a record of remarkable things done by fabulously hairy men.

The great Whisker Era came in much more quickly than it declined, and the decline can hardly be charged to the safety razor, for moulting was well under way before King C. Gillette, who incidentally wore a fine big mustache, perfected that instrument. It was a decline that has fascinated all students of American styles and customs, and no one has charted it more graphically and in so scholarly a manner as Mr. Lewis Gannett, the well-known literary critic, who used the records of Harvard College, his own Alma Mater, to demonstrate the mysterious rises and falls of male American adornment. His studies show that the graduating classes of the 1860's were literally as hairy as goats; some of the boys of this period could have passed for Esau. The Class of 1870 presented four fine great beards. By 1872 the graduates were still very hairy but much of the hair was in sideburns and mustaches. By 1890 Harvard beards and sideburns were distinctly "out," and the mustache was at or approaching its peak.

The, further decline so far as Harvard was concerned, was now tragically sudden. The Class of 1900 was without one beard, the first such since the Mexican War. The last Harvard football mustache appeared in 1901, the last baseball mustache in 1905. Since then Harvard men, like those of

Continued on page 144



"It's news to me"

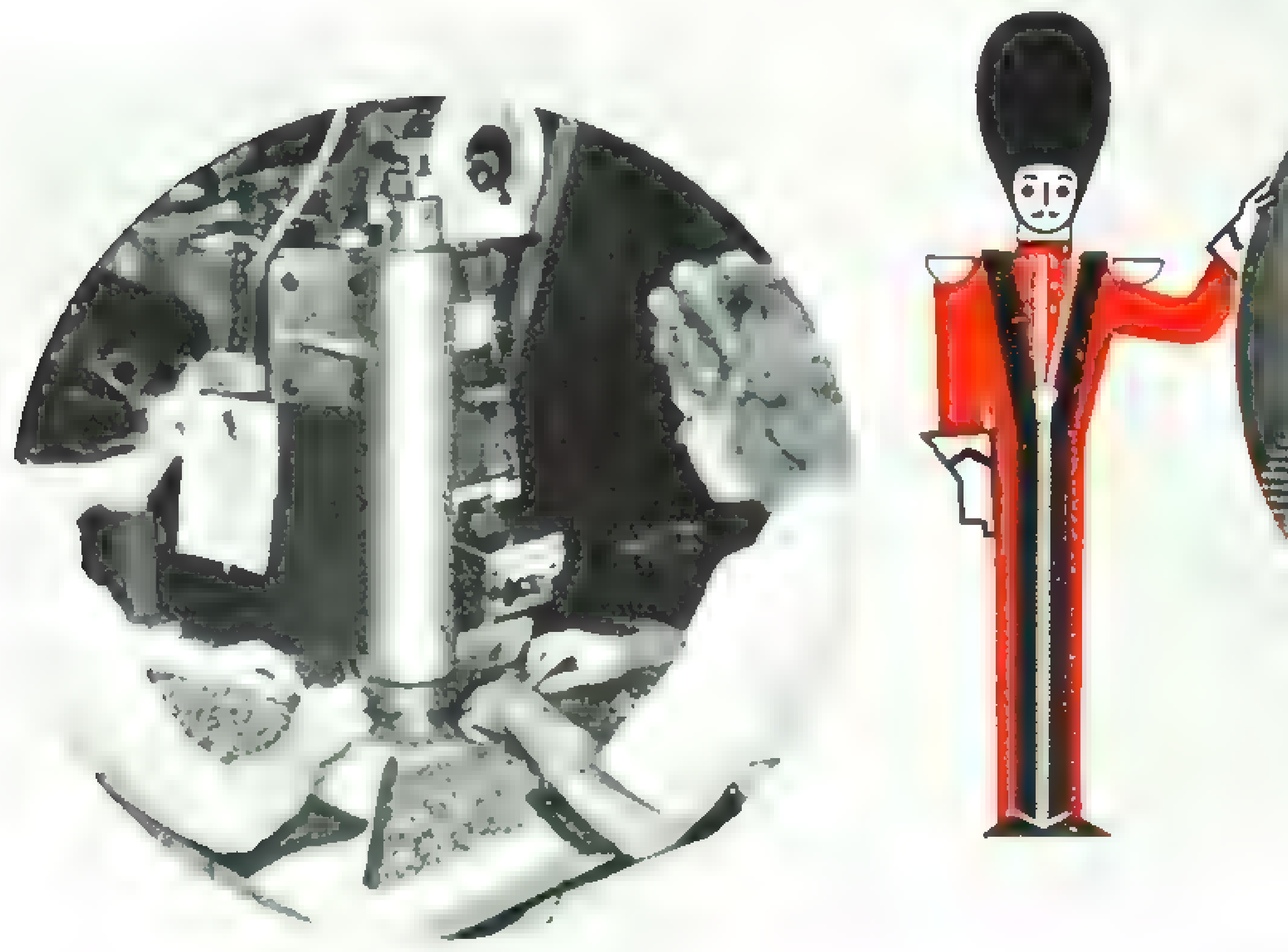
says Gabriel Heatter
Famous Radio News Commentator

"Now I see what makes a better Slide Fastener"

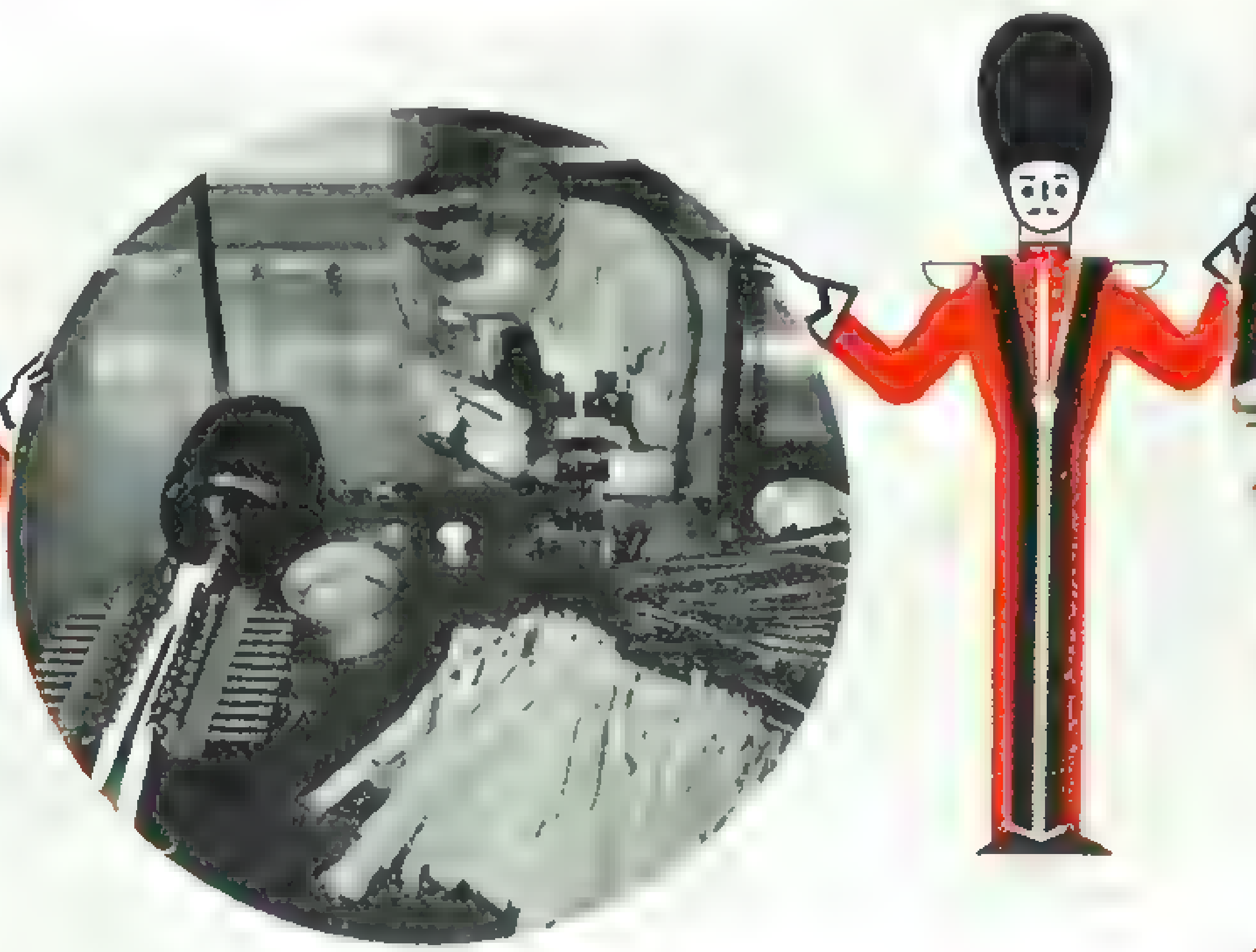
You couldn't possibly imagine, Mr Heatter, what bewildering mechanism is required to make Conmar Slide Fasteners. An entire staff of engineers and toolmakers is engaged solely in developing the intricate machines that occupy acre upon acre of floor space.

Current Conmar production calls for tons of metal, equal to the weight of a navy destroyer, and miles of cotton tape long enough to girdle the globe twice over. Sensitive instruments test this mass of material before it is transformed into Conmar Slide Fasteners.

For your information, Mr. Heatter, the tiny teeth in a Conmar Slide Fastener are formed and spaced apart with a degree of accuracy beyond human perception. Such microscopic precision is vital to insure the smooth performance of the fastener.



Incredible as it seems, Mr. Heatter, the little Conmar sliders that glide back and forth are miracles of strength. Your tailor, using the heaviest pressing iron, could not crush them or impair their delicate synchronizing action.



An ingenious wear-and-tear testing machine punishes Conmar Slide Fasteners under far more severe conditions than they would meet in years of actual wear. That explains, Mr. Heatter, why Conmar Slide Fasteners can be unconditionally guaranteed.

Millions of fasteners and thousands of varieties pass through nimble fingers of inspectors with uncanny faculties for detecting flaws. Those Conmar closures you zip so casually, actually are precision instruments, built and inspected as accurately as the finest watches.

CONMAR
CONMAR PRODUCTS CORP., BAYONNE, N. J.

CONMAR

THE "MAJOR" SLIDE FASTENER

This peep behind the scenes may help you see why America's most important manufacturers and retailers today insist upon these flawless Conmar Slide Fasteners. The next time you catch sight of the name "Conmar" on the pull tab, remember, you have the most advanced development in slide fasteners—*unconditionally guaranteed* to outlast any article to which they are applied.

*REGISTERED TRADE MARK

No Shrink

Shirts and pajamas that shrink like a bank roll in pleasant company are still on the market. How can your haberdasher know you don't want that kind unless you say "Wat-a-set" before you name the garments you want to buy?

No Stretch

Shirts and pajamas that stretch like the truth are a bigger handicap to streamlining your personality than a "skipped" hair-cut. If you don't want them to grow, say "Wat-a-set" before you name the garments you want to buy.

No Stick

Just because temperature, temptation, or something, gets you warmed up, is NO reason for shirts and pajamas to do a clinging-vine act. If you like the sleek aloofness of diffident fabrics, say "Wat-a-set" before you name the garments you want to buy.

Wat·a·set

Trade Mark Registered

is an amazing, new finishing process for cotton and rayon fabrics that prevents either shrinking out of fit or stretching out of shape. And the colors? It protects them with a grime-repelling finish. Shirts or pajamas! When buying them, get the extras in looks and luxury that merely saying "Wat-a-set" assures every time.

If any Wat-a-set shirt or pajama stretches or shrinks out of fit, let us know. We'll give you a new one for it.

MOUNT HOPE FINISHING CO., NORTH DIGHTON, MASS.

Are They Coming Back?

Continued from pages 29-142

other colleges, had until this past winter been mostly smooth of lip and chin, although a few professors have always clung to the great tradition.

Like the colleges and life generally, the White House witnessed a similar gradual decline. From Lincoln to but not including Wilson, only one man without at least a mustache was elected to the Presidency. Grant had a beard, Hays even more of a beard. But Garfield was as hairy as a cave man. Arthur, the Vice-President who succeeded Garfield, kept the point of his chin mowed, but he had whiskers a-plenty. Cleveland had a sizable mustache, Harrison a flowing beard, and both Theodore Roosevelt and Taft wore fine heavy-duty mustaches. The lone smooth-shaven exception during this fifty years of wild hair was McKinley. (Johnson, who succeeded Lincoln, was smooth-shaven but he was not elected to the office.)

Beginning with Wilson in 1912 and continuing to the present, no President has worn hair on his face. Many think, due to the decline of whiskers, that it was his goodly beard that defeated Hughes in his try for the White House; and today Mr. Hughes' is the only beard on the once heavily bearded Supreme Court.

The Cabinet resisted the razor longer than either the White House or Congress. Every Cabinet from 1857 until 1931 had some sort of shavable hair (Stanton's was the first mighty beard, Mellon's the last mustache); but for nine years now the Cabinet has been as clean of hair as it was in the early years of the nation.

Exactly what started the decline and eventually removed those millions of fine beards and mustaches has never been satisfactorily explained. As noted, they were already on their way out before the safety razor made its appearance. It is possible that the beard, at least, was affected by the events subsequent to the Haymarket Riot in Chicago in 1886. The long and sensational trial of the alleged perpetrators of this bomb outrage brought to light the fact that some of them wore whiskers of the particularly wild and unmanageable type affected by the notorious Johann Most, "King of the Anarchists." The trial and convictions shook the entire United States, and I think they had something to do with shaking off a heap of American whiskers. From this point dates the cartoonists' conception of anarchists and other unwanted "aliens" as a sinister, wild-eyed face staring out from behind long, black, and unruly whiskers.

The mustache lingered a while longer. It was fading by 1912, when Wilson was elected President, and it got its *coup de grace* two years later when Charles Chaplin began making all mustaches things for ridicule, and only a few die-hards continued to wear them.

Such has been the appearance, the decline, the rise, and again the fall of American facial hair. But no chronicle of the subject would be complete without passing reference to the late and once celebrated Joseph Palmer, who one of these days soon may become a prophet all over again.

Joe had the misfortune to be born a century too late and approximately seventy-five years too soon to have worn a beard with impunity. He was forty-two in 1830 when he moved from his back-country farm into the hustling village of Fitchburg, Massachusetts, and he was wearing at the time some whiskers that would have made Walt Whitman seem a beardless youth in comparison. Beside Joe, in fact, the elder Smith Brother would appear quite hairless.

One lone set of whiskers amid millions of smooth faces is something to contemplate, and Joe Palmer paid dearly for his eccentricity. One might say, with but little stretch of imagination or metaphor, that it was Joe and none other who carried the Knowledge of whiskers throughout the dark ages of beardless America. His persecution was almost unbelievable. Small boys threw stones and jeered after him. Little children fairly howled at sight of him. Women crossed to the other side of the street. He was boycotted. Prominent citizens, even his pastor, nagged him constantly, all because of his strange beard.

One day in 1830 four Fitchburg men attacked Joe and threw him to the ground. They were armed with shears, soap, brush and razor, and they vowed they were going to remove the beard that offended the whole community. They didn't, though. Joe got a clasp-knife out of his pocket and slashed at his tormentors, defending himself and his noble beard successfully. Arrested on an "unprovoked assault" charge, and fined, Joe refused to pay. A matter of principle, he said. He was thrown into Worcester jail, and there he remained for more than a year, meanwhile writing letters to the papers calling attention to the undoubted fact that he was in jail not because of any crime committed but because he liked to wear a beard and did so.

Public opinion changed. The Prisoner With the Beard became a favorite subject with newspapers in Boston, New York and Philadelphia, which took Joe's part. Within a year he was a cause *célebre*, and the Worcester sheriff saw he had a martyr on his hands. He had Joe picked up bodily and set down in the street, a free man.

Joe Palmer's beard became famous in all parts of the United States, and so it remained for another thirty years. He lived until 1875, when beards were at their fullest, and was thus spared the awful sight of their debacle. He liked to say that he had been the redeemer of the beard, and he took pains to make sure—no matter what styles frivolous men might adopt—that he was not immediately forgotten as the man who had let 'em grow thick and wide in a day when doing so called for courage of a high order. Out in the old cemetery in North Leominster, Massachusetts, is Joe's monument. It is a rugged square stone, almost as tall as a man, and on its front is an excellent medallion carving of Joe's head, with the noble beard flowing and rippling in white marble. Below the head appears a simple legend: "Persecuted for Wearing the Beard."

The past forty years or so would have been most discouraging to Joe Palmer, but who can say what another year or two may bring? It happened very suddenly before, when the face of all male America was engulfed in whiskers. The present trend, looked at soberly, points to at least a sizable revival of the male's ancient and honorable badge of domination and all-around virility.

The beard may have harder going, but the mustaches now in evidence are a step toward downright whiskers. Actors have always been well in the van of male styles, and those whiskers of the Messrs. Woolley and Welles, now widely copied, may make a whistle in the wind that will be heard, if not around the world, then at least across the United States.

It is conceivable, I think, that thirty million sets of whiskers and mustaches would put a new face on things, in more than one way, so far as American males are concerned. Dignified once more with the classic sign of male authority, the male of the United States might win back some of the ground he has lost to the currently dominant and domineering female. (It is significant that the bearded and mustached Frenchmen have never lost their grip on things.) He might again become something distinguishable from a money-grubbing, check-writing helot to the American woman.

Great day in the morning! It is a happy thing to contemplate. And if the present trend continues and whiskers do return to the American scene in a big way, then bearded and mustached and possibly emancipated males ought to tread a path to the shrine erected in North Leominster cemetery to the man who made Democracy safe for whiskers. ⌗

A Plea for the Peewee Guns

Continued from page 69

game than I had in the past, but confident that it wouldn't give me a case of shell shock when I pulled the trigger.

Naturally I was surprised when I started doing a lot better with it than I had with larger guns. I actually began to get my share of the bobwhites. Furthermore, I got them with fewer shells. It seemed incredible, but it was true.

And in spite of this fact, the other hunters just smiled, and still considered the .410 as a toy of some kind.

Eventually, however, we induced them to take a fling with it. My friend, the crackshot, had given them a convincing demonstration of what it would do. They figured at first that he was such a good shot that he could take just *any* gun and hit anything with it. But he insisted that he shot better with the .410 and picked up his game easier, cleaner, and neater.

After considerable badgering he took the gun out one day and demonstrated its possibilities. Firing against two better than average hunters, and taking the game as it flushed, he got his limit before the other two had a total of one limit between them. One of them used a 12-gauge auto loader, the other a 16 pump.

So the others tried it. They found that on the first trip they didn't do so well. Some of them didn't do anything at all. But they persisted, and soon they got on to the different feel of the gun. They settled down and got results. And, as I have said, every one of my hunting acquaintances who has given the gun a trial is a confirmed .410 shooter today with one single exception. You couldn't make them go back to the big guns for quail.

They found the same thing true in shooting white-winged doves, mourning doves, snipe and other small game.

I had a very recent demonstration of the performance of this gun on the white-winged dove. I was hunting with three other men, one of whom uses the new Marlin .410 over and under. The other two used 12-gauge guns.

We were shooting white-winged doves, and my friend with the .410 and I filled our bags in fairly short order. I was using my old favorite, the Winchester pump.

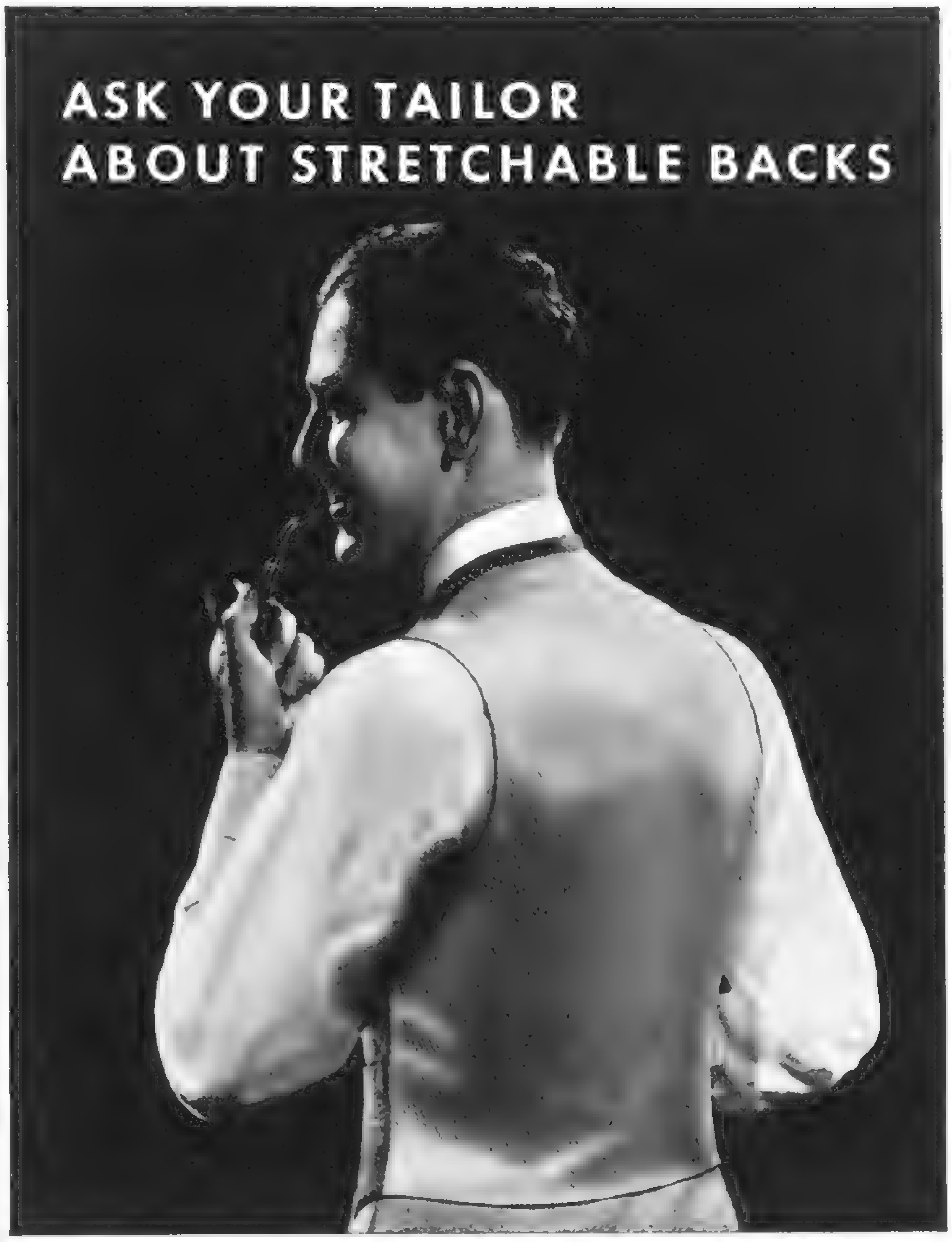
After we were through we walked over to the boys with the big guns and watched them fire away. They were men who hunt only occasionally, and it was easy to see that the big guns were punishing them.

So we induced them to take our peewee guns and fire a few shots. They readily got onto the feel of the light guns, and began getting birds. In a short time they had their limits, and now they're both shooting the little gun on small game.

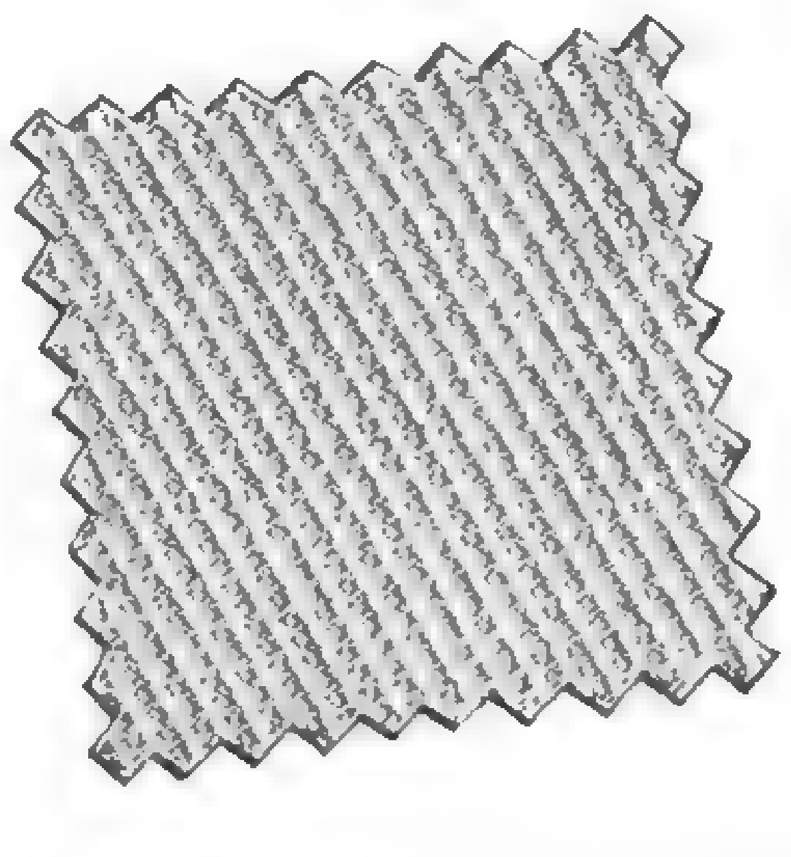
The facts of what these and other people have done may not fit into the statistics on shot loads, patterns, range, and the like, and I do not argue that point. But, on the other hand, the man who goes entirely by ballistics is inclined to overlook the human factor in shooting. I am certain that he does not give this factor its proper place in the scheme of hunting.

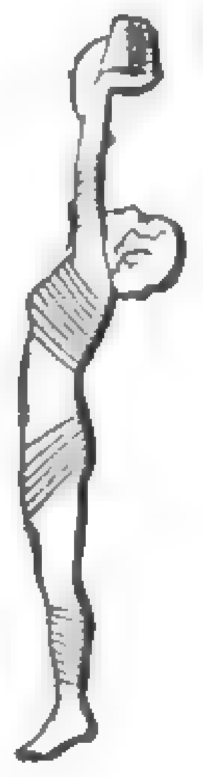
I read, for instance, an article by a well-known gun editor who was discussing the .410. He said that many a man will discourage his wife from hunting by giving

Continued on page 146



modern fit and comfort without strap or buckle





The new supercomfort fashion that clicked the same day. A stretchable back moulds your vest to your figure like a glove, yet yields easily to every breath and motion. No strap, no buckle, no bulge. For all this thanks to "Laton," the new elastic yarn, the finest, softest, most luxurious ever made. "Laton" and other yarns are woven together into materials with just the desired stretch, in colors and patterns to match your suits for business, dress or sport. Ask your tailor to put new "Laton" yarn backs in your new or old vests. Or write John B. Ellison & Sons, Inc., for name of nearest tailor.

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Distributors to merchant tailors of vest back materials made with "Laton" yarn

Laton
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A Plea for the Peewee Guns

Continued from pages 69-145

her a peewee gun, the result being that the lady can't hit anything, and will become disgusted with hunting.

I don't believe this is true. I believe, in fact, the situation is just the opposite. The average woman will be so terrified at the blast and recoil of a 12-bore, or even a 20, that she will go back to knitting. On the other hand, I know many women hunters who do a nice job of getting their game with a small gun, either a .410 or a 28-gauge.

And it is the human element that is helping to bring about this situation.

So let us gaze upon what we might term the personality quotient in the firing of a shotgun.

First there is the weight and feel of the gun—how it points, how the gunner can swing it and line it up on his game.

Second there is the matter of recoil and blast—what will be the reaction of the gunner to the kick and noise?

And third we have the question of the gunner's ability to hit small targets when they get out over thirty yards, which we will arbitrarily take as the maximum killing range of the peewee guns. Can the average hunter hit small birds with any consistency over thirty yards, no matter what gun he uses?

I believe the tendency in the past has been to underestimate the importance of these factors.

My own observation and experience lead me to the conclusion that they are more important in this instance than the difference in shot charge.

In the matter of swing and alignment the little gun is so far ahead of the big ones that there is little comparison. You simply get on them quicker and easier, particularly if you have a muzzle bandage on the little gun to improve its sighting plane.

The swing is faster with the lighter gun, and as a result the hunter tends to shoot farther in front of his game. And all who have watched shotgun shooters know that the majority of misses are due to shooting behind the target.

I have observed that where two hunters are taking birds as they flush, the man with the .410 will invariably get on his game and fire much quicker than the man with the big gun. This frequently compensates for the longer range of the big gun.

So here we have Score No. 1 for the peewee guns.

Then there is the equally important factor of the recoil and muzzle blast. The big husky fellow who gets solid joy out of the blast of the gun and the feel of its kick against his shoulder isn't bothered by the big bores.

But the average gunner, who shoots only occasionally and probably doesn't hold his fowling piece correctly when he does shoot, will immediately notice the blast and the kick. They will throw him off considerably. Even a 20-gauge will do it.

When you step down to the .410, however, the kick and the blast practically vanish together. The recoil is not noticeable. The muzzle blast is not an ear splitter, and will not cause the average person to flinch.

The result is going to be better holding and shooting.

This is Score No. 2 for them.

When we come to range there is, of course, no room for argument. The big guns will reach out farther. I do not question that.

But I raise this point. How many gunners can hit a dove or quail over thirty yards, no matter what gun they use? I do not mean scratch one occasionally. I mean hit them regularly.

This type of game is usually taken at from ten to twenty yards, seldom over thirty, no matter what gun is used. And at ranges over thirty yards, the average gunner will hit so irregularly with the larger gun that the .410 may be a blessing to him by helping him to miss entirely, instead of wounding his game.

On the matter of wounding game we checked results during several seasons of quail shooting, the same group of men using big bore guns for years, and then switching to the .410 for the past three seasons.

The verdict was unanimous that they wound no more game with the little gun. Some of them insist that they do not wound as much.

They point out that in quail shooting most of the wounding is done on the covey rise, at a time when a gun throwing a wide pattern will nick several birds. It is also at such times that the gunner is less likely to watch down crippled game, and hence will lose it.

With the little gun you either pick your bird on a covey rise, or you probably don't draw a feather. And its pattern isn't big enough to spread out and gather in a few cripples.

In the matter of singles I do not believe there is much difference insofar as crippling is concerned. The 12-bore in the hands of the average gunner will cripple plenty of birds, caught in the edge of the pattern. Most of these birds will be missed entirely with the little gun, and I believe this compensates for the game which will be wounded because of the small gun's lighter concentration of shot.

Furthermore, the man with the .410 soon learns to hold his fire on the long ones, whereas the man with the 12-bore always believes he can reach out and get them no matter how far away they are. Wounded game is the result.

Such has been my experience and observation. I know that the human factors swing the balance in favor of the little gun because I have seen it demonstrated so many times that it can no longer be considered accidental.

Then there is another advantage in the light weight of the smaller guns and the ammunition for them. To an average man the task of carrying a seven-and-a-half- or eight-pound shotgun along with a couple of boxes of 12-gauge shells is something of a job.

But the five-and-a-half-pound .410 with its slender shells that you can slip in your pocket and forget is just a joy when you start tramping through the country after quail.

I have dealt only with the .410, because most of my experience in the peewee gun class has been with it. However, from a small amount of experience in shooting the 28-gauge, I have a feeling that it will some day prove even more popular for the American upland game-hunter than the .410.

I believe that this gun would immediately start taking its place with the .410 if the American hunter could buy the kind of arm he wants at the right price.

The 28-gauge throws the same amount of shot in its three-quarter ounce load as the long .410. But, according to those who know, it throws the shot a bit harder, and in a better pattern. The experts have always considered the three-inch .410 shell as a ballistic freak, but the 28-gauge shell is about in proportion to other and larger loads.

The difference in recoil and muzzle blast between these shells, when shot in guns of the same weight, is negligible. For some reason there is a sharp drop in both blast and recoil between the 20 and the 28, but very little difference between the 28 and the .410.

The 28 has a little sharper report than the .410, but it is not objectionable to the average gunner. Neither is the kick.

I believe, then, that this gun is destined to become extremely popular, if and when the American hunter can buy the gun he wants.

True, Winchester puts out a 28-gauge pump. But it is made on the 20-gauge frame of the Model 12, and is too heavy. It is not the gun a man turning to lighter loads wants to lug around in the field.

What I would like to see, then, is for Winchester to put out a 28-gauge pump weighing about the same as their .410. I would like to see the Ithaca boys turn out that bottom ejection featherweight pump of theirs in a 28-gauge weighing a little over five pounds. I would like to see Remington add another fine pump to the list of 28-gauges, and give everybody a chance to buy the make of his preference.

There are some good double 28-bores on the market, such as the Ivar Johnson. I have shot it both at skeet and game, and think it is a fine gun. But too many American hunters are wedded to the single sighting plane, and they want their guns either in a single barrel or over and under—or autoloader.

I have tried those little Belgian-made 28-bore over and under guns. I don't like the hardware on them the way they come from the plant. The forearm is entirely too thin, giving you a feeling of holding a pencil in your hand. Likewise the stock feels puny.

A friend of mine had a decent forearm put on one along with a fine, straight stock. I tried the gun on quail, and it was, I believe, the sweetest gun I ever fired in the field.

But this gun at around $150 is slightly out of the price range of the average American, even if it is available now at all.

So I would like to see some good American companies, Remington, or Savage, or Browning, or Marlin—any or all of them—come out with some over and under 28-bore guns ranging in price right along with the larger over and under guns they are now making.

Marlin has stepped ahead of the field and turned out a .410 over and under. I tried it. It is a fine little gun and I believe it will prove popular. I would like to see more such guns.

I would like to see a running mate for it, built to handle the 28-gauge shell.

Lack of these guns has prevented many an American from turning to the 28-gauge.

So there you have the situation, all wrapped up in a burst of adjectives.

There is no doubt about the fact that the trend in this country is toward smaller-bore shotguns. On the opening of the dove season in my State of Texas the past season the State practically ran out of .410 shells. Our sporting-goods dealer wired all over the State before he could get even a limited number.

The fellows down here in Texas are finding out about the .410.

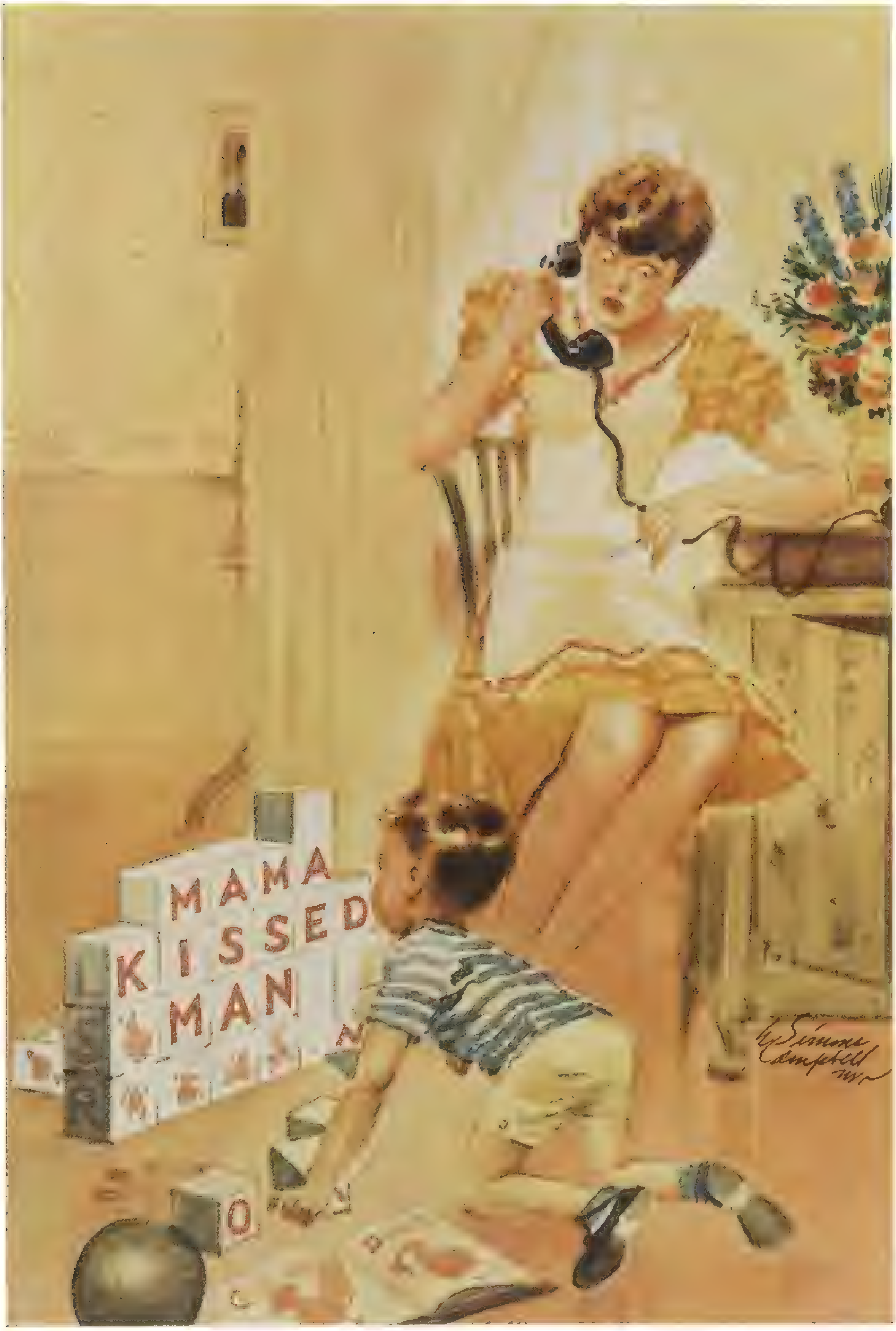
These little guns are to the hunter what light tackle is to fishing. The trend toward them is slow, but it is sure.

They are almost as deadly under thirty yards as the 12-gauge. I have seen a hunter pick four geese out of a flock in rapid succession with a .410 pump. I have seen the same stunt done on ducks. Shooting over decoys I bag my ducks much easier now with a .410 than in the old days with that Long Tom.

But, as I said before, I am certainly not advocating them as duck guns, because I don't want the boys showering down on me. I have a sneaking suspicion that somebody might be bold enough in the future to come right out and admit they will do the trick, even on ducks—somebody else, not me.

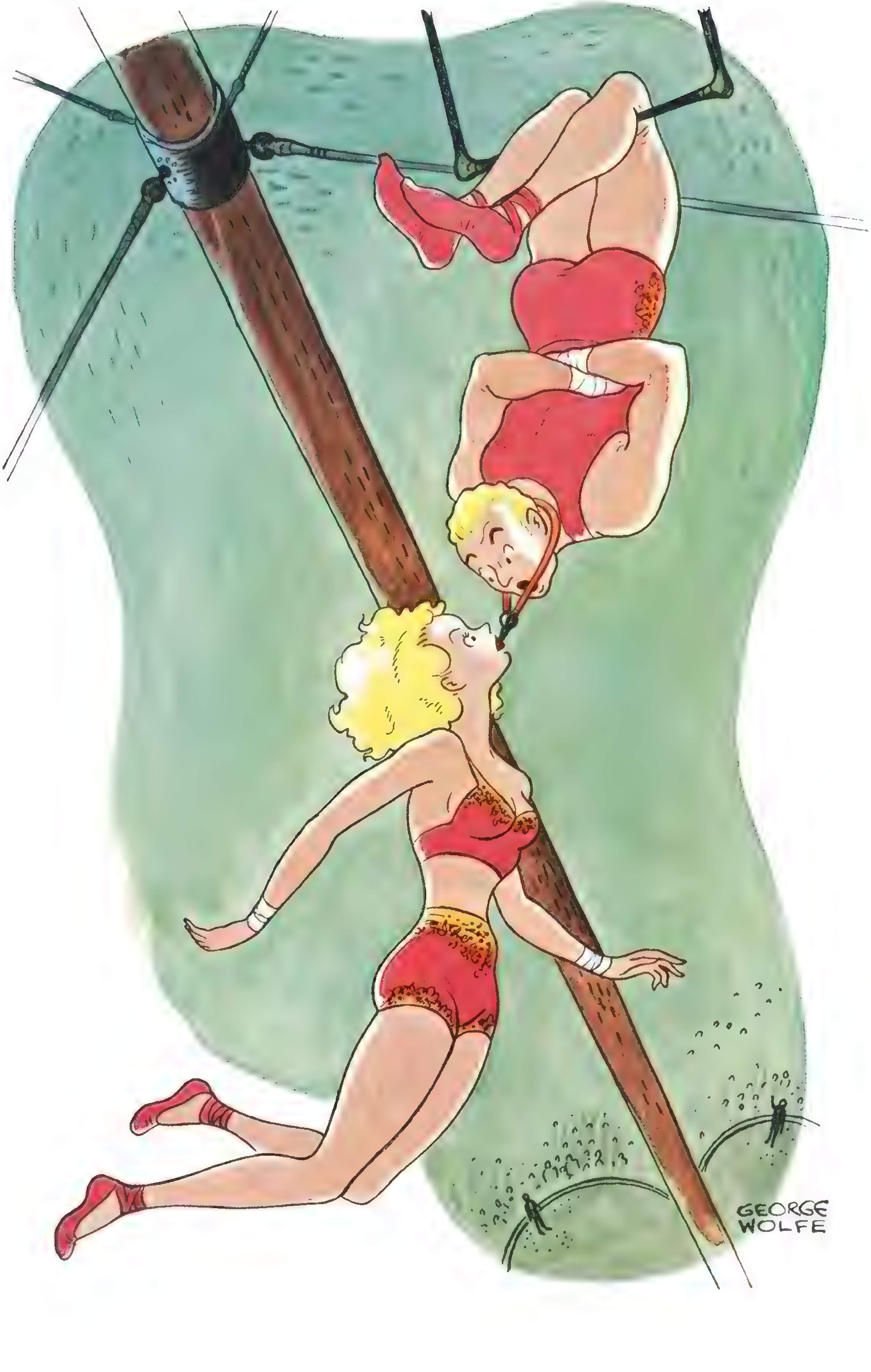
I advocate the peewee guns for small game.

And furthermore, I want those new guns we were talking about a while ago. The chances are by the time they are on the market I won't have enough money to buy one. But I can at least borrow one from a friend and feel it. Maybe he will even let me shoot it once or twice. ##



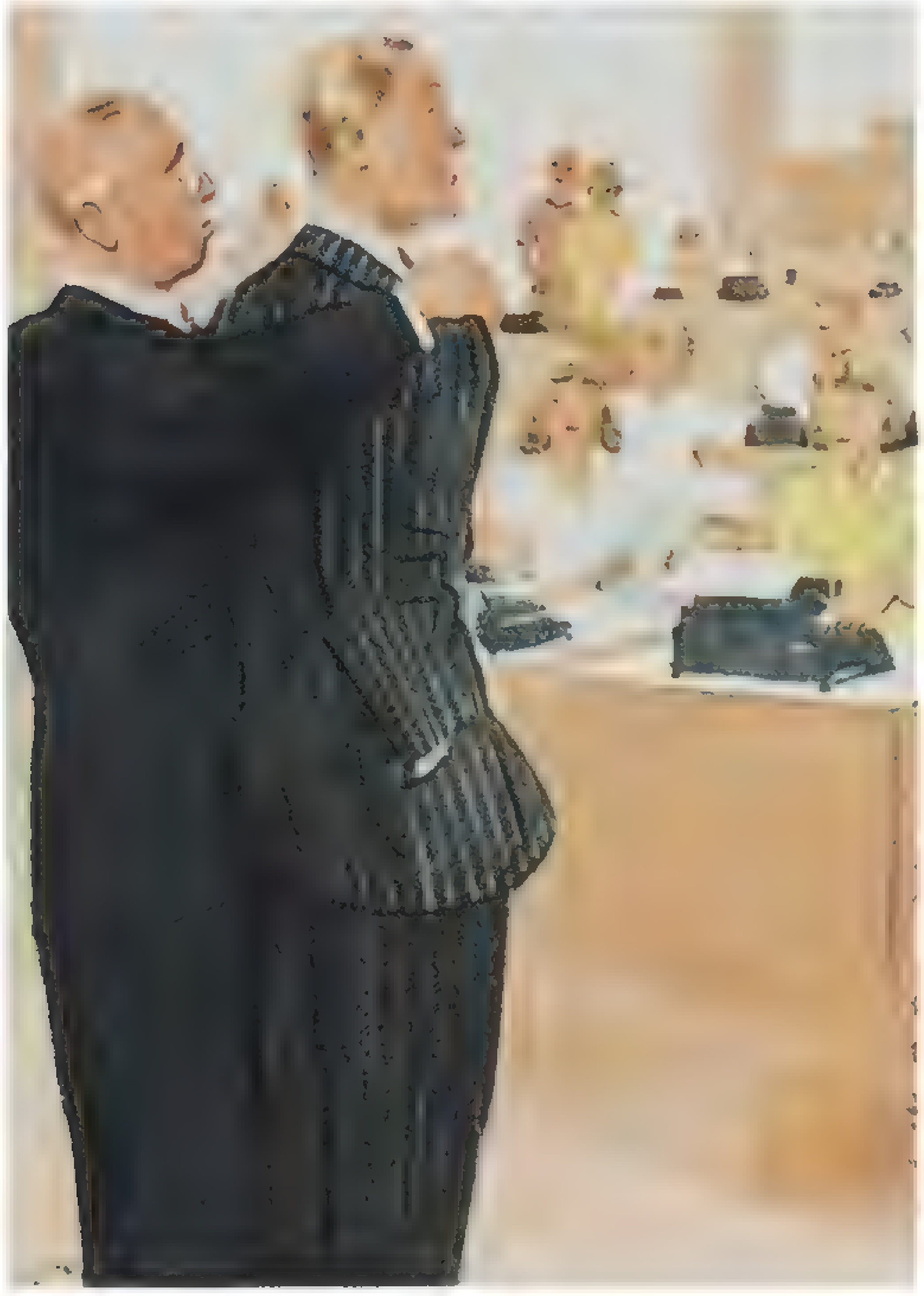
MAMA
KISSED
MAN
E. Simms Campbell

"Will you bring home an erector set for Junior, dear—I think he's getting too old to play with blocks"


GEORGE
WOLFE

"You don't have to give me your answer now, Gwendolyn, but I love you, will you be my wife?"

BACK TO SCHOOL, SON?



. . . I'LL HAVE MY HANDS FULL UNTIL YOU COME BACK NEXT SUMMER!

Son: I'll miss the office for fair, Pop. That's a cinch. But what I'll really miss is reading your Esquire each month!

Father: I'd cut off my right arm for you, son . . . but I can't let you take my Esquire subscription. Study hard, my boy! Study hard!

* * * *

Here's a real, down-to-earth problem. Thousands of young men getting ready to go back to school . . . thousands of fathers getting their check books oiled up for the coming school year . . . yet, in many families only one Esquire subscription between them! And father would rather give up his Sunday golf game . . . son would sooner part with his Latin pony.

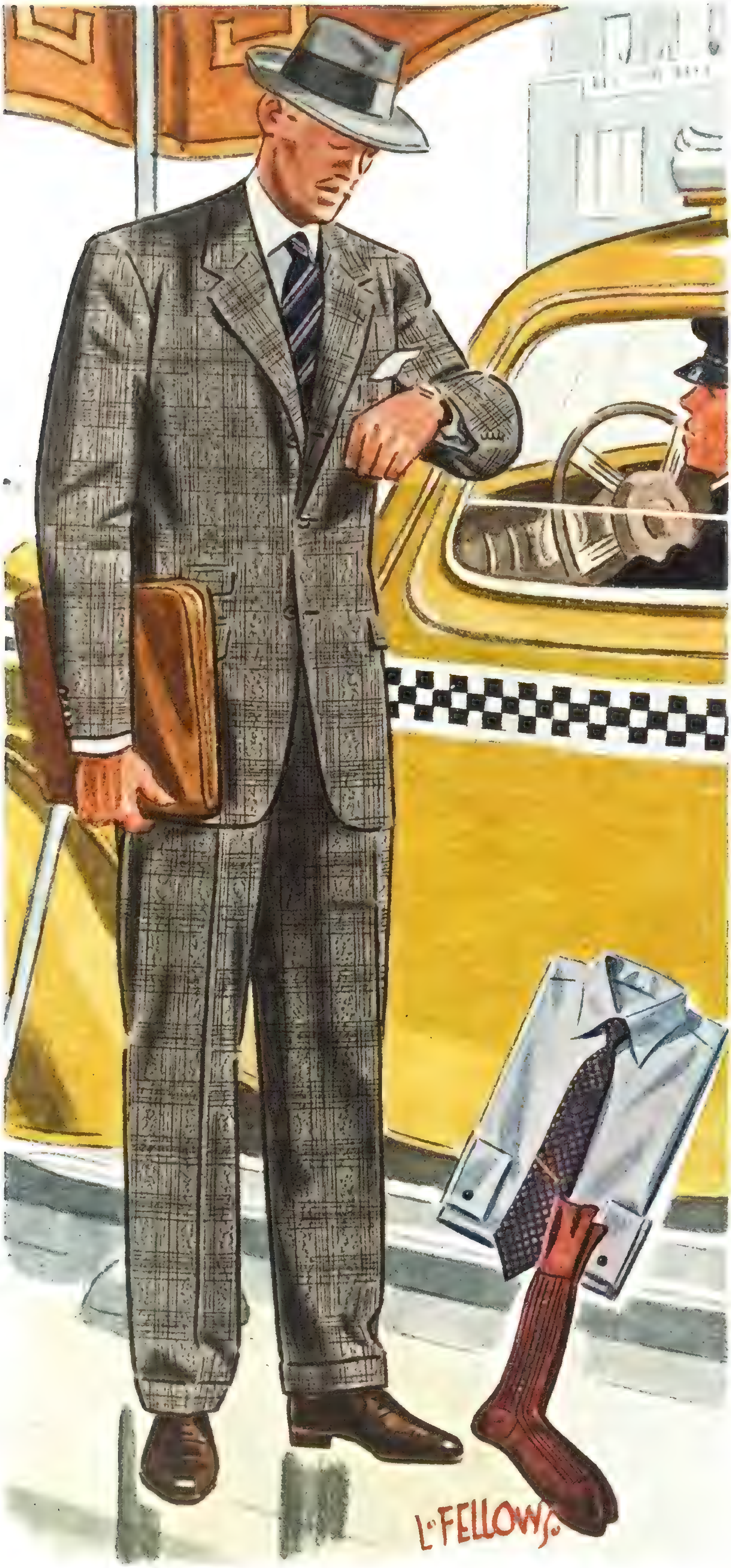
Father! Keep peace in the family this year. Order an extra subscription to Esquire in your son's name, today. Make it a going-away present. Let the most popular monthly magazine on the American college scene become a permanent fixture in your son's college room.

Son! Start promoting yourself an Esquire subscription now. Remind Dad how popular an "elective" Esquire has become on the campus . . . how by selecting Esquire as a going-away present he will be doing his part to keep "Jack from being a dull boy!"

* * * *

Esquire, the unanimous choice of grads and undergrads alike, brings its readers each month, a handsome variety of magazine entertainment features, varying all the way from prized fiction to more than sixty rib-tickling cartoons per month. That is why the giant 200-page Magazine for Men has become synonymous with masculine reading preferences . . . everywhere.

NOW . . . BACK TO SCHOOL . . . WITH Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



keeping up with the pace-setters

The fashion leaders would no longer remain in the lead if they allowed others to catch up with them. The same thing is true of horses, or halfbacks. At any rate, the housetop-shouters have long been broadcasting the axiom that every self-respecting wardrobe is entitled to a Glen Urquhart plaid suit—just like those worn by the fashion leaders. Well, here's their answer—the plaid on Glen pattern, the new, smart, distinctive variation on the traditional Glen Urquhart design. Look it over.

The model shown here is the popular three-button single breasted style with soft-rolling notched lapels. The change pocket is an added fashion detail, as well as an item of practical convenience. The shirt is in porcelain blue, a new pale shade that has been endorsed as belonging in the upper hierarchy of fashion. The white starched collar has a wide spread between the points, allowing ample space for the Windsor knot tie. If you haven't yet learned how to tie this knot, you can probably induce some enterprising men's apparel dealer to give you a lesson. It's a trick worth picking up, especially if you've been having a run of skimpy knots lately. The tie shown here is a blue repp silk with lighter blue and red stripes. The grey felt hat has a welt edge brim, worn snapped. The deep reddish brown shoes have plain straight tips.

Shown in one of the adjacent sketches is another example of the porcelain blue shirt. This model, instead of a separate starched collar, has the collar attached. Note that this is also a widespread collar, calling for a large knot in the tie. The red and blue figured silk tie shown is accordingly also fastened with the Windsor knot. Regardless of whether you buy a widespread collar shirt in order to utilize your talent for tying the Windsor knot or learn how to fasten the knot in order tastefully to fill up the wide open spaces between your collar points, don't forget that the two—Windsor knot and widespread collar—necessarily go together. Dark blue stone links are shown on the French cuffs of the shirt in the separate sketch, and the perennially smart wine colored lisle socks have blue clocks.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Engineers Love Fools

Continued from page 81

capacity that the fool can chuck in his discarded toothbrush and old razor blades as usual—in fact, anything smaller than a hunting boot—and there will be no unpleasant consequences.

When he gets home from his fool-proof trip, he finds he can't even scorch his breakfast toast. His wife has bought a shiny outfit that pops each slice at him the instant it is nicely browned, and automatically shuts off the current so he can't waste a single watt.

Non-skid rugs have just been announced, with brake lining on their under sides. By week after next any fool can climb onto a non-capsizable highchair anchored on a skidproof rug, and put up pictures with a hammer automatically deflected from his thumb by magnetic repulsion.

Climbing down amid one of those tittering attacks symptomatic of a twilit mind, the fool takes a sudden whimsy and dashes off a mash note to his favorite film star. With more giggles, he scrawls a tangle of infantile sketches and whorls on the envelope in lieu of an address. Still tittering at the joke, he scampers to a mailbox and a patient post office figures out the puzzle and delivers the note to its Hollywood destination.

The star, realizing that such damfools now constitute 75 per cent of her box office, has it answered personally by one of four secretaries employed for the purpose.

Why must she allow for a 75 per cent moron content in her public? For the same reason that she must allow for 80 per cent by 1945, and 90 per cent by 1950. Because fools are multiplying like rabbits, and growing to plump maturity safeguarded by engineers.

Only a few leaks remain. Cars handle so easily that they are pretty safe at 50, so fools go 95, and manage to hit embankments and bridge abutments with some frequency.

Fireproof forests are not yet a success—so the fool with a cigarette can still do his stuff.

Non-skid orange and banana peels for fools to drop on sidewalks are not yet announced, but may be just around the corner.

The safety device on the modern gun enables the chump to look into the muzzle with reasonable security. But the fool with the gun that "wasn't loaded" is a problem still unsolved by engineers. As he usually shoots somebody else instead of his precious self, they probably consider this one of their less pressing chores.

But there looms a ghastly portent for the future, in the accelerated multiplication of fools, safeguarded from Mother Nature in a mighty brooder of protective engineering. Soon no brain cells will be needed by anyone except a small group of maintenance engineers. The American cerebrum, shriveling from disuse, will become excess baggage—a relic of earlier epochs, like the vermiform appendix. The skull cavity may yet be used for carrying duplicate car keys and extra Kodak films.

But like most of the epochal problems of the human race, this one will have to work itself out. It may follow any one of a number of different avenues to conclusion.

The engineers, sole custodians of intelligence in the future, will not dare marry outside their own profession—they must not pollute their superior mental strain with moronic blood. The resultant inbreeding will inevitably take its toll in degeneracy. When the only remaining intelligence in the land crumbles and decays, all the myriad delicate and complicated protective gadgets will go haywire, and our dumb helpless race will annihilate itself inside of a short week.

Or our notorious jury systems, needing only a slight increase in its percentage of fool verdicts, will turn sufficient murderers loose to eliminate the public, and each other.

But the most likely outcome, in light of current history, is that as billions of brain cells atrophy, the nation will toss up its collective hat and leap to the call of a dictator.

The engineers will all be busy in munitions works and warplane factories, while the dictator herds his dumb millions over the hill against some other dictator's machine guns.

But meanwhile the theme song of the engineer swells its mighty, throbbing harmony:

"You're my inspiration—
  My sugar lump—
My stimulation,
  You brainless chump.
I make things fool-proof
  For you, you rummy,
So you can keep on
  Being a dummy." #

The Whole Rotten System

Continued from page 33

little sense and ask the convict what's inside his own mind?"

Forty-Five shook his head. "I don't know. Anyway, what difference does it make?"

"It makes this difference. Since when is a top screw like a warden gonna understand what goes on in a convict's mind? Since when is a warden gonna lay bare the raw soul of a human being? If a warden wants to write a book, why don't he write a book about the whole rotten prison system, and leave the mind of the criminal to somebody like me that knows from personal experience?"

"Maybe you're right," said Forty-Five.

"Sure I'm right. So that's how I come to make up this here terrific story of a self-made criminal. It's got real pathos in it."

"It's got what?"

"Pathos. That's the part where a lump comes up in your throat."

"What's convicts got to do with a lump in your throat?"

"It hasn't got nothing to do with convicts. It's literature. A terrific story is got to be pretty powerful, and it isn't gonna be powerful without it's got a raft of pathos in it."

"Well, if pathos ain't about convicts, what is it about?"

Seventy-Six shook his head and went on patiently to explain. "Pathos isn't about nothing. When you got pathos in your story it means the reader is sorry for the people in it, no matter what they went and done."

"Is that so?" inquired Forty-Five, looking up. "I wish that judge that went and sent me up would of had a little more of pathos in him. I bet he never heard of it."

"This here semi-autobiography I write also tackles the problem of judges," observed Seventy-Six. "I call this chapter: Let Him That Throws the First Stone Keep Out of Glass Houses. A judge sits up on a bench and he sentences convicts to the stir, and yet at the same time he is probably, for all anybody knows, takin' money from some crooked politician."

"All right," said Forty-Five. "So a lot of judges is crooked. You can't prove it till you ketch 'em at it."

"True," admitted Seventy-Six. "But it's all a part of showing up the whole rotten system. For instance, take when you first come into stir. They run you down to the barber shop and they ask you how you want your hair cut, and when you tell them not too short on the sides why they run the clipper up and down your skull until you're as bald as a brass monkey. Right there is where the beginning of the rotten prison system begins. It isn't bad enough that Society goes and dubs you a criminal, but they got to shave off all your hair and make you look like one."

"Well, as long as a guy is a criminal, what's the difference if he looks like one?" inquired Forty-Five. "You don't expect they're gonna give you a pair of silver wings and let you fly around like an angel."

"Haven't you never heard of a complex?" demanded Seventy-Six incredulously.

"No," Forty-Five admitted.

"Well, a complex is something that isn't necessarily so. It's like that French guy used to say, 'Day by day, in every way, I feel better and better.' "

"I heard of him," said Forty-Five. "Coué. He's dead."

"Anyway, it's the same with a complex. A lot of things is up in the imagination. Cut off all a guy's hair and put him in a grey suit and treat him like a criminal, and naturally he's gonna figure maybe he is a criminal. Whereas, suppose they told this same guy that crime is only like a complex. That all he has to do is say to himself, 'Day by day, in every way, I'm no criminal.' Why, in a little while he's gonna talk himself right out of holding up banks and conking citizens with blackjacks."

"So what's that got to do with this here story that you wrote up?"

"Because it tells about stuff just like that so's to show the workings of the convict's mind from the point of view of the convict himself. A lot of passages in this story is what a convict thinks about during the long weary hours he lays in his bunk and stares at the four bare walls."

"Women?"

"This stuff he thinks about is very poetic and shows that underneath this ugly exterior that the convict shows to the world he is a human being just like other human beings, with the same dreams and the same desires and so forth."

"Except that he's locked up," observed Forty-Five.

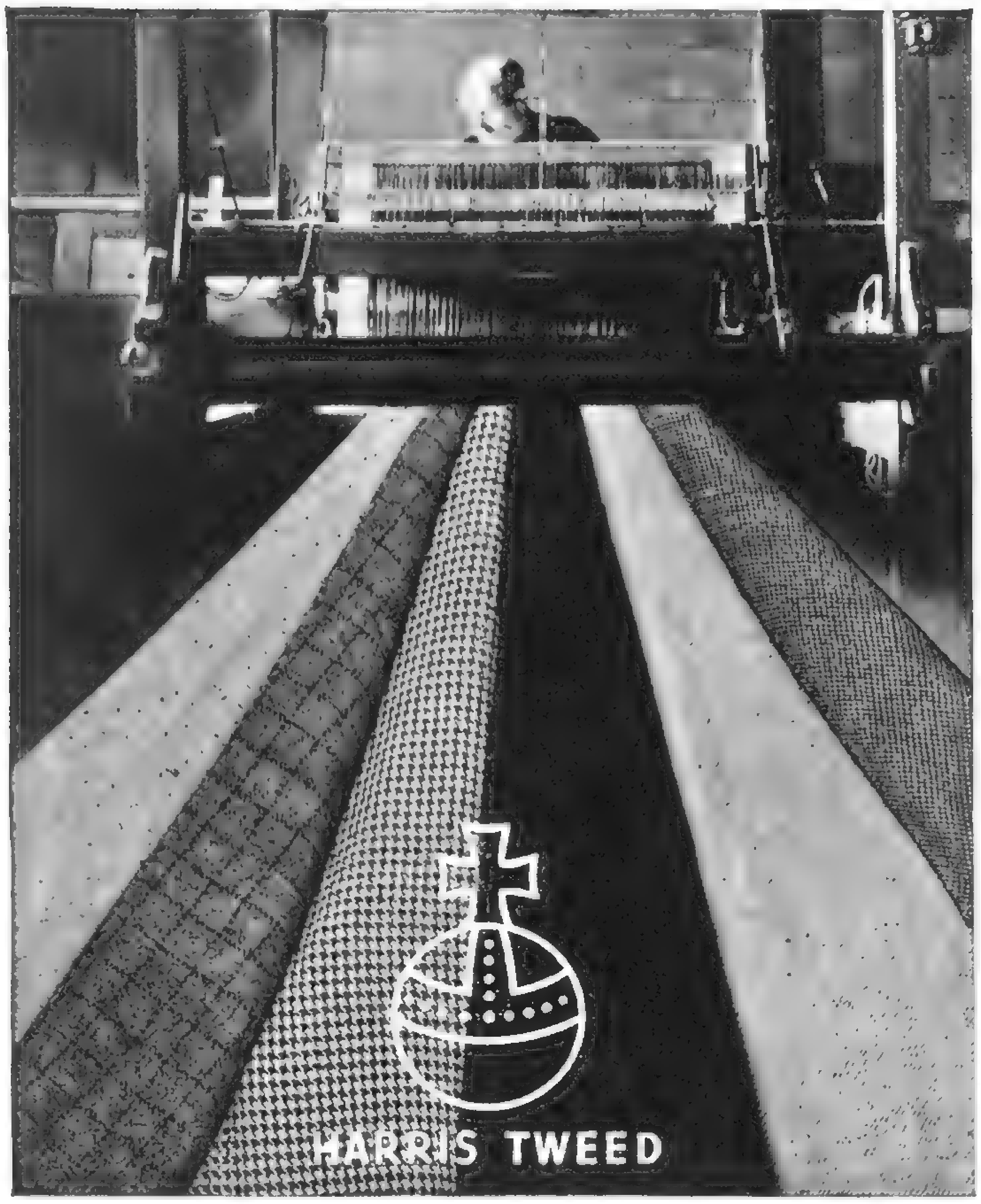
"The only difference between the criminal and the poet is just that their imaginations run in different canals. Convicts, once they're walled up in some stir where they can't commit no crime, generally turn to writing poetry. For instance, here's the latest poem I go ahead and write." Seventy-Six consulted his sheaf of manuscript. "Listen to this:

'I wish I was home on the lone prairie
For that is the ideal place to be.
Like a bird on the wing the soul is free
  To roam the open plains.
Oh, give me my dogie and plenty of air,
A rag and a bone and hank of hair;
Just give me the sun and the stars out there,
  Where they haven't got no trains.
On the lone prairie you never get mad,
You may feel blue but you never get sad.
Oh, a man may get lonesome, but never so bad
  That it shrivels up his brains.'

—That's as far as I got on that one," added Seventy-Six. "What I'm trying to illustrate is that deep down in the convict's mind there's a streak of poetry that would surprise a lot of people. You don't hear these wardens in their books ever writing no poetry. That's what makes this semi-autobiography I dash off in

Continued at top of page 152

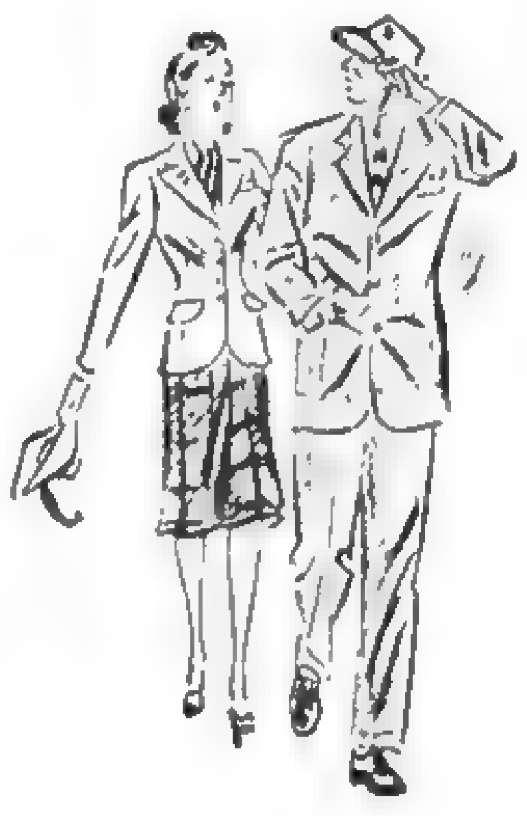
Every yard of
HARRIS TWEED
is woven by hand



THERE is only one place in the world where Harris Tweeds are made. The Outer Hebrides—those lonely wind-swept islands on the West of Scotland. Here, hand-weaving has been carried on for centuries, an art handed down from generation to generation.

Only the virgin wool of Scottish sheep is used, traditional colors are maintained, every yard is hand-woven—each piece of cloth individually made in the homes of the crofters.

There's an atmosphere about Harris Tweed garments..."Yes..well-dressed..what good taste..how attractive." This is what you will hear from your friends—even the others will whisper approval. This year more than ever Harris Tweed is fashionable—there's a wide range of designs to choose from.



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"'Harris Tweed' means a Tweed made from pure virgin wool produced in Scotland, spun, dyed and finished in the Outer Hebrides and hand-woven by the Islanders at their homes in the Islands of Lewis, Harris, Uist, Barra and their several purtenances and all known as the Outer Hebrides."

LOOK FOR THE MARK ON THE CLOTH
LOOK FOR THE LABEL ON THE GARMENT

Issued by The Harris Tweed Association Ltd., 5 Coleman Street, London, E.C.2

The Whole Rotten System

Continued from pages 33-151

my spare moments so extremely powerful."

"Well, what are you gonna do with it?"

Seventy-Six looked up. "With what?"

"With this story you write."

"What am I gonna do with it! Why, get it published. I'm gonna give it out to the world. If you ever read books you'd know about a story that was wrote way back years ago by a fellow, his name was Charles Dickens. This Charles Dickens guy writes a story about prisons in England called *Little Dorrit*—"

"Sounds like a funny name for a story about prisons," Forty-Five volunteered.

"—and once this story was published everybody felt pretty bad about conditions in prisons, and pretty soon they abolished them."

"You mean to say they don't have prisons in England no more?"

"They abolished them conditions. So when I publish this here story with the powerful title, *Injustice*, why that'll be the end of the whole rotten prison system, probably."

Forty-Five shook his head. "I don't figure how you're gonna get this story published. In the first place, the rules is you can't send out no letter or anything criticizing a prison. And in the second place, it's against the rules to take out anything with you when you're discharged. In the third place, by the time you get out of this stir everything'll be different. So how are you gonna get this story published?"

Seventy-Six scratched his head. "I guess I never thought about that." He sighed. "Well, anyway," he added, "I can show it around to the fellows in the pen."

"That won't do no good," Forty-Five told him. "They already know what goes on inside the criminal's mind. They don't need you to tell them."

Seventy-Six wrinkled his brow. "Say, what are you trying to do, discourage me?"

Forty-Five shrugged his shoulders. "Why should I want to discourage you?" he inquired thoughtfully. ⧺

Esquire on the Record

Continued from page 98

contests, local baritones, etc., etc. . . . to little avail. Columnists dismissed him as a "mediocre ocular and auditory experience, bound somewhere but not far."

Then came *Oh, Johnny, Oh!*

"We needed an old number to fit in with an old-time setting we'd worked out for a floor show," Tucker explains. "That's how it all started in the first place. We couldn't think what the heck to play so then we started rummaging . . ."

Rummaging through dusty old files of sheet music—in big shops and little—through the hits, near-hits, and sad flopolas of other seasons—*Dardanella*, *Whispering*, *Japanese Sandman*, *Smiles*—'till Orrin suddenly stopped. In his hands was a song of his boyhood, from the war year '17. Then, as *Oh, Johnny, Oh, Johnny, how you can fight!* it actually sold 1,500,000 copies.

"This ought to do," he nodded, "and it'll be a good number for you, Bonnie."

The rest you know.

Miss Baker is now in her twenty-sixth millionth *Oh!* Columbia No. 35228 broke all existing records. Her earlier *Billy*—discarded as dead—revived and became Vocalion's No. 1 jack-pot. She and the Tucker outfit landed in New York's Waldorf Astoria and, on a percentage arrangement, have been cracking Kay Kyser's money marks in theaters the country over.

There's no explanation for it. No reason why *Johnny* suddenly was more in the news than Hitler . . . why newspapers madly conducted last line contests and promoted Bonnie Baker into front-page prominence. "I always sang this way," she says, "but I just wasn't noticed until *Johnny* came along."

* * *

For my part, it would have been as well if she never had been noticed.

Not only has she bankrupt the most melodious vowel in the English language, but she has put a dull, mediocre band on top and has prostituted the art of singing beyond salvation. She emits monotone after monotone with a voice that, at best, sounds like Helen Kane's put through a mangle. Hers is a milk-and-water aphrodisiac.

Her press-agent says she has "a beguiling expression of trust and excitement." When I heard her she had no expression at all. A female Charlie McCarthy, she simply displayed her teeth as if they were for sale. While singing, she had the pep of a Zombie minus alcohol.

"She winks with her voice," they say. I fail to catch it, but obviously she gets some kind of sex through her vocal chords. Her lyrics are all specifically suggestive.

Hers is not the dream-world of *Blue Heaven* or *Under the Stars*. Nor is it that of the war commentators. Bonnie hasn't tried *We'll Hang Out the Washing on the Siegfried Line*.

She's avoided nursery rhyme successors to *Three Little Fishes*. Suggestion is her stock-in-trade. With her innocent, baby-like crooning, she helps Joe and Jane College over their inhibitions, suggests the exact images they yearn for, and furnishes them with a pattern for letting go. She drools—

When I Dine
When I Walk
When I Talk
When I Slee-ee-eep . . .

She doesn't sing "Oh, Johnny." It's "Ohhh-h-h, Johnn-nn-ii-ee-ee."

She reaches the absolute high (or low) of suggestiveness during: STOP! IT'S WONDERFUL.

Better start that motor, turn the key,
Promised I'd be home by three,
Can't forget what Ma told me—
STOP! IT'S WONDERFUL.

Not Yet (Columbia 35452), *You'd Be Surprised* (Columbia 35344), *My Resistance Is Low* (Columbia 35468), *Pinch Me* (Columbia 35328), *You Think of Ev'rything* (Columbia 35489) all use the same double-talk. My impatience with this dribble is so stupendous that I can claim no weight for my opinion; but to me it represents the ultimate and complete disintegration of the race.

Nor can I find any excuse for a band with a musical I. Q. of −20, with one-pattern arrangements and production numbers that Fred Waring exhausted a decade ago. As nearly as I can judge, everything lights up around Mr. Tucker except the dancers. I overheard one couple inquiring whether he was playing a rumba or a fox-trot.

His men seldom look in his direction—fortunately. He doesn't always beat in time. And when he sings—well! Press books claim he possesses a rich baritone voice. The night I heard him he seemed to be braying. I suppose I should not add that he bleated, cracked, and strained—but were I his professional trainer I'd beg him to confine his vocalizing to his bathtub.

To my knowledge, no band ever got farther on less. They told an interviewer they believed in miracles. They should. They are paying their way with dividends. Today they are hotter than hell.

* * *

We can rejoice that their successor is on the way. Who? Your guess is as good as the experts. RCA-Victor hopes it will be Charlie Barnet, whose specialty records are so singable and quotable. "His records stamp him as the best comer of a crop of good bands . . . he is torrid . . . the one white band that plays like a colored organization," say the University of Missouri . . . Bobby Byrne—onetime tromboner with Jimmy Dorsey—has his rooters. Before they were a year old, his bunch got into New Rochelle's Glen Island Casino, stepping-stone to stardom. They weren't ready . . . If you believe *Billboard's* latest poll of college preferences, Woody Herman is the crown prince of Swing, heir presumptive to the dance band throne. This winter will tell.

* * *

Smith is—and nothing about the Smith's would surprise me the most popular musician's name. According to a survey of the bands recording for Bluebird, the Smiths nosed out the Browns and Williams by a two count when it was revealed that five of their clan were recording at the 24th Street wax-mill. The five include trumpeter Walter with Larry Clinton; trumpeter William and pianist William S., both with Harlan Leonard; trombonist Warren with Abe Lyman and guitarist John with "Fats" Waller. As yet, no maestro—symphonic or otherwise—has risen to fame with a Smith tag. *But give 'em time! Give 'em time!*

Colorful names on the Bluebird label are Blue Barron, Gray Gordon, George Green, Bob White, and two Browns . . . Artie Shaw and Tommy Dorsey would like to shed their music publishing interests . . . Earl "Father" Hines is now billed *The Earl of Chicago* . . . The BBC has been short-waving American bands to Tommies in action as part of its programs for fighting men. Preferred is pure jazz, the kind England gets little chance to hear.

* * *

At the turn of the century Americans were gaping at Floradora Girls and the song hits were *Tell Me Pretty Maiden* and *Coon, Coon, Coon.* The Floradora Girls are only a memory but their songs and others of the day are being revived. RCA-Victor's Volume I of Song Hits of the Twentieth Century (Album P-21), includes fourteen of the gayest ballads from that "devil-may-care" era. Sung by a mixed chorus, they include: *In the Shade of the Sheltering Palm, Just Because She Made Them Goo-Goo Eyes, Lam', Lam', Lam', Strike Up the Band, The Blue and the Gray, Goodbye Dolly Gray, Down South, Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder.* Dad will remember them.

Jimmy Yancey, famous blues pianist and the one-time teacher of Meade Lux Lewis has returned with *Yancey Stomp, Tell 'Em About Me, State Street Special,* and three Blues numbers (Victor P-25). At present, a grounds keeper for the Chicago White Sox—a job he has had for 21 years—Yancey has in his time sung and tap-danced in vaudeville throughout the United States and appeared in Buckingham Palace at a command performance for the late King George V and Queen Mary.

* * *

Sammy Kaye startled bandom's conservatives when he played a one-night stand at Harlem's Savoy . . . Harry James' Varsity platter, *Four or Five Times,* gives Don Redman, composer, credit but authoritative *Jazzmen* says Jimmy Noone wrote it . . . Larry Clinton flew 7,500 miles of one-nighters in his new Dipsy Doodle plane . . . Pauline Byrne who warbles on Artie Shaw's Victor records is the Miss of radio's Six Hits and a Miss.

The Rabson's (11 West 52, NYC) feature Lee Wiley in a Rodgers and Hart album. It employs the best two-man rhythm section in

Continued on page 154

We're In The Home Stretch

They're still shouting about the mammoth Esquire 1939 Christmas Issue. Copies of this 282-page lavish holiday number hit the newsstands with a smash that is still reverberating. Long before crowds stopped flocking to get their copies, the issue was a complete sellout.

Today . . . we've entered the home stretch in the preparation of a new Christmas Issue of Esquire . . . for 1940. It's been almost a full year in preparation, and from the way things are shaping up now . . . the 1940 Christmas Esquire will make the clamor which greeted last year's issue sound, by comparison, like that still, small voice!

For this year . . . Esquire is going to give its masculine readers the most natural thing anyone can give any man . . . *women!* There'll be characteristic cartoons by the score . . . and *girls* . . . intriguing photographs . . . and *girls* . . . carefully selected masterpieces of Art . . . and *girls.* Men will sleep but fitfully . . . work will be disrupted when Esquire's 1940 Christmas Annual makes its appearance. And you can bet your bottom dollar that copies will be even *more* scarce than usual.

So make a note now to capture for yourself the bevy of bountiful delights awaiting you in December's Esquire. One way to make sure is to enter a subscription for yourself, that is, if you do not already have one. Another way is to reserve a copy in advance at your newsstand. If you like beauty in all its forms, you won't be sorry.

Don't be shut out!

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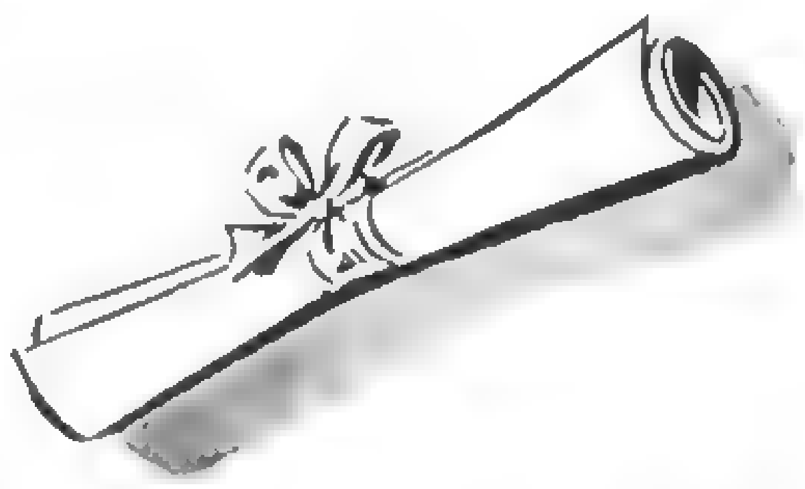

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Esquire on the Record

Continued from pages 98-153

the business: Artie Shapiro and Stud Wettling. Max Kaminsky and Joe Bushkin rehearsed the orchestra. Bradford Gowans orchestrated four of the eight tunes: *You Took Advantage of Me, A Little Birdie Told Me So, I've Got Five Dollars, Baby's Awake Now.* Paul Wetstein, Jr. (of Tommy Dorsey fame) arranged the remainder.

Ray Ebberle, Glenn Miller's vocalist, was rated Collegiana's favorite male singer by the *Billboard* poll . . . Blue Note Records (235 Seventh Ave., NYC) have sent two weird improvisations by Sidney Bechet's Blue Note Quartet. Hear *Crescendo in Drums* on Varsity 8242 . . . Add to your disc library: Earl Hines' Boogie-Woogie arrangement of W. C. Handy's *St. Louis Blues.* Schirmer's have released Cooper Reardon and his orchestra sounding *I Got Rhythm* and Jimmy Carroll playing *The Sheik of Araby* . . . Rex Irving's Boys play *Second Ave. Clambake* (Royale 1842) and *Elegy to a Jitterbug* (Royale 1845) . . . *Blackout—Hold Me Tight* is a topical title.

PUBLICITY GAGS

. . . Gray Gordon has been appointed musical advisor to Tau Kappa Epsilon.

. . . Bob Allen, vocalist with Hal Kemp, just before he dashed off to marry Margaret Lee Riddell, of Indianapolis, recorded Hoagy Carmichael's *Can't Get Indiana Off My Mind.*

. . . Shep Fields swears his baby, Jo Ann, makes Rippling Rhythm when guzzling milk. ###

Campus Choice

When not concentrating on the curriculum, collegians "coke" and chat, usually to the accompaniment of "canned" music. Owners of these spots know that to be successful they must keep their music boxes supplied with the records requested by their rhythm-conscious customers. Typical are these popular hangouts, selected at random, telling which of the current crop of records are nicking collegians for the most nickels.

Blue & White Inn
The Bulldog Inn
The Mission Dairy Lunch
GONZAGA UNIVERSITY
Spokane, Washington

Conga Brava: Duke Ellington. Victor 26577
Melancholy Lullaby: Benny Carter. Vocalion V-4984
Coquette: Jimmie Lunceford. Decca 1340-A
Cheatin' on Me: Jimmie Lunceford. Vocalion 4582
Runnin' Wild: Glenn Miller. Bluebird B-10269
Tuxedo Junction: Glenn Miller. Bluebird B-10612
With the Wind and the Rain in Your Hair: Bob Crosby Decca 3018
El Rancho Grande: Bing Crosby. Decca 2494
I'm Too Romantic: Bing Crosby. Decca 2998
I've Got My Eyes on You: Tommy Dorsey. Victor 26470

John Jay Hall Dining Room
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
New York City

In the Mood: Glenn Miller. Bluebird 10406
Tuxedo Junction: Erskine Hawkins. Bluebird 10409
Vira Y Vira: Desi Arnaz. Columbia 35401
I Concentrate on You: Eddy Duchin. Columbia 35369
Starlit Hour: Bob Crosby. Decca 2978
Siboney: Xavier Cugat. Victor 26522
Merry Widow Waltz: Harry Horlick. Decca 1944
All the Things You Are: Eddy Duchin. Columbia 35302

Wagon Wheel
UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
Los Angeles, California

Frenesi: Artie Shaw. Victor 26542
Tuxedo Junction: Glenn Miller. Bluebird B-10612
Busy as a Bee: Benny Goodman. Columbia 35356
Huckleberry Duck: Raymond Scott. Columbia 35363
Octoroon: Artie Shaw. Bluebird B-10319
How High the Moon: Benny Goodman. Columbia 35391
Polka Dots and Moonbeams: Glenn Miller. Bluebird 10657
On the Isle of May: Blue Barron. Bluebird B-10594
Star Dust: Glenn Miller. Bluebird B-10665
Shake Down the Stars: Glenn Miller. Bluebird 10689

Pop's College Spa
BOWDOIN COLLEGE
Brunswick, Maine

The Sky Fell Down: Woody Herman. Decca 3017
Frenesi: Artie Shaw. Victor 26542
Rhumba Jumps: Glenn Miller. Bluebird B-10673
Cherokee: Charlie Barnet. Bluebird B-10373
Back Beat Boogie: Harry James. Columbia 35456
Tuxedo Junction: Glenn Miller. Bluebird B-10612
Blue Ink: Woody Herman. Decca 3081

Esquire on the Record

BEST SELLERS

Permanent / *Transient*

RCA Manufacturing Co., Inc., Camden, N. J.

(RED SEAL)

Symphony No. 1, in B Flat Major (Schumann); Serge Koussevitzky & Boston Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-655

En Saga, The Bard, In Memoriam, Pelleas and Melisande Suite, etc. (Sibelius Society—Vol. 6); Sir Thomas Beecham & London Philharmonic Orchestra. Victor M-658

Leonore Overture No. 1, in C Major (Beethoven); Arturo Toscanini & B. B. C. Symphony Orchestra. Victor 15945

Coriolan—Overture (Beethoven); Bruno Walter & London Symphony Orchestra. Victor 12635

Sakuntala—Overture (Goldmark); Arthur Fiedler & Boston "Pops" Orchestra. Victor 12610

(VICTOR POPULAR)

Don't Fall Asleep; Gloomy Sunday; Artie Shaw. Victor 26563

Siboney; I Want My Mama; Xavier Cugat. Victor 26522

Hear My Song, Violetta; Don't Do It; Will Glahe. Victor 182

Ko-Ko; Conga Brava; Duke Ellington. Victor 26577

(BLUEBIRD POPULAR)

Boogie Woogie on St. Louis Blues; Number 19; Earl Hines. B-10674

Gabriel Meets the Duke; Whispering Grass; Erskine Hawkins. B-10671

The Man on the Ferry; Do It Again; Mitchell Ayres. B-10661

Columbia Recording Corporation, Bridgeport, Conn.

Symphony No. 7 in C Major (Schubert); Frederick Stock & Chicago Symphony Orchestra. M-403

Sonata in F Major (Beethoven); Jeno Lener, Violinist, and Louis Kentner, Pianist. M-404

Symphony No. 6 in F Major (Beethoven); Dimitri Mitropoulos & Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. M-401

Symphony in D Major (Mozart); Sir Thomas Beecham & London Philharmonic Orchestra. M-399

Pagodes and L'Isle Joyeuse (Debussy); Walter Gieseking. 69481-D

Little Curly Hair in a High Chair; A Lover's Lullaby; Horace Heidt. Col. 35446

O Sole Mio; After I Say I'm Sorry; Will Bradley. Col. 35443

Manhattan Transfer; Moments in the Moonlight; Gene Krupa. Col. 35444

Woodpecker Song; I'm Stepping Out with a Memory Tonight; Kate Smith. Col. 35398

Not Yet; Where Do I Go From You?; Orrin Tucker. Col. 35452

Liberty Music Shops, New York City

Daphnis et Chloe—Suite No. 2 (Ravel); Eugene Ormandy & Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor M-667

Piano Concerto No. 2 in C Minor (Rachmaninoff); Benno Moiseivitch, Pianist, and Walter Goehr and London Philharmonic Orchestra. Victor M-666

Symphony No. 5 in E Minor (Tschaikowsky); Artur Rodzinski & Cleveland Orch. Col. Set. 406

Spanish Rhapsody (Liszt) (arr. by Busoni); Egon Petri, Pianist—Dimitri Mitropoulos & Minneapolis Symphony Orch. Col. X-163

Tristan und Isolde (Wagner); Kirsten Flagstad and Lauritz Melchior. Edwin McArthur & San Francisco Opera Orch. Victor M-671

Cole Porter Songs sung by Lee Wiley. Liberty Music Shop Album.

Clear Out of This World; On the Old Park Bench; Richard Himber. Royale 1877

Highlights from Porgy & Bess; Andre Kostelanetz. Col. 7362-M

Piano Medley from *"Higher and Higher"*; Cy Walter. Liberty L-293

Red Wing; Somewhere a Voice is Calling; Jack Teagarden. Col. 35450

April Played the Fiddle; I Haven't Time to be a Millionaire; Tommy Dorsey. Victor 26606

Marlene Dietrich Souvenir Album (*The Boys in the Back Room, Falling in Love Again, You Do Something to Me, I've Been in Love Before, You Go to My Head, You've Got That Look*); Victor Young and Orchestra. Decca Album 114

Schmoller & Mueller Piano Co., Sioux City, Iowa

Romeo & Juliet Overture (Tschaikowsky); Serge Koussevitzky and Boston Symphony. Victor Album M-347

Nutcracker Suite (Tschaikowsky); Leopold Stokowski and Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. Victor Album M-265

Blue Danube; Tales from the Vienna Woods (Johann Strauss); Leopold Stokowski and Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor 15425

Clair de Lune (Debussy); *Valse Triste* (Sibelius); Victor Concert Orchestra. Victor 36228

Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso, Op. 28 (Saint Saens); Jascha Heifetz and London Philharmonic Orchestra. Victor 14115

A Bee Gezindt; Tarzan of Harlem; Cab Calloway. Vocalion 5267

Say It; My My; Glenn Miller. Bluebird B-10631

Polka Dots and Moombeams; I'll Be Seeing You; Tommy Dorsey. Victor 26539

Star Dust; My Melancholy Baby; Glenn Miller. Bluebird B-10665

Friendship; Palms of Paradise; Kay Kyser. Columbia 35368

Tuxedo Junction; Danny Boy; Glenn Miller. Bluebird B-10612

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 84

other involving village swindlers who insist upon selling the Englishmen some "entherprisin' hins," some "prime and startlin' cocks," and a cow with "uddhers that'll make any man hard put to it to fetch enough pails to get the milk she gives." This is presently followed by Souhaun's whisper to Avril: "Go on up and flatter and comfort your old fool by ridiculing my old fool and, when he's half himself again, wanting still more comfort and flattery, wheedle a cheque out of the old prattler."

"Childlike people, the Irish, aren't they?" muses Poges a bit later.

The action proceeds now to outline the increasing discontent of the two women, the increasing difficulties that Poges and Stoke experience with the Irish countryside folk, and the sudden news that Avril has ridden off ("stark naked, she was, too," beamingly proclaims the third workman) with O'Killigain. And while one of the other workmen is jovially asseverating that "th' sight near left me eyes when I seen her go prancin' out without as much as a garther on her to keep her modesty from catchin' cold," a wondrous yellow-bearded head pokes itself through a hole in the ceiling. It is that of Cornelius, their Irish laboring colleague. With aggravated anguish in his voice, moans Cornelius: "Oh, isn't it like me to be up here outa sight o' th' world, an' great things happenin'!" Curtain.

II

The second act opens on another cold and misty morning with Poges and Stoke lying half-frozen and miserable on a couple of mattresses spread on the floor of the dismal old room and lamenting their ungrateful mistresses, the workmen who are always striking for higher wages, etc., but determined nevertheless to enjoy the "stimulating" country life. "A life for the gods!" exclaims Poges, the while O'Casey proceeds to a sequence of hilarious low-comedy episodes which embarrass the trousers off the quixotic twain, the episodes culminating in the penetration into the house of a mild moo-cow which is taken for a ferocious bull and which brings on Poges and Stoke as distraught potential toreadors.

Low-comedy, highlighted by some of O'Casey's biting and derisive writing, continues after an interval in a scene wherein Souhaun and the returned Avril profess to assist Poges and Stoke in the further embellishment of the ancient ruin and in another wherein the first workman, elaborately repelling the idea that he thought of such a thing, denies to Poges that the place is tottering down and, with a long, deep, imitative sigh, regales the old Englishman with luxuriant pictures of the house's glorious past and with a large tear for the passing of the grandeur of the handsome yesterdays. "It's meself is sayin' ourselves came late, but soon enough to see the finery fade to purple dust, an' th' glow o' th' quality turn to murmurin' ashes." Whereupon Poges, striking the large attitude of a cavalier: "We won't let them perish completely! We'll keep the stern old walls standing. Our pride shall be their pride, our elegance their elegance, and the banner of the Tudors shall fly from the battlements again! The King, the King, God bless him!" Whereupon in turn the workman, confidentially: "I wouldn't say too much about the King, sir; we're a little touchy about Kings in Clune na Geera."

While Stoke is subsequently shooting rats upstairs and Poges boasting that, as an Englishman, he is a paragon of efficiency, the meanwhile doing nothing, Souhaun and Avril go about trying to get a little order into the room. Poges embraces the occasion to enter loftily into a discussion of legendry, this time with the second workman who in turn regales the old fellow with "a share o' wondhers, new an' old." (Here bubbles up some of O'Casey's most beautiful writing, the best that today's drama offers.) As the workman recounts the various heroes of Ireland, O'Killigain, who has joined them, periodically and very softly interjects, "And there are others." "And there are others," goes on the workman . . . "An' in the midst of them all is Parnell standin' still; unheedin' he stands with a hand on his breast, his white face fixed on the East, with his wine-colored eyes flashin' hathred to England!" And still O'Killigain's quiet "And there are others." "They came later," the workman says, "an' haven't wandhered fully back to where they cleared a way for a gropin' people, but they will come an' stare us into the will to take our own again."

Following a scene in which O'Killigain derides Poges as a bombastic English hypocrite—O'Casey lets go here with both ironic fists—comes one in which Souhaun shines up to the young Irishman. "I hear terrible things about you, Mr. O'Killigain. That you are a great man for the girls." "A pretty girl," replies he, "shows me a sign that God is smilin'." Souhaun suddenly stands on tiptoe and kisses him.

They are interrupted by Poges, who comes in pushing a gigantic

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lawn roller and there ensues a ludicrous scene involving the workmen, the huge roller, and Poges which ends with Poges losing control of the enormous dingus, being dragged like a flash of lightning down the declivity, and being hurled under a rumbling crash of bricks and mortar. Souhaun, with vehement rage: "The blasted fool! He has rocked the house and killed himself and hasn't made his will!" But he hasn't killed himself. He is soon back again musing, "What a rascal that man must be who sold me the roller! In this simple country, among a simple people, where the very air is redolent with fairy lore, that such a dangerous and materialistic mind should be lurking! A gay and charming people, but irresponsible, utterly irresponsible."

There is a pause. Poges turns on O'Killigain. As he begins to berate him for tampering with feminine private property, a shot is heard. Whereupon the yellow-bearded mug of Cornelius again pops through the hole in the ceiling. "He's shot her, shot her dead, the poor, little innocent creature! Without warnin' he done it, without a flicker of an eyelid, he sent her into the unknown!"

Stoke has shot the cow.

III

The third and last act is played to the accompaniment of the sound of falling rain and swishing wind. Poges is still having a time reconciling the theoretical beauty and romance of life in an old Tudor country mansion with the grim facts. The grafting Canon Creehewel is only another of his trials and woes, as is the Canon's admonition that he had best keep a sharp eye on O'Killigain. "Guard your womenfolk from him, for no woman is safe with that man. He publicly defends the wearing of low-necked blouses by brazen hussies; he stands by the practice of courting couples walking the highways and byways by night; why, one moonlight night, meetin' my curate dhrivin' home a lasciviously-minded girl, O'Killigain tore the stick from the curate's hand, an' smashed it into pieces! A dangerous man, my dear sir, a dangerous man."

Souhaun and Avril, both in low-cut blouses and abbreviated underdress, enter. Poges, flurried and flushing, introduces them to the Canon as his and Stoke's wives. Avril's opening sally to Poges doesn't much help matters. "Well, when are we going to have a decent bathroom, old cock o' the walk?" Whereupon the ruffled Poges proceeds to a donkeyish defense of the bathroomless Tudor period. Avril sneaks away. The hint of O'Killigain is again in the air. "If I were you, Basil," says Souhaun to the indignant Stoke, "I should not press hard after little Avril; you are a little too consequential to please her always." Returns Stoke maliciously, "And you, me lady, are a lot too old to please O'Killigain at any time!"

Now comes the high low-comedy spot of the evening, involving the moving into the room of a rare antique bureau that is Poges' proudest treasure. In *Hellzapoppin* terms, the workmen, with Poges fussily ordering them about, proceed to the business of trying to get the bureau through the narrow archway. To Poges' agony, they use crowbars and what not, leaping atop the precious *pièce*, banging it right and left, and finally sending it shooting, a wreck, into the middle of the room. The men look triumphantly at their job, the first workman leaning on the crowbar like a warrior on his spear. "There she is for you now, sir; right where you want her to be!"

Not satisfied, the workmen now wheel dirty loads of bricks and mortar into the room and over the valuable old rugs, making the place a shambles, the while Poges and Stoke alternately impeach them and nonsensically debate whether the specific period was in reality after all the Tudor or the Hiawatha. This is followed by an equally nonsensical discussion of genealogy between Poges and the second workman.

The storm outside has been increasing in intensity. "It's raining hard," says O'Killigain. "And growing cold," shivers Souhaun. "An' old things are perishing," says O'Killigain. "Come, then, an' abide with the men o' th' wide wathers," the second workman bids her, "the men who can go off in a tiny curragh o' thought to the New Island with th' outgoin' tide, an' come back be th' same tide sweepin' in again!" Avril intervenes. Souhaun, falling impressed into Irish idiom, shakes her off: "Let me be, girl, for it's right an' lovely listenin' to a voice that's makin' gold embroidery out o' dancin' words." "An you, young girl, come out an' join the living, and don't stay banished any longer here," says O'Killigain to Avril. "Away from where rich ignorance is a blessing, an' foolishness a gift from God."

"What's here," adds the second workman, "but creakin' grandeur an' poor witherin' talk; salt food without a drink to go with it; an' a purple dhryness turnin' timidly to dust?"

While Souhaun, wrapped in thought, stands still, Avril goes mercurially to the side of Stoke. "Come, Basil, and let this last no longer." As Avril leaves, O'Killigain cries after her: "I'll call for you when the river rises!"

The storm becomes fiercer. The river, comes the news, is rising more and more rapidly. A shadowy figure is suddenly beheld at the entrance to the hall. It is dressed from head to foot in gleaming black oilskins, hooded over the head, just giving a glimpse of a blue mask, all illumined by the rays of flickering lightning, so that the figure seems to look like the spirit of the turbulent waters—such the O'Casey description. Stoke and Poges observe in fright. The figure gives voice to the warning: "The river has broken her banks . . . a trembling perch in the highest place on the highest

Continued at top of page 158

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People are saying, "Why didn't someone make a tie like this before?" We can't answer that one, but we do know that men who wear ESCORT ties in the new TRU-FOLD construction like them better than any ties they've ever worn. They like the really practical construction almost as much as the exquisitely designed materials from which only ESCORT ties are made. At better men's stores.

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 84-157

house shall be the portion of those who dwell in the valleys below!" Stoke and Poges become frantic.

"To the roof—quick!" "Souhaun, Souhaun, where's Souhaun?" wildly shouts Poges. Avril comes in, covered with a green mackintosh and a colored scarf, peasant-wise, over her head. "Where's Souhaun? where's Souhaun?" repeats Poges. She's gone," replies Avril, quietly. "How, where?" "With the one man who alone saw something in her—and well it would be if I was with her."

"You damned slut," yells Poges, "are you in your mind as bad as she is?"

Indicating Stoke, the girl answers: "The mind that went with him is as bad as the mind that went with you."

From outside comes the shout of O'Killigain: "Avril!"

"O'Killigain! O'Killigain!" the girl starts with joy.

"My barque is waiting, love; come!" he cries.

"Honest, decent woman, she carries the booty of her friends in her pack!" sneers Stoke.

Avril, very quietly: "I gave more than I got, you gilded monkey. It's winnowed of every touch of life I'd be if I stayed with th' waste of your mind much longer. Th' thrinkets I wormed out of you are all here, an' here they stay, for th' wages were low for what was done for you."

Poges, sneering: "And gentleman O'Killigain will happier be with a harlot's fortune!"

Whereto, entering O'Killigain goodhumoredly: "Of course he will. Th' good things of this life are good for all, an' a pretty girl looks handsomer in my arms. You have had your day, like every dog. Your Tudors have had their day, and they are gone; and th' little heap o' purple dust they left behind them will vanish away in th' flow of the river. (*To Avril*) Come, love, to my little house up on th' hill."

After a moment the sound of oars is heard splashing the waters, and with it O'Killigain's song. Poges stands still, listening till the song fades away in the distance. Suddenly Stoke clutches his arm. Frantically: "Look, the waters are tumbling towards us! Run, man!" He tears up the passage, while Poges follows more slowly. "W'uld God I were in England, now that winter's here!" he moans.

IV

Although no such crude outline can give the rich inner flow of the play, it will serve at least to suggest the general nature of the work, a work that contains some of O'Casey's most singing writing, some of his most fertile humor, and that sauce of the poet that is in all of his plays always. It and its mad, fantastic, wayward and biting beauty will make one night's theatregoing next season something happily to anticipate. #

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 8-10

A LILY FROM A DUNGHEAP

From the point of view of pure literature, all else in your July issue is inferior to Komroff's *Flight Into Egypt* . . . that is, in my humble estimation. I didn't think "stories out of the Bible" would be so "hot." They'd be lacking in originality, for one thing, and would be practically devoid of kick. Accordingly, despite the hintful # at the head of this one, I didn't read it until several days after I had read the rest of the mag. I found *Flight Into Egypt* exceedingly diverting. Indeed, I experienced the sensation of one who gazes upon a very beautiful lily springing from a filthy dungheap. (Let me hasten to add I am referring here to the story's background, not by any means to the rest of the contents.)

One sentence epitomizes the agony of the civilized world today: . . . "PRAY THAT THE FOX WHO RULES LIKE A TIGER MAY DIE LIKE A DOG." 'Rah for Komroff!

San Diego, Calif. G. H. HAZZARD

ON THE MANNERS OF G. J. NATHAN

Since your Mr. Nathan requires a lad's birth certificate before letting him pronounce on the American theatre, here's mine duly notarized: "Born, Cleveland, Ohio—and I mean the U.S.A.!"

As an American theatre worker your (Nathan's) patriotic attack on Erwin Piscator, and by implication all emigre artists who dare open their mouths to utter anything but "Hail Broadway" struck me as singularly poor taste. How about a lesson in American manners?

1. An ESQUIRE—rather than Der Angriff tone—is more comme il faut.

2. A critic doesn't refer to Mr. Piscator—an internationally respected artist—as "this Piscator."—Not if he's teaching manners, he doesn't.

3. A critic should be careful of his facts. Especially when he is conducting a blitzkrieg against others for "shooting off their mouths" without knowing the facts.

If you had taken the trouble to study the pre-Hitler German theatre you might have been a little less gauche. You might have learned something about Piscator's productions of O'Neill's plays, of his production of Anderson and Stallings' *What Price Glory*, of his dramatization of *The American Tragedy* by Dreiser—All American, yes?

You might have learned something of the Bertholt Brecht theories of epic theatre upon which some of Piscator's experiments were based—experiments fruitful for the continental stage—experiments from which our own stage will one day profit—experiments which you call "exhibits."

You might have learned something about Piscator's technical innovations such as the transparent level stage, the globe stage for *Rasputin*, the treadmill for *The Good Soldier Schweik* and for his own dramatization of *War and Peace*, his use of film projections—these for the purpose of enlarging the scope of the "theatre of ideas"—not for the sake of being experimental—or "showy" as you put it. You are contented with calling names, not giving facts. Manners? . . .

And before you rant about emigre artists "living off the American Theatre" you might learn something of what they have been giving the American Theatre. In particular you might acquaint yourself with Erwin Piscator's production of *Saint Joan*, 1940, directed for the Washington Civic Repertory Theatre—without emolument!—for the benefit of the Red Cross. It was one of the finest examples of exciting "theatre of ideas" I have ever been privileged to see.

Art is international; and so are good manners. Therefore, before you begin to give lessons to artists—no matter where they are "fresh from"—stop waving the Stars and Stripes. You'll knock something down. And it might be a statue of Liberty.

Seyril Schochen

Brooklyn, New York

OLD TIMES DOWN UNDER

My heart goes out and I touch my hat to Edgar Lee Masters for *The Time of Ruby Robert*. Mr. Masters is not alone as to Fitz being tops in glove fighters.

We, Down-under, had the privilege for many years, nineties, onward, of a fortnightly letter from W. W. Naughton, of the Frisco *Call* to the *Sydney Referee*.

They were classics, you could feel—see American fistics better almost than from the ringside. Naughton's occasional P.S.S. in same, to Larry Foley to send another *over*, were immense; and look what Foley did send. Peter Jackson, Frank Slavin, Joe Goddard, Mick Dooley, Jim Hall, Dan Creedon, Fitz, Griffo, Torpedo, Billy Murphy, Otto Crib, *et al.* Larry never fought out of Australia, but *they*, one and all looked on him as The Master, much as that bunch of famous violinists did of Auer. I well remember meeting a few sports at the Alexandra Running-grounds, Birmingham, Eng. Anthony Diamond and Jem Mace present, Mace was asked, who was the cleverest boxer he had met? Jem was a scamp alright but a world traveler with a flair, unhesitatingly, he named Larry Foley, his swarthy gypsy face lit up, his hands writhed as he told us.

"Never put a glove on him more-un hurt a fly."

There have been many shady sides to American fistiana, but some nice gestures too, one such, when a number of Californian sports made up a big purse and sent an invite to Jabez White of Birmingham, England to box the then unconquerable Jimmy Britt, ten rounds or more, all expenses paid and 50-50, win or lose. Jabez was nearing forty, retired, father of 4-5 kiddies, but the offer was too good to pass. White was probably the last and cleverest of the two-handed, square stance boxers, some think the "Bombardier," or Driscoll, maybe. White gave Jimmy a boxing lesson, twice. Britt dropped his hands and groused, "You can't hit a ghost." When the spring and rhythm left Jabez, Britt took charge. White had no chance anyway. At the count, it was Jimmy who picked Jabez up, patting his back as a mother might, White said "he'd done his best."

For myself, I'd like a ringside view of a fifteen round go between Fitz in his prime and Sam Langford in his. Much as I'd root for Bob, surely as I'd have my last bean on him, I don't know . . . I don't know any more than I'd know the outcome of a *pitched* battle between Julius Caesar with his Legions, and Alexander and his Macedonians, or the result say, of a dust-up 'tween Cleopatra and Sheba's Queen over Napoleon Bonaparte.

Cheerio,
E. M. Guest

SELDES IS STAYING ON

Your "program of fixed devotion to constant change," I see, is about to lead you astray, if the discontinuation of the *Candid Cameraman* is a part of it.

As one of the tiny voices in your vast readership, may I outline my reading program of Esquire? Thanks. First, the editorial—then the cartoons—then *Candid Cameraman*—and then the rest of the magazine.

I'm one of those individuals whose disgust for the pap and tripe emanating from Hollywood is tempered only by a keen liking for the truly good movie. I digest books on films like those of Seldes' and Jacobs' and Rotha's. I've been a movie-goer ever since I can remember—and the passing years have seen me attending less and less.

And the few I have gone to see have been those recommended by your scribes—the pictures worth seeing and remembering.

And now you want to take that from me (I speak collectively) and leave me to attempt to separate the wheat from the chaff of the theater advertisements. I, who attend a movie perhaps every other week, must now be swayed by the desires of wife and family instead of firmly holding my ground on the claim that "Esquire doesn't think much of it—I'll stay home."

I'm not going to be alone, I warn you. This is only one of the first of many, many letters you're going to get.

In fact, I'll betcha a year's subscription you hafta put it back—the department, I mean.

Cordially yours,
Chicago, Ill. R. W. Voigt

FOR PUZZLENUTS ONLY ALL OTHERS STOP HERE

Editor's Note: *From this point on, the Sound and the Fury is devoted to the presentation of new problems and "brain-busters," and correspondence concerning old ones.*

BREDOUW'S STANZAS

The hero of this pithy tale
By all accounts should be in jail;
For many a midnight hour I've lent
To learn how much the wretch mis-spent.
But prejudice we'll disavow—
So on to who, and what, and how.

A check for cash he gave the bank—
(Below the hundred-dollar rank
It must have been)—for by mistake
The teller hands him, (lucky break),
The figures named, but 'spite intents,
Paid cents for dollars; dollars, cents.

To celebrate his affluence
He squandered sixty-eight red cents.
Then gloating over what remains
The wretch computes his ill-got gains;
And in his pocket finds, by heck,
Twice the amount writ on the check.

Next morning, with an aching head
And sobered thought, he tries in bed
To reconstruct his fiscal plunge—
Let's help him his distress expunge.
We'll resurrect for the attempt
Our old friend, "X," not yet exempt.

Call X the dollars, which transposed,
Became the cents, as was disclosed.
Twice these, then add another one;
(We will assume, to help the fun,
That sixty-eight, plus twice the cents
The check denoted, pounds the pence).

With Y, the cents the check did state,
Another Y, and sixty-eight,
We have 100, plus old X.
2 X plus 1 is Y (simplex?)
While 2 Y minus 32
Gives us of X another view.

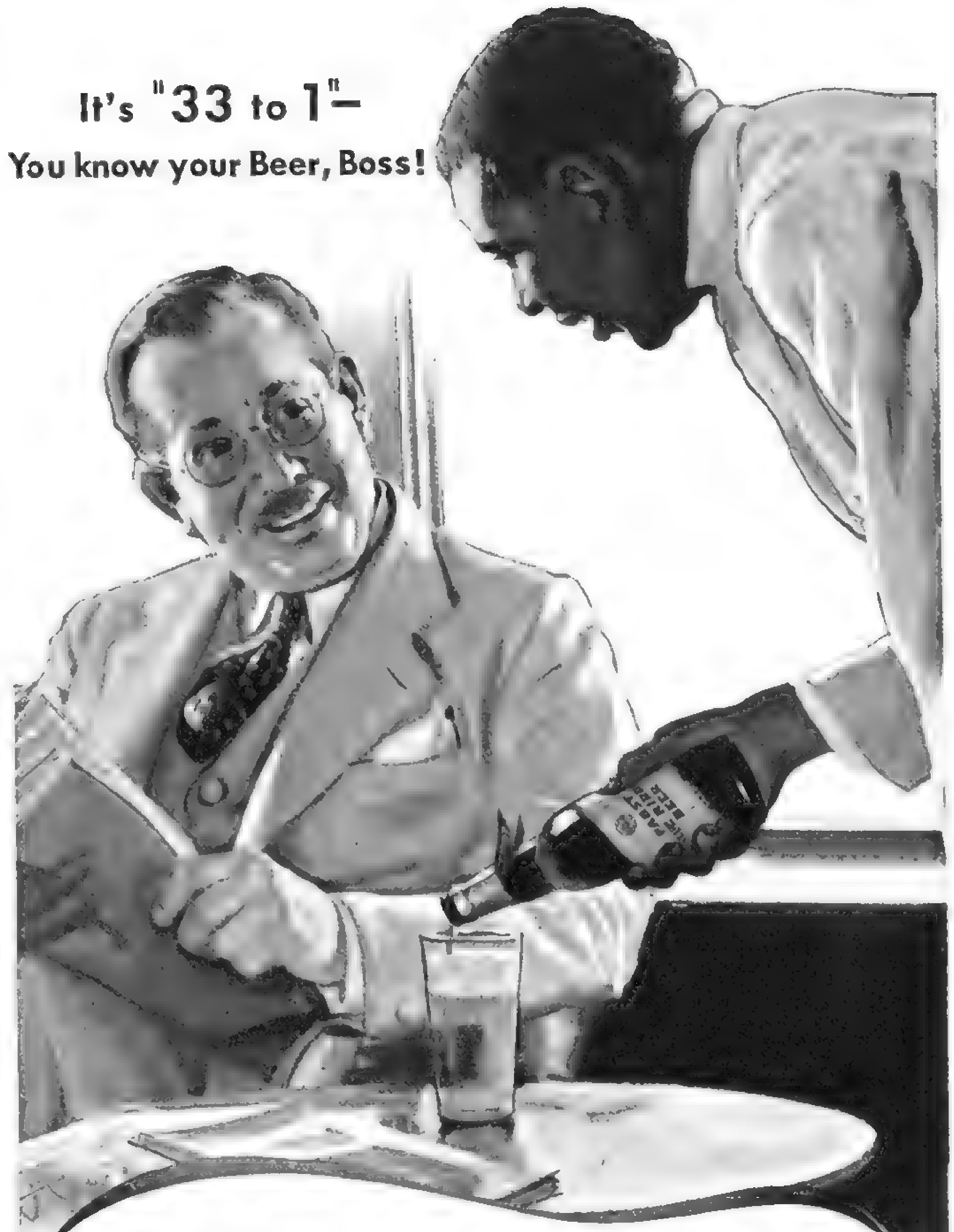
2 X- plus Y plus 1, used twice,
To 4 X-2 Y plus 2, gives rise.
Combine X-2 Y plus -32
The Y's eliminated—Whew!
'Tis clear no folly reigns here then,
3 X is 30, X is 10.

Y's value, 21, comes next,
To complement preceding text;
Of Twenty-one, point ten, received,
From Ten and twenty-one conceived.
Now with the teller let's repine,
Still short Ten dollars, eighty-nine.

If morals may a tale adorn,
They should be gay, and not forlorn;
But here's a melancholy fact,
Embalmed in algebraic pact—
That error's chains have endless links—
Here's one become a schoolboys' jinx.

Kansas City, Mo. F. E. Bredouw

Continued on page 160


It's "33 to 1"—
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YOU know it's *blending* that makes fine wines, coffee, and tobacco so good. And those who drink Blue Ribbon can tell you what blending does for *beer!*

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—AND PROVE IT!

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BEER

First in the Homes of America—and the Largest Selling American Beer in the Rest of the World!

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 8-10-159

SOLVING THE ROTHERMEL WIRE

The SEND+MORE=MONEY problem in the July number was more in keeping with the weather!

$D=7$ $O=0$ 9567
$E=5$ $R=8$ $+1085$
$M=1$ $S=9$
$N=6$ $Y=2$ 10625

There are undoubtedly other solutions but it's too hot to find them.

Sincerely,
Dorchester, Mass. ROBERT SINNOTT

ANSWERING ALLEN'S AUTO PROBLEM

Regarding Allen's auto, on page 6 of the July issue, point X on the tire is stationary for the instant that it is in contact with the road, and is traveling at twice the speed of the car for the instant that it is at the top.

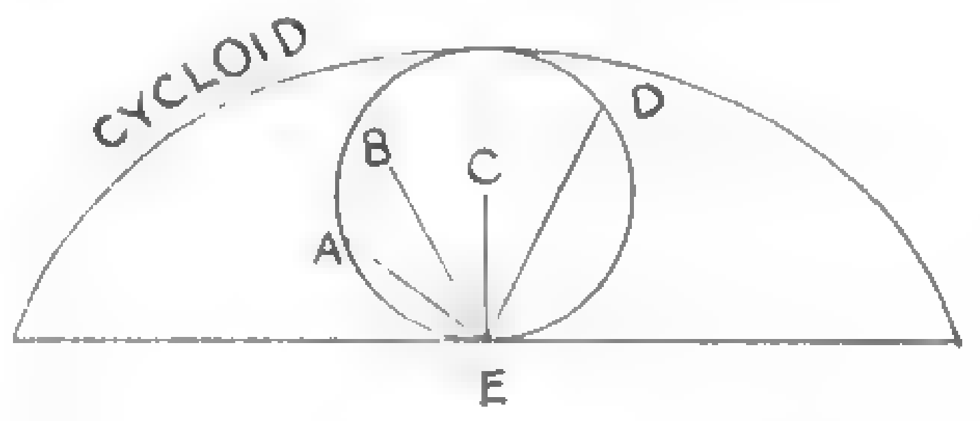
While point X apparently revolves in a circle, it is revolving in a circle only with relation to the hub, which is, of course, not stationary but moving forward in a horizontal plane. The actual path which point X describes through space is known as a cycloid. Inasmuch as point X travels this cycloid path, while the hub or axle is traveling a horizontal path, point X does travel a greater distance in the same period of time, and therefore its average speed is greater than the speed of the car.

The speed at which X is traveling at a given moment depends upon its radius. Its radius is the distance in a straight line between X and the point on the wheel that is in contact with the road. As X moves farther toward the top, the radius is increased. As X moves forward and down toward the bottom, the radius is decreased. At the instant when X is itself the point on the road, its radius, of course, is zero, and so is its speed.

In order to explain why point X is traveling at twice the speed of the car when it is at the top of the car, perhaps the following should be said. Not only is every point on the circumference of the wheel traveling at a speed proportionate to its distance from the point that is in contact with the road, but so, also, is every point in the entire wheel, that is, in the disc. One of these points in the disc is, of course, the hub. If the hub is 10″ from the point on the rim that is in contact with the road, and is traveling at a speed of, let us say, 30 miles an hour, then the point at the top of the wheel, which is twice as far from the point on the road as the hub is, is traveling twice as fast as the hub, or 60 miles an hour.

While all the points on the disc are apparently revolving about the hub, their actual center of motion is the point on the circumference that is in contact with the road.

Yours very truly,
Chicago, Ill. F. J. O'LEARY



E is the center of motion for points A, B, C, D and all other points in the disc.

FLEMING'S CUBE

Some of your recent reputedly difficult problems succumb quite easily with the aid of a little differential calculus. Mr. Hall's problem in the May issue concerning the road tangent to a circular lake gives an answer of 8.823— (correct to three decimal places).

If your readers are interested in a really difficult problem, let them try this one. A cube, 12 inches on each edge, has a hole 6 inches in diameter bored through it with its axis along a long diagonal of the cube. Find volume of material removed by boring.

Jamaica, Long Island H. C. FLEMING

HUFFSTUTLER'S PRODIGY

You might have known that if you let up the bars and permitted a member of the other sex to contribute to the puzzle Section, it might have a very good chance to degenerate to a level far below the previous one of intellectual adventure and entertainment. I refer to Miss Ohlsen's Wire. With all the self-complaisant ego of her naturally malignant felinity she, in a paragraph or two, places herself above the PH.D's., engineers, etc., who might have the extreme good fortune to be graced with the privilege of attempting her problem. Well, it is so profound that I have asked my little son, eight years old, to read it and write a letter in answer.

"Dear Daddy:

You get the diameter of a circle by dividing the circumference by Pi. This Lady wants Pi to be .3. But if you add 3 to the circumference, then divide by three, you get one foot. And if the diameter is one foot bigger, it would make it six inches bigger on both sides of the world. What did you mean, Daddy, by asking me to work it out with pencil and paper. My teacher would make me do that in my head.

Your Son,
AARON (EINSTEIN) HUFFSTUTLER"

Ashamedly,
A. A. HUFFSTUTLER
Birmingham, Ala.

SHUHIN'S SHOCK

I am a devotee of the *Sound and the Fury*, especially to the puzzles. An example in algebra has come to my attention recently which will exercise the grey matter of some of your amateur mathematicians. There is a fallacy below which I defy them to find without looking at the answer. I warn you, this is only for algebra enthusiasts, and not for counterfeiters for this example shows that $1 = 2$. So get braced for a shock.

Here is the Example:

Let $x=1$. If $x=1$, then the equation $x^2-x=x^2-1$, is correct.

Taking the equation, we factor it, getting $x(x-1)=(x-1)(x+1)$.

By the rules of Transposition, the $(x-1)$'s would cross out, since if $(x-1)$ was transposed it would be $x+1$, and would cross out. Crossing out the $(x-1)$'s we get

$x=x+1$

Substituting 1 for x, we get

$1=1+1$

$1=2$

There now, don't say that I didn't warn you. Here then is the fallacy.

In the factoring the numbers were divided thru by 0, when a number is divided by 0, infinity is the answer, and I got x— for instance

$$2 \div \frac{1}{2} = 2 \times \frac{2}{1} = 4$$

$$2 \div \frac{1}{4} = 2 \times \frac{4}{1} = 8$$

$$2 \div \frac{1}{1{,}000{,}000} = 2 \times \frac{1{,}000{,}000}{1} =$$

2,000,000

It is therefore apparent that $2 \div 0 = \infty$ (infinity).

Yours in ∞ (infinity),
Phila., Pa. LESTER D. SHUHIN

A STEP TO DISTINCTION . .

Campus-approved for Fall

.. the easiest shoes on two feet

Here are two eastern university favorites among the Crosby Squares for Fall, many of which are reproductions of costly, custom-made originals. These handsome shoes are typical of the informal footwear on which the American university man is fashion arbiter . . . A mark of good taste and sound judgment. Built for a long life and a merry one . . . Take the step to distinction today. It leads to your Crosby Square dealer. Write for his name. *The House of Crosby Square, 2460 North Sixth Street, Milwaukee, Wis.*

[$5.50 to $6 — some at $5. Also Pre-Flex Shoes, $6.85 to $7.50.]

- A leisure-time version of the popular mud-guard, in hand-stain tan with red "ribber" (rubber) sole.

- Number One pattern on many a campus. In new brown and wine combination, with red "ribber" (rubber) sole.

Crosby Square
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Authentic Fashions
IN MEN'S SHOES

Mr. Garner and Thelma Oonk

Continued from page 79

microphone has taken all the vigor and drive out of the statements which politicians read into it for the pictures. When Secretary X makes a speech, he does it for the meaning of the speech; when he repeats it for the camera, it is phony; and once in a blue moon, when you hear the accents of despair in the voice of an ambassador whose country has disappeared, you know the difference.

And this faking reacts to make the genuine fake. You can trace the tradition of the presidential-fisherman back at least to Grover Cleveland; and some of us are just waiting for the year 1980 or thereabouts when a candidate will campaign solely on the issue that he hates fishing and, goddammit, even if he didn't hate fishing, he wouldn't fish for a newsreel. But you can see how photography has completed the degradation of this political vanity. The late Calvin Coolidge was trapped into the completest outfit you ever saw; he was then pushed into a Dakota river and told to fish and face the camera simultaneously. The New England sage was something of an exhibitionist, as anyone who has seen *all* of his newsreel exploits will testify; but he couldn't help looking miserable-foolish (or was it glad-ashamed?) all the time. And that was only a step in the current direction, because this year poor Mr. Taft had himself taken with a dead fish—dragooned into it, one supposes, by the "Aw, go ons" of photographers and the insinuating approval of crafty politicians who believed it wouldn't do any harm. The saving grace, if any, in this episode, was that the whole story was let out, so that deliberate imposture was never tried. The fish may have been stuffed; the story was unsavory, if you guess what I mean.

I don't know where this all started. Obviously, the earliest newspaper photographs were pretty much posed because the cameras weren't instantaneous; I know that in the early days of brief exposures, cameramen used to trick and bully their victims and get some lively expressions; then newsphotos began to compete with newsreels and the candid shot for a while gave life and movement to the rotogravure; and now we are in the wash of studied and willing unreality.

It's unpleasant because it takes genuine feeling, genuine expression away from human beings. The newspaper picture is fraudulent without bringing profit to anyone. When the fraud was funny, as in the days of the *New York Evening Graphic's* "re-enactments," those composites of old men, toy animals, and young girls which gave delight for a season, there was complaint; but the objection apparently was not to the fake, only to the morality of the original event.

Nowadays when the pictures are dull and stuffy and silly, no one cares at all. No one protests, to say that life may not be photogenic, but it *is* interesting.

I can imagine the stages of degradation from my own glancing experience in newspaper work. One of the first stories I was ever sent to cover was a bit of inside, anytime, silly-season business about a farm boy living near Pittsburgh, who had inherited for the third time in three years. I got the story and a picture and five days after we printed the story I was told to telephone the boy (a lunk of sixteen or so) and make him tell me all about the proposals of marriage he had had as a result of our story. He said he hadn't had any and my city editor, passing my desk, said, in effect, "He can't teach me my business; of course he had proposals." You see, it was in the tradition.

Well, nowadays we should send a photographer out and he would come back with a picture of this farmhand with a golden spoon in his mouth; and five days later he or we would fake a few letters; and no harm would be done to anyone—except, apparently, me. I hate these genuine fakes even more than the straight, old-fashioned publicity fake. In dozens of cities you can see pictures of local or wider repute, each praising some brew or jeweler or restaurant; a whole page in which each celebrity gets in a good word for his play or movie or other enterprise and, I assume, the brewer or the jeweler pays for the ad. It's phony, but it's open.

These other things are drivel. "Claims the cleanest feet in New York," I read under the caption of a photograph of a man sitting with his trouser legs rolled up, his feet in a basin of water—and so help me it's a picture of Lin Yutang who has successfully lectured Americans on the art of living. Who persuaded the sage that it would be well for him to show us his feet? For cryin' out loud!

A few years ago the tabloids began to print pictures of dead gangsters in the streets; rather horrible pictures of motor accidents still appear; frequently a desolate mother weeping for a murdered child can be seen; and in recent months there have been war pictures which, at best, aren't pleasant.

So there is some excuse for the newspapers to want those bright and foolish and attractive pictures. But the ingenuity of man was not created for the making of fakes.

Especially not in pictures. The great revolution in publications in our time is the arrival of the picture. After a hundred years it takes its proper place with the written and the spoken and the printed word. And I'm damned if that proper place is the celebration of Mr. Garner's autograph on the shoe of Thelma Oonk. ⧻

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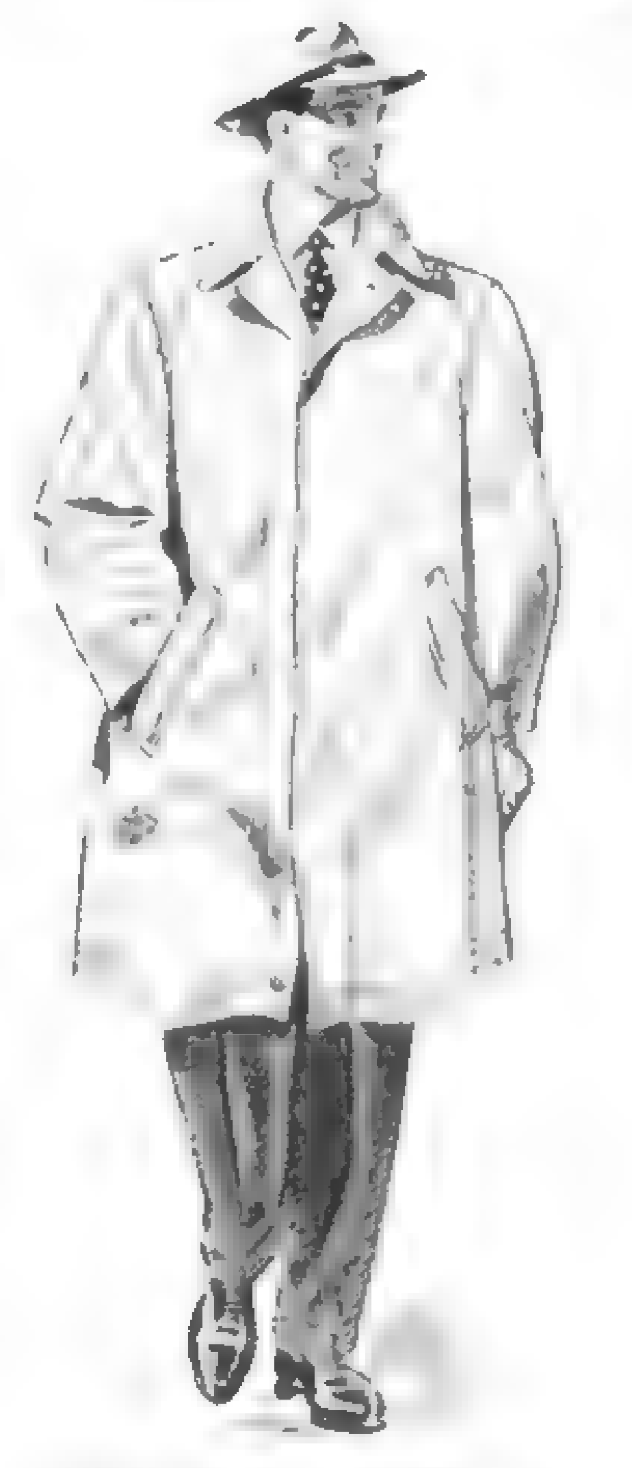

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Swinging the Cane

Continued from page 95

punch—as Carl Van Doren takes pains to point out in his swell 845-page portrait.

For us modern harvesters and porchcombers the trick of keeping those portholes of the epidermis open is readily accomplished with a Rum Collins. You can even fling it together with a bottled mix: just pour onto two ponies of Rum and ice cubes, till two or three hands high, in the glass which is the fabled Mr. Collins' contribution to civilization. If you prefer to do your own squeezing and sugaring, it's a matter of the juice of one lemon, sweetened with one barspoon of powdered or granulated, plus seltzer. Some add a couple of dashes of Angostura as though it were a pinked Thomas. And, for extra luxury, the sweetening can be done with Falernum—a bouquet syrup with overtones of Barbados Rum, herbs, and essences, designed to fit all sorts of Rum drinks.

Where the beverage code of the Tropics is adhered to, the fruit that answers Rum's mating cry is keen green lime. Bright boys in Jamaica learn to count with it like true sons of planters who punch:

One of sour (juice of one lime)
Two of sweet (two teaspoons sugar)
Three of strong (3 oz. redolent old heavy-bodied Jamaica Rum)
Four of weak (ice and water)
Lots of shaking and what garnishment you please.

Such, at any rate, is the traditional, at its simplest. But aspiring palates are never idle and newfangled Planter's Punches blossom forth here and there, some of them meriting close study. One which is much taken to, ousts the sugar in favor of an ounce of Curaçao and a dash of Grenadine. Trinidad's prideful prescription calls for a Collins glass wherein the regulation one-two-three line-up is given the benefit of a teaspoon of Angostura and is garnished solely with a slice of lemon, but dusted o'er with nutmeg. Barbados smites the spot with a formula called:

Planter's Punch, Unpulled

Half fill an 8-oz. glass with chipped ice; add 2 oz. rich-bodied, super-fragrant Rum of the ancientest, 1 tablespoon Falernum, 1 flick Angostura; fill up with water or soda; stir like anything; bon-voyage with fruit. Sprinkle nutmeg or a touch of pepper.

It is to be doubted, though, that any ornate concoction will ever seriously interrupt the swizzle-work of the old guard. And is it work! With a will! Mine host, whose floral terrace overlooks a thousand fronds down to the blue Caribbean, possesses any number of servants, yet he personally tackles the pitcher of finely banged ice (it's malleted in a bag) and, inserting his pet swizzle-stick—monkey-paw shape, whittled by himself, mind you—rotates it vertically back and forth between his palms till the fine old Rum, brown sugar, lime juice, and melted ice, surge up in foam. Whereupon he pours into glasses and everybody drinks quickly. Which constitutes Round One.

For home bar purposes in our latitudes a swizzle may be simulated successfully by agitating the same ingredients in a tall glass with the aid of a Champagne "mosser." If you've ever ignited a campfire by primitive Indian friction, this will seem a cinch.

Were we sincerely primitive we wouldn't dally with dilutions. Certainly the old pirates and swashbucklers such as Sir Henry Morgan and Blackbeard Teach never did, nor their crews. It was, therefore, a distinct sissification of seadogism when in 1840 Admiral Vernon, nicknamed "Old Grog" because of his grogram cloak, ruled that henceforth the British Navy's daily Rum ration be watered. But the weakening trend had hit even New England; woodsmen who formerly abated their Rum only with hard cider now went in for lemonading their tipple.

Lime-and-Rum of a Cuban sort was put on our social map by the Spanish-American War. A landing was made at Daiquiri near Santiago (the home of Bacardi), and the soldiers "refreshed" themselves as though this were Ticonderoga—the glad news of their all-round success spreading through the Army and Navy; since when our alliance with *Ron* de Cuba has been continuous and active. Thus:

Daiquiri Cocktail—Edition of 1898
Juice of half a lime
1 jigger (1½ oz.) Bacardi Rum, White
1 barspoon powdered sugar

Shake vimfully with cracked ice till shaker frosts; strain into cocktail glass.

N.B. (Note, Bartender!): A Daiquiri is *never* pink.

West Indies or Frozen Daiquiri Cocktail—
Modern Arctic-Tropic Edition

Juice of entire lime
2 oz. Puerto Rican Rum, White
1 teaspoon sugar

Assemble in an electric mixer, which is thereupon filled up with puffed-wheat-size ice. When almost frappéd, pour through large-meshed strainer into a "saucer" Champagne glass, allowing enough of the fine ice to tumble through to form a floe that would tempt a penguin. A dash (about 20 drops) of Cointreau is a crafty touch sometimes applied.

For those who want their Cuba in the pink, a cocktail similar to the aboriginal Daiquiri is prepared, with a shot of Grenadine added, eliminating the need of sugar. But in that case the juice should be of a whole lime, and the *Ron* should be of the slightly heavier-bodied, somewhat longer-aged Gold type. And for handsome orange hue there's his nibs:

El Presidente

1 pony (1 oz.) Puerto Rican or Cuban Rum, White
½ pony Orange Curaçao
½ pony French Vermouth
Dash of Grenadine

Add ice, stir, strain into cocktail glass. A snip of orange peel is twisted over and dropped in.

Many Americans, however, seem to be under the impression that the Chief Executive of the Republic of Cuba is Mr. Cuba Libre—to the tune of:

1 Collins glass
Juice of ½ lime
Cubes of ice
Jigger of Puerto Rican or Cuban Rum
Coca-Cola to fill
1 stirring rod, tinkled.

As for that towering terror of night haunts, that voodoo spook of dynamite, the Zombie, after-guesses regarding its composition are apt to be confused by a forest of lamp posts. In fact, with the Zombie furore sweeping all hats off (there goes mine!), there's no knowing what some zealous mixers may load into multi-rummed specimens. Here are a couple of formulae, filched from exotic scenery:

Zombie à la No. 1 Boy

Juice of 1 lime
1 barspoon brown sugar
1 barspoon Passion Fruit
¾ oz. Puerto Rican or Cuban, White
¾ oz. Puerto Rican or Cuban, Gold
¾ oz. 90 proof Jamaica
1 oz. 151 proof Demerara

Stir together all these ingredients except the last; pour into 14-oz. glass which has been filled ¾ full of cracked ice; float the 151 proofer as a lid; garnish with mint or fruit. A straw proposition.

Zombie à la Puerto Rico

Onto cracked ice in shaker pour:

¾ oz. Pineapple juice (unsweetened)
¾ oz. Papaya Nectar (canned)
Juice of sizable lime
¾ barspoon powdered sugar
⅛ oz. Apricot Brandy
1 oz. Puerto Rican, White, 86 proof
2 oz. Puerto Rican, Gold, 86 proof
1 oz. Jamaican Heavy-bodied 90 proof

Shake. Without straining, pour into Zombie glass, adding cubed ice to nearly fill. Bedoll with sprig of mint, small square of pineapple; skewer 2 cherries on toothpick and set so that it bridges the rim. Carefully pour on a shallow float of Tropical Heavy-bodied 151 proof. Sprinkle a light flurry of powdered sugar. Pair of straws.

Briefly, it's a means of getting acquainted with a lot of types of Rum. And the Caribbean has many sorts and kinds worth knowing. Demerara, for example, in British Guiana, one of the sugar capitals of the world, produces time-honored dark Rum which, somewhat lighter-bodied and less pungently "molassesy" than Jamaica's classics, is often vatted with them in the London Docks vaults whence much choiceness has come. Barbados and Trinidad emit Rums akin to Demerara but each possessing individuality. France's Martinique is the source of the admirable medium-bodied *Rhum* you have savored in *Grog Américain* on cool evenings in Paris, and which also, I'm grateful to say, finds its way in the U.S. Haiti has an outstanding "delicate." Puerto Rico has become practically a colony of Cuba on the Rum map; its Whites and Golds do Mamma great credit, and Uncle Sam and his sipping citizens are tickled silly. His Virgin Isles, which drooped under Prohibition after having been famous all over Europe for their St. Croix Rum, have been subsidized into important production, with noble results. And our own New England, turning out Rum uninterruptedly since Pilgrim days (one distillery now running started 1819) keeps on Rumming along.

Rum *has* to be plentiful because it carries on so many varied professions. It leads a straight life, it supports cold punches and hot toddies, it underpins your eggnogg, it fires your plum pudding, it bolsters your cup of tea or coffee, it glorifies your morning grapefruit, it flavors your tobacco, it *au Rhums* your *baba* whether you're a black sheep or not, and even bobs up in toffee and butterscotch. In fact, I've decided what I want Aunt Tillie in the Antilles to send me for my birthday. #

Half-Shot in the Dark

Continued from page 71

off after the shoot was all over.

Sixty-five competitors had paid the one-dollar entry fee. Those who knew of Zack's skill moaned when he appeared on the scene. Zack grinned and patted his rifle. "She ain't shootin' blanks today, boys!" he caroled.

The target, set a hundred yards from the firing line, had a five-inch bull's-eye. Each contestant was allowed ten shots. The competition was keen, but Zack Bourne was out to wipe away the shame of his performance at the chicken shoot while under the spell of Old Flat-Spin rye. He and Jeff Coongate watched the targets come in. The only one which was going to bother Zack was Stumpy Coldwillow's. Stumpy had nine shots in the black.

"Beat that, Zack!" he crowed.

The onlookers crowded close to watch Zack perform. Uncle Jeff stood at his elbow, whispering words of encouragement. "On'y one feller left after you," whispered the old poacher. "His rifle looks like a pianer leg, too."

Zack nodded and began firing. He put his ten shots into the black—all of them cleanly save for one, which broke a trifle into the white. Uncle Jeff Coongate whooped with joy. His one-eyed buck was saved! Zack waved his rifle, kissed its hot barrel, and yelled: "Jumbo! Gimme the key to Ruffy's ice house. I want my veal."

"Just a minute," Jumbo said. "One more feller to shoot yet."

A small, apologetic man stepped to the firing line. He was a stranger. He wore a curious-looking coat, heavily padded at the elbows. Nothing like it had been seen in the surrounding country. The stranger's rifle, too, seemed odd. The barrel was very heavy. It had set triggers. The caliber was twenty-two, and the sights telescopic. It was, felt Uncle Jeff, but a mere formality. In a sense, the old poacher was correct. The stranger's ten shots simply cut the center out of the bull's-eye. Zack Bourne got second prize, which was a tub of lard. Uncle Jeff felt sick, and bought a pint of Old Flat-Spin from Jumbo Tethergood.

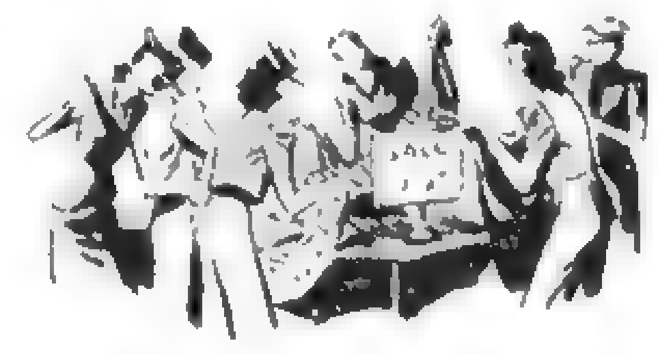
On the way down to the canoe

Continued on page 164

Living alone taught me thrift...

and a new Love Secret

I've found it's not only thrifty but wise to use Pepsodent Antiseptic. It gives 3 times the breath protection to safeguard personal charm because it lasts 3 times as long as ordinary mouth washes!



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Now that I'm on my own, pennies count. So I've got to be careful to get my money's worth . . . and more! And I usually do!

Got a Man in Mind!

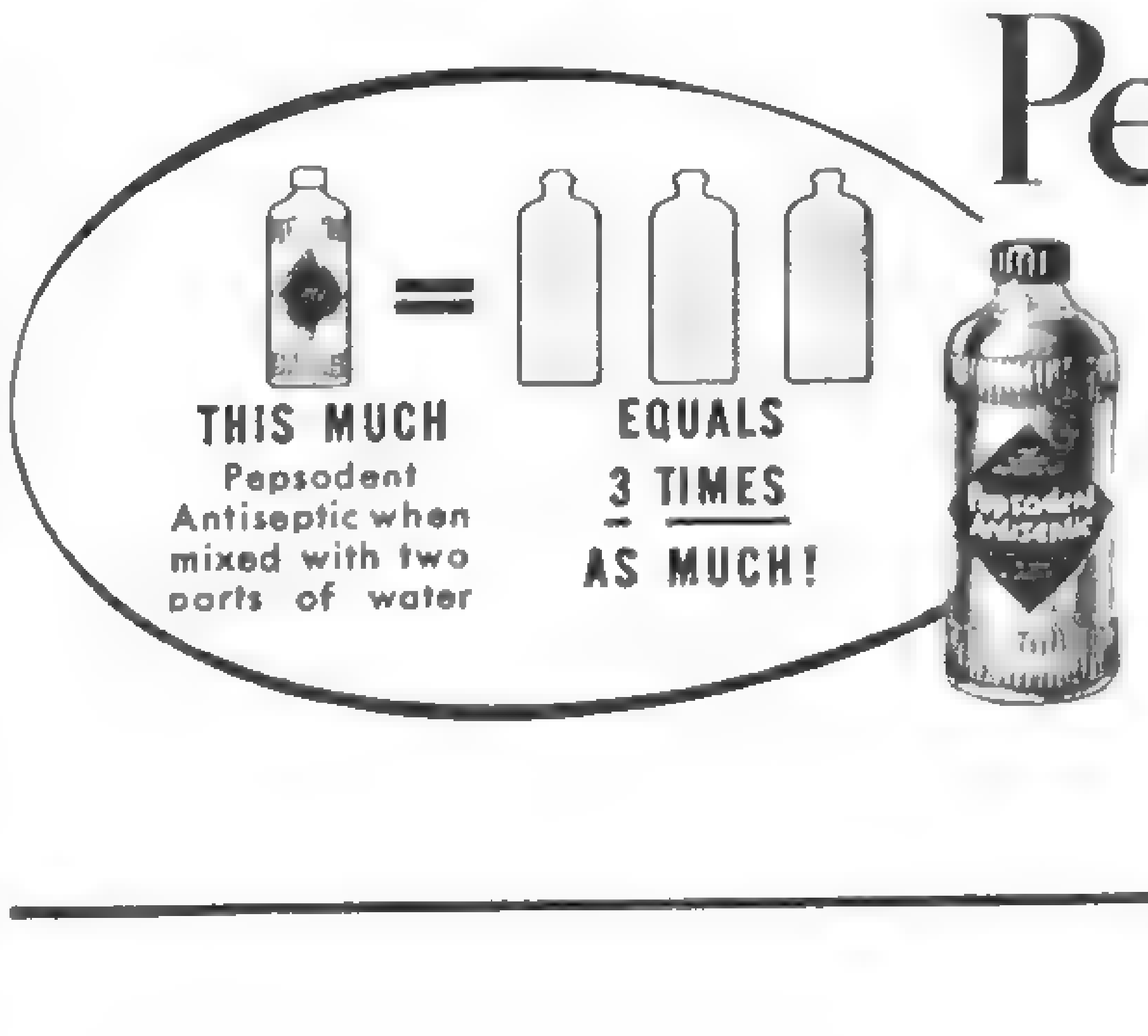
I'm keeping house for a purpose. My man's going to find I know how to be easy on his eyes, easy on his digestion, easy on his pocketbook.

and I've learned a new secret road to his Heart!

The enticement of a spring-fresh breath stirs romance. It assures the confidence so necessary in a critical close-up.

Keep your breath always fresh and sweet. It means so much to you . . . and to others. Spend just a few moments gargling morning and evening with Pepsodent Antiseptic and you'll be more sure about your charm . . . in even those critical close-ups.

Pepsodent Antiseptic curbs unpleasant breath effectively and is still antiseptic even when diluted with two parts of water. Thus it gives you 3 times as much safe breath protection as ordinary mouth washes, because it lasts 3 times as long! Get a bottle of Pepsodent Antiseptic today!



THIS MUCH
Pepsodent Antiseptic when mixed with two parts of water
EQUALS
3 TIMES
AS MUCH!
Pepsodent Antiseptic

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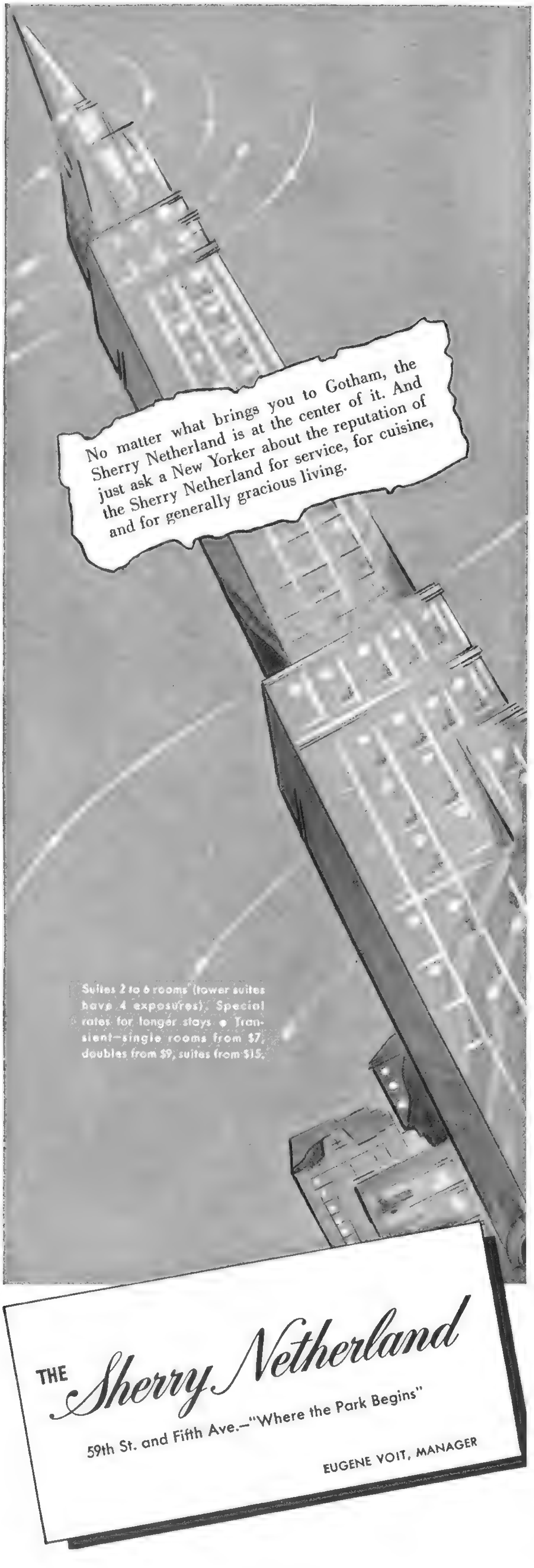
Your "Breath Insurance"



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Suites 2 to 6 rooms (tower suites have 4 exposures). Special rates for longer stays • Transient—single rooms from $7, doubles from $9, suites from $15.

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59th St. and Fifth Ave.—"Where the Park Begins"

EUGENE VOIT, MANAGER

Half-Shot in the Dark

Continued from pages 71-163

landing, he spoke disconsolately to Zack: "Tub of lard, an' nothin' to fry in it. They'd ought to bar them ringers with them rifles an' them sights."

Zack swore savagely. He gripped his friend by the elbow, and snarled: "Looks like you're goin' to have a chance at that one-eyed buck after all! If I can't shoot veal, I can kill deer. I'd like to kill about six, jest to git even with my feeling's. That buck'll be jest a starter! Come on!"

Reluctantly, his feet leaden and his heart heavy, Uncle Jeff got into the stern of the canoe. They reached Zack's cabin after dark. The night was cloudy and dead still—perfect conditions for jack-lighting. In the cabin, by the lamp, Zack hummed dreamily as he re-fitted the Dead Shot Frame to his rifle. Jeff took his first gulp of old Flat-Spin, and choked: "I got the cholery—summer cholery!"

"Take jest a little swallow of kerosene," Zack advised.

"This is stronger," said Uncle Jeff, taking another jolt, "but it don't taste so good."

The whiskey seemed only to intensify Uncle Jeff's sympathy for all one-eyed creatures, but especially himself and the buck. As he listened to Zack's plan of slaughter, the old poacher grieved inwardly. Zack was to take his canoe and paddle along the cove, about seventy-five yards off shore. He was almost certain to shine the eye of the gigantic buck, and almost certain to drill him cleanly when he did. But in case of a miss, the buck would run across the chopping on his regular route. There, with a second flashlight, Uncle Jeff was to be stationed. He would hear the buck coming, perhaps stall him with a sudden blaze of light, and get another shot.

In the darkness the oldtimers crept down to the canoe. Zack laid his rifle on the floor of the craft.

"Git in, Jeff," he whispered. "I'll leave you ashore down a ways. No sense walkin' that fer."

Presently Zack sided in to shore. Uncle Jeff got out on a sand spit.

"I'll give you ten minutes to get set in the choppin'," Zack whispered. "Then I'll turn on my light an' start rakin' the shore growth for his eye!"

The paddle dripped as Zack eased the canoe out into the lake. Uncle Jeff stood alone in the darkness, just inside the seawall growth. He knew the country well. His moccasins felt for the little path used by deer. He didn't use his light. He crept forward, a hand up to fend the branches from his face. He paused and took a mammoth gurgle of Old Flat-Spin. The shock made him close his eye. When he opened it, he saw the long, sharply focused beam of Zack's light. Zack was a considerable distance behind.

Uncle Jeff had intended to jump the deer somewhere close to shore. He did not intend to go anywhere near the chopping. All he wanted to do was frighten the deer, somehow, so that Zack wouldn't get a shot. But Zack was getting closer. He was within earshot. If Uncle Jeff yelled, or crashed about in the brush, Zack would be suspicious. If he fired his rifle, Zack would mistrust him, and ask questions as to what he was doing in the shore growth, when he should be a quarter of a mile away by the runway in the chopping. No! The only thing to do was to make Zack fire *his* rifle!

Realizing how he might force Zack to shoot, the one-eyed poacher trembled slightly. Zack was now so close that his light gleamed occasionally on the undersides of cedar fronds. Uncle Jeff crept a bit nearer shore. He concealed his body behind an old spruce blowdown, and stood to his full height. He moved his head, so that a hemlock branch all but hid his face. Confident that he would be invisible to Zack, Jeff took another slug of whiskey, muttered a prayer, and waited!

Slowly the light beam slid along the shore, always a little closer. Once or twice it slanted into the sky, as Zack laid his rifle against a thwart and paddled for a few strokes. Now it glowed on a birch trunk ten feet away. The next instant, from his cover, the one-eyed poacher looked fair into the beam. Behind him a branch crackled. Uncle Jeff's heart thudded. The one-eyed buck must be coming! From out on the lake came a faint clicking sound. Zack was cocking his rifle. Uncle Jeff wished for one more searing shot of Old Flat-Spin, but he dared not move.

Zack's rifle shot broke open the stillness of the lake, re-echoing from the steep shores. Uncle Jeff wondered if the buck might have been hit. He stooped, clutched his hat, and dodged into the forest. He had made but a few yards when he heard the buck whistle. The sound of Zack's rifle had jumped him! And now he was gone! Safe!

Uncle Jeff slunk back to the cabin. He had just lighted the lamp, when Zack came in, his face like a thundercloud.

"I missed him!" Zack groaned. "Shone his eye plumb fair—looked like an engine headlight, so help me! An' I missed him clean!"

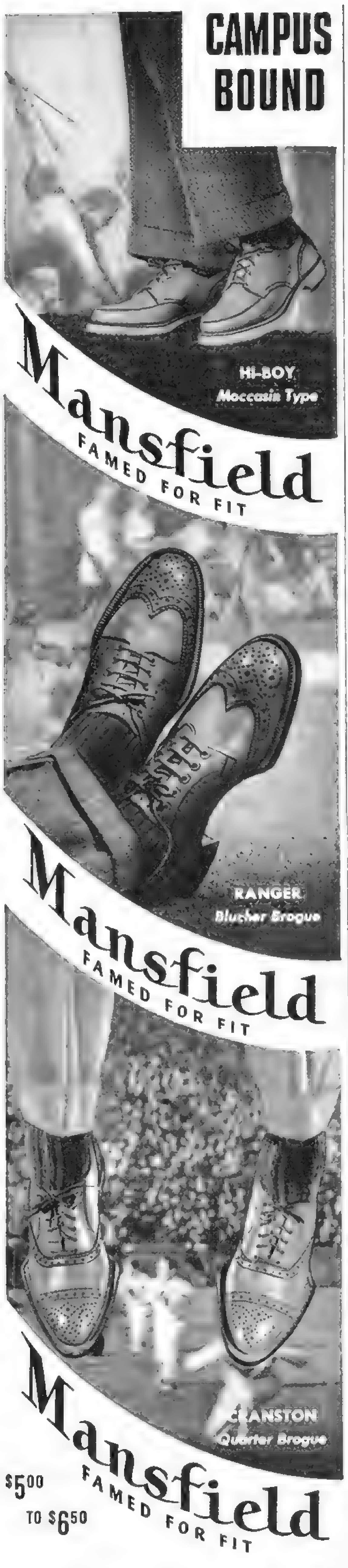
Uncle Jeff swayed over to the rocker and sat down, a little off center. "Nope, Zack," he remarked wearily, "you never missed that buck. You missed me!"

"I tell you I shined that buck's eye!"

"You shined my glass eye," gently corrected Uncle Jeff.

Zack's lips twitched. "How'd I shine your eye, an' you a quarter mile back there, in the choppin'?"

Uncle Jeff significantly stroked his stomach, and moaned: "I never got to the choppin'. I was took with a turrible cholery cramp, an' had to lay down. Didn't dast yell to you, for fear I'd scare the buck. I must of kind of fainted for a spell. 'Cause when I come to, an'



HEARD DURING INITIATION WEEK

'41: Step lively, frosh. On your feet.
'44: That's easy. I wear Mansfields.
'41: Ah, you learn quickly, I see. I wear 'em, too. Name your style.
'44: A Brogue, called Cranston, sir. What's yours?
'41: Ranger, youngster, Ranger. Note the bootmaker finish.
'44: Mansfields fit both my feet and budget.
'41: That goes for the whole fraternity, fella'. And thank your good shoe-sense. It saved you ten swats.

MANSFIELD SHOES · WHITMAN, MASS.

stood up, I was lookin' right into your light. Next thing I knowed, you'd fired. I run back a few yards, an' jumped that jeesely buck. Oh, ain't it cruel! Cruel! If he'd of been a few steps nearer shore, jest a little mite sooner, we'd been rollin' out his paunch right now!"

Zack Bourne's face had turned ash white. He sank down. "My God! I might of killed you!"

"Well, you didn't. Feller's gen'ally apt to shoot high over a jacklight, I allus say." The one-eyed poacher picked up his hat and stuck his thumb through the bullet holes in the crown. "You had the line jest perfick," he complimented, showing Zack the holes, "but you was two inches too high. I dunno how many times I've told you to hold down, shootin' over a light."

Zack's forehead had broken out in a cold, glistening sweat. "So help me God, I'll never shoot at a one-eyed buck again—never! It might be you!"

"Take a lick of this," said Jeff, offering Zack the whiskey.

Zack accepted the bottle. It rattled against his teeth as he drank. "Look, Jeff," he beseeched, "can't we leave that one-eyed buck go? Prob'ly be tough as snowshoe fillin', anyways."

"Well," shrugged Uncle Jeff, "'course, if you feel that way, I know where we might shoot a dry doe tomorrow."

"Let's do it. I don't want no more of that buck."

"Jest's you say," sighed the one-eyed poacher. "Guess I'll open a can of beans for us to eat tonight." #

Castle in Transylvania

Continued from page 72

in your ears just because of the guests! At times like this there are always lots of drafts. The doors are being opened constantly."

These summers, full of dancing, gypsy music, banquets, engagements, and French conversation, were very gay. But as time passed and brother and sister came to the threshold of their seventh decade they began to like more and more those silent winters. The soft snow clouds, the utter silence. When it was a great sensation if the forester reported that bear tracks had been found below the village. Baked apples and wine soup. In the heated rooms pungent pine logs crackled in the fire. Great shadows on the candlelit walls. Dinner at six. *Patience* from six-thirty to seven-thirty. Then ten minutes of silent dozing, face to face, before the disintegrating embers of the fireplace. Deep silence. The two didn't have to speak to each other; they understood without words their worshipful love streaming toward each other, love in which there was as much joy and infinity as in the playful loving of the young.

At eight o'clock the Szekler swain came into the room and put a heated fur coat around the master's shoulders. The old gentleman had to amble through four yawning, unheated rooms to reach his bedchamber.

Count Sándor stood up and gallantly kissed his sister's hand. Almost simultaneously they said:

"Sweet dreams, my dear."

Then they separated, each to his own bed, where on the night table there had been laid out candle, snuffer, water, milk, and malt candy.

* * *

In the spring the old countess became ill. She didn't take care of herself and caught pneumonia. The family doctor moved into the castle from Kolozsvár. One week followed another. The fever was being stubborn. Toward the middle of April—before the time of the usual annual swarming—the castle was unexpectedly overrun with guests. The whole tribe was there. Fifteen of them sat simultaneously in the vinegar-scented room around the sick woman's bed.

The old lady had had a lot of experience. She knew what it meant when one is surrounded by the family in such great numbers. But she wasn't frightened a bit. Propped up by her pillow she looked around curiously from under her cap:

"Am I going to die?"

They stared at her, covered her face with kisses, and stroked her hands:

"How can you say such a thing, Aunt Emma? One more week and you can get up. There is going to be a wedding at the neighbors'. You know—Cecile and Laci. That is what we have all come for. But we thought we might as well drop in here while we were in the neighborhood."

But in reality it was death which had brought them. On the bearskin in front of his bed the butler had found Count Sándor dead two days previously. The old gentleman's heart must have stopped suddenly during the night when for some reason he got out of bed in his long nightgown. He was cold and stiff when they found him.

But the old countess knew nothing of this. The doctor silenced the crying servants, and the family gathered for the funeral shared the doctor's opinion: "Mustn't tell Emma. It would kill her."

Then when her fever abated and the patient began to make inquiries about her brother, they hoodwinked her:

"Uncle Sándor is a little under the weather, too. He's got some kind of rash. It isn't dangerous, but he can't come out of his room because his skin looks very ugly. And besides, someone might catch it from him."

Weeks passed. There was no one in the family who could muster up the courage to tell the truth to the old lady. They postponed it from day to day.

"What a stubborn affair this rash is! His room is full of salves!"

The old countess had already

Continued on page 166

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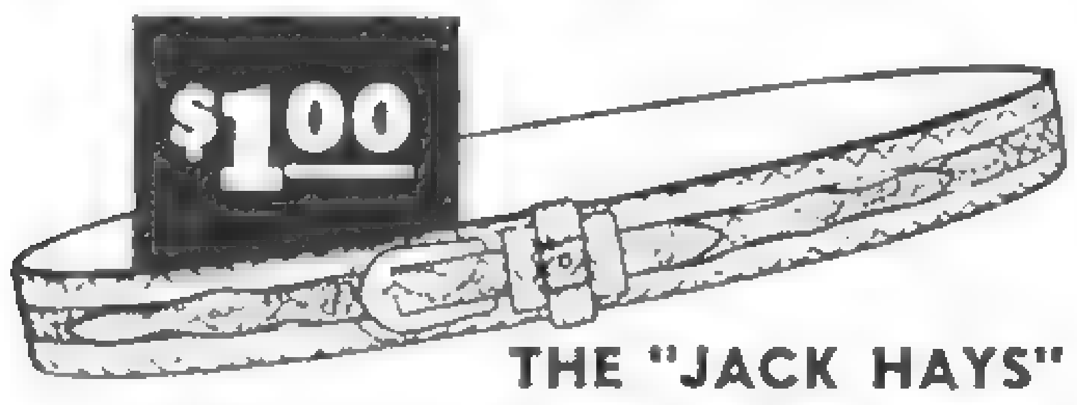

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Castle in Transylvania

Continued from pages 72-165

left her bed. Her wheelchair was rolled into a neighboring room while the bedchamber was being aired. She smelled spring and saw sunshine. A nurse brought her fresh violets in a water glass.

The swarm of guests had departed. There were only two or three idle relatives around the old lady, who by that time knew all about the rash from *a* to *z*. She read medical almanacs; she had the doctor report to her on the cures science had to offer; she quizzed the servants on the treatments recommended by superstition. She resumed her post as head of the house. When she got up, the relatives held her back frightened, because she wanted to go into her sick brother's room:

"Uncle Sándor begs you not even to think of going in to see him, Aunt Emma! It's contagious, you know."

The countess blinked her old eyes:

"What a vain person he is! The rash is probably all over his face too. He's ashamed of it, no doubt. All right, I'll wait till he gets beautiful again."

She would have liked to see her brother very much, but still she did not want to intrude. Her genteel tact controlled her desire. She understood that in a spoiled, proud man, no matter to what a ruin time has reduced him, there may be still enough vanity left to make him recoil from showing himself in a repulsive state before a woman, even if that woman is his sister.

Therefore, she tried to nurse her brother from a distance, through the closed doors. She had soups made for him, spiceless broths. She ordered ointments from Vienna. She had his suits aired carefully. She even sent him letters. Such as:

"What shall we have for dinner tomorrow?"—"A fatted calf was slain in the village today. Would you like a little weak broth?"—"What kind of ice would you like?"—"Do you want me to order some magazines for you?"—"Did the spirits of camphor I sent in yesterday help?"

And the dead man answered the letters in similar single sentences.

The family had commissioned the chief gardener to play the role of the deceased Count Sándor. He could imitate the handwriting and even the voice of the departed. They even had him move into the count's room. Let him be there all day long so that he could answer from the other side of the door if the old countess decided that she wanted to hear her brother's voice. To the devil with the garden! Aunt Emma's peace of mind was more important than salads—the family decided.

The gardener was a deep-voiced, hairy Armenian, and the arrangement suited him splendidly. If the old lady tiptoed to the threshold and said something through the closed door, he just groaned and snorted like a sick man:

"Oh, my back! Oh, my knee!" Or:

"Thank you, my sweet. Let me sleep, my dear."

The old countess tottered away from the door, nodding her head. Sadly she thought:

"That Sándor! That Sándor! Isn't he ever going to get on his feet again? It's been five months . . . it's been seven months . . . next week it will be a full year since I last saw him and yet we live in the same house . . ."

The old lady allowed herself to be fooled for a full year. True, she did not have the impatience of youth, and time passed more smoothly for her. But finally she rebelled against the interdiction. And one day at twilight, in spite of the protestations of the groaning, frightened voice inside, she turned the doorknob. She entered.

Of course there was no open bed, no patient to be seen anywhere. The room was filled with dense pipe smoke. Beside the table, where he had just been sorting flower seeds, the deep-voiced, hairy gardener stood up in embarrassment.

The old countess steadied herself against the door. She paled a little and compressed her lips. She was a clever woman. In the twinkling of an eye she saw through what had happened. She didn't cry. She didn't complain. She didn't argue. Leaping through whole spheres of thought she asked in one hard sentence:

"When was he buried?"

They couldn't oppose her. They had to lead her down across the garden to the crypt. She stood in her fur coat and bonnet in front of the sarcophagus. She lighted a taper on the slab of stone under which lay her brother's coffin. She prayed for an hour and then had herself taken back to the house.

She had water warmed, and took a bath. She put on clean clothes from the skin out. She put on a new lace cap and had clean sheets put on her bed. The chambermaids put her to bed. She summoned the cook:

"You are going to watch through the night beside me, Esther. In the drawer of the night table there are two gold pieces. You will put them on my eyelids when the time comes, because tonight I am going to die." She arranged herself on the pillow, straight and harsh. Her aquiline nose seemed to have grown larger, as if to show that she had made up her mind irrevocably to do something. She clasped her hands above the cover. She closed her eyes and spoke no more. Until four at dawn she breathed quietly, and then she sighed aloud as if she wanted to warn the watching woman: "Now!"

By the time the cook—who was a terribly fat, triple-bellied woman and moved heavily—leaned above her, she was already dead, her eyelids ready for the two gold ducats. ⵌ

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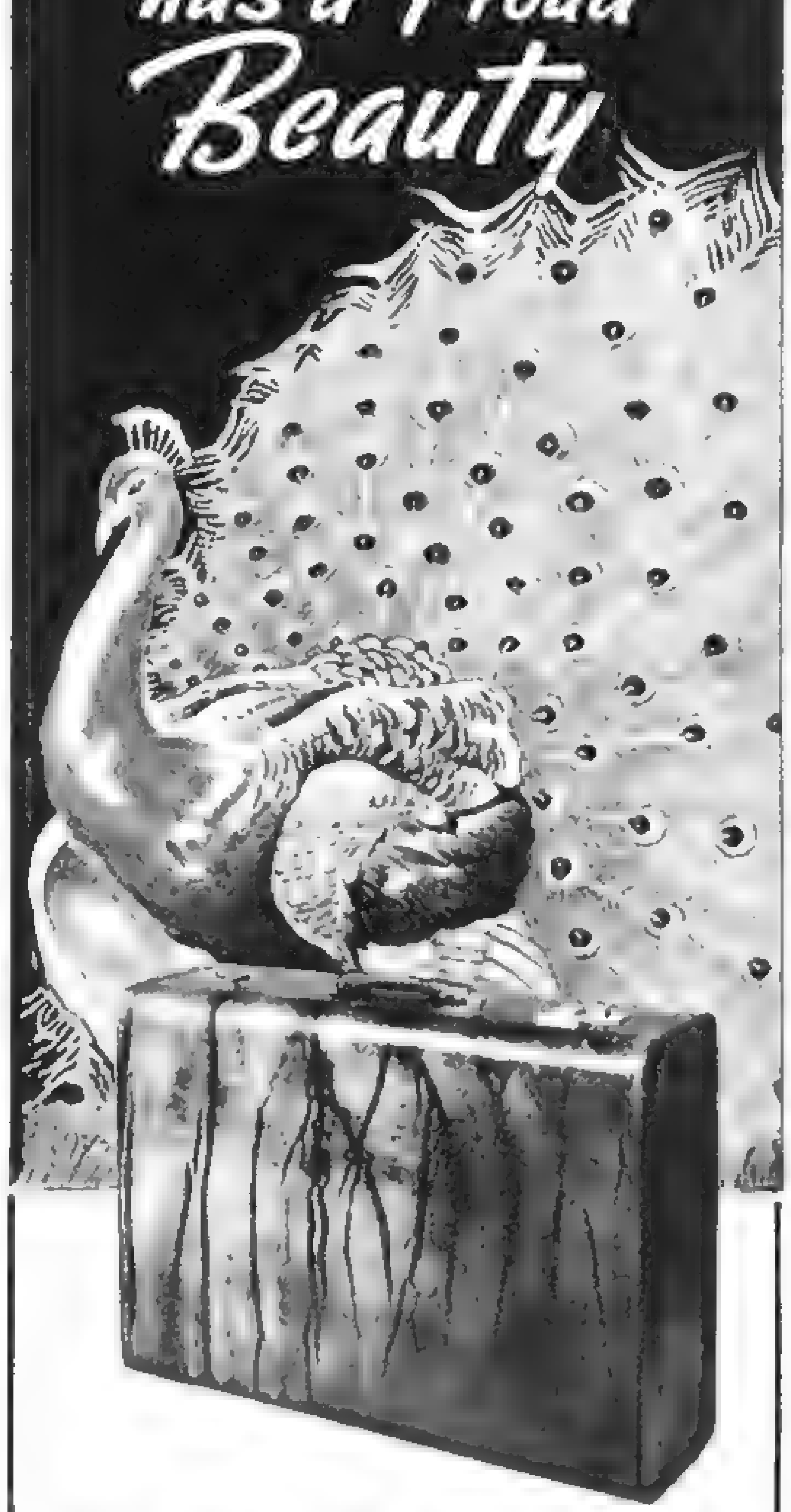

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MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

KEEP AN EYE ON MR. KAYE

It usually takes a long, long time for a comedian to reach the top rung of the theatrical ladder. Most of today's headliners were well out of their twenties before their names went up in the Broadway mazdas, before theirs was top billing. But a young man of twenty-seven has come along this year and given lie to this axiom of the gag trade. Or maybe he's that well-known exception that proves the rule. Anyway his name is Danny Kaye. Going out on a limb in type is customarily a hazardous procedure, but we'll risk a dislocated tibia or two. Put Mr. Kaye's name down for future reference alongside those of Messrs. Hope, Allen, Benny and gentlemen of equal import and talent. That, we think, is where it belongs and where, very soon, it's going to be.

Perhaps you saw Kaye at Ben Marden's Riviera, that pleasantly luxurious mansion on the Palisades across the George Washington Bridge where we first saw him perform. It was a warm night and Kaye was admittedly tired. He was working at the Paramount at the time, doing five shows a day in addition to his stint twice nightly at the Riviera. But the audience never knew it. His somewhat cyclonic delivery would cover up for him anyway. The first thing you really noticed was his diction, as fine—and we're not fooling—as many an Oxford don's. He speaks beautifully and effortlessly and he was born in Brooklyn. Secondly, you noticed his hands, expressive and intelligent. These two gifts are given to very few Broadway comedians. They aren't part of the usual routine but they're very important to Danny Kaye and he uses them well. They provide a subtle background for his work, and they distinguish it. And again you noticed an unusual quality in his work. It was hard to define at first, but it became obvious all at once. Kaye uses no off-color material, no stories called risqué for want of a better word. You expect some of it in a comedian entertaining from a night club floor and it's more often than not successful. Kaye doesn't like it and he also doesn't need it. That's because his material is uniformly good but, that, as the phrase goes, is another story.

In these days when theatrical characters hail from all points of the Union, Kaye is something of a rarity, a born New Yorker. His story is an odd one also. Most newcomers to the footlights, turn to New York for that much heard of and seldom located "break." Kaye left New York for the same purpose. He performed in musical units touring China, Japan, the Philippines, France and England. Wonderful training, fine experience we thought, working on stages around the world. Not like the Catskills, said Mr. Kaye. He considers his apprenticeship in the resorts of our upstate Alps his most valuable training period. His curriculum included "social entertaining" and a wide assortment of more or less legitimate dramatic productions.

While working the territory rudely known as "the borscht circuit," he met a writer, Miss Sylvia Fine. She was writing, along with Max Leibman, a play for Labor Day week-end. The play was unexpectedly successful and well publicized in the-word-of-mouth manner. The Shuberts heard enthusiastic reports and hied themselves up to the mountains to look at it. They liked it and they liked Mr. Kaye and they bought it. Under the banner of the Messrs. Shubert, it appeared on Broadway with Kaye in the leading role—the "Straw Hat Revue."

Kaye's next venture was one he didn't particularly relish, but he was in the process of marrying Miss Fine. Being a sensible chap, he put little faith in the old "two can live as cheaply as one" rigamarole. He needed the money, opened at La Martinique and his opening was an unqualified disaster. Mr. and Mrs. Kaye hurriedly went over his material. He was not giving La Martinique's patrons what they wanted. They switched material and included a now permanent change of pace. In the midst of his comedy, he gave them an old Irish folk song, "Molly Malone" straight and they loved it. His second show was an unqualified success—for sixteen weeks.

Mrs. Kaye now writes all his numbers and there's not a weak one among them. His "Stanislavsky," in fact, has already become a permanent addition to the memorabilia of after-dark Broadway. If he had any doubts at the time, anent the rosiness of his future, his Paramount engagement neatly banished them. The Paramount's first show goes on at ten-thirty A.M. and the house is always packed with the younger jitterbug set long before curtain time. For weeks they'd been giving each show's stars that new and gentle Broadway admonishment—"Hit the road, you bum." When Kaye came on at ten-thirty, before he'd gotten a word across the footlights, they had it ready for him. And more. Someone gave him a new one—"Hit the ramp, you tramp," and a couple more, less pleasant to hear. But Kaye happens to be a kid himself. The kids out front who came to hear a "hot" trombone brought Kaye back five times. They're a tough audience. Mr. Kaye's worrying days are over.

Ranger

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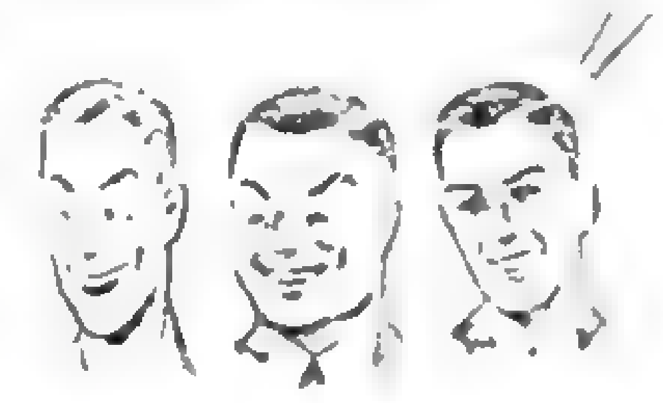

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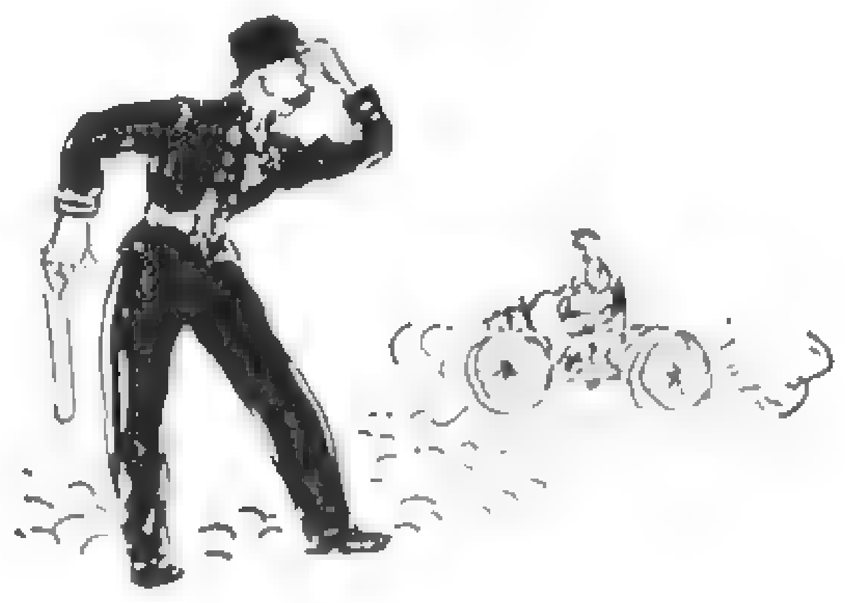
MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

MEMORIES

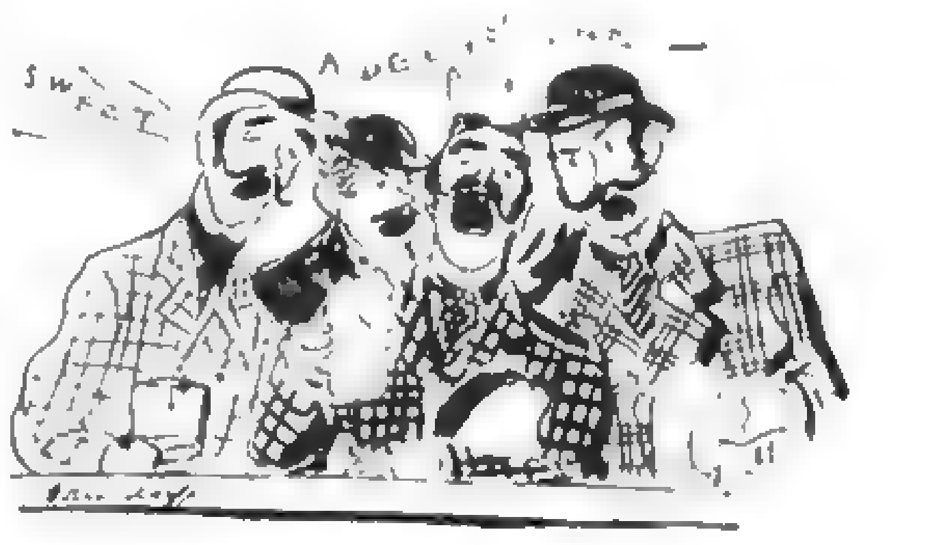
Right next door to Monte Carlo, sometimes considered the epitome of twentieth century elegance, on East 54th Street, stands Bill's Gay Nineties, a monument to the rococo and red plush splendours of the mauve decade. Guarded by Sailor Grande, ex-pugilist, sailor, complete with handlebar mustache and helmet, a wooden cigar store Indian and a two-wheeled bicycle, stands this tangible example of the fact that there's money to be made in memories. For Bill's Gay Nineties is celebrating its tenth anniversary these days, marking ten years of "solid sending" in a field of entertainment that considers a life-span of ten months a sign of old-age.



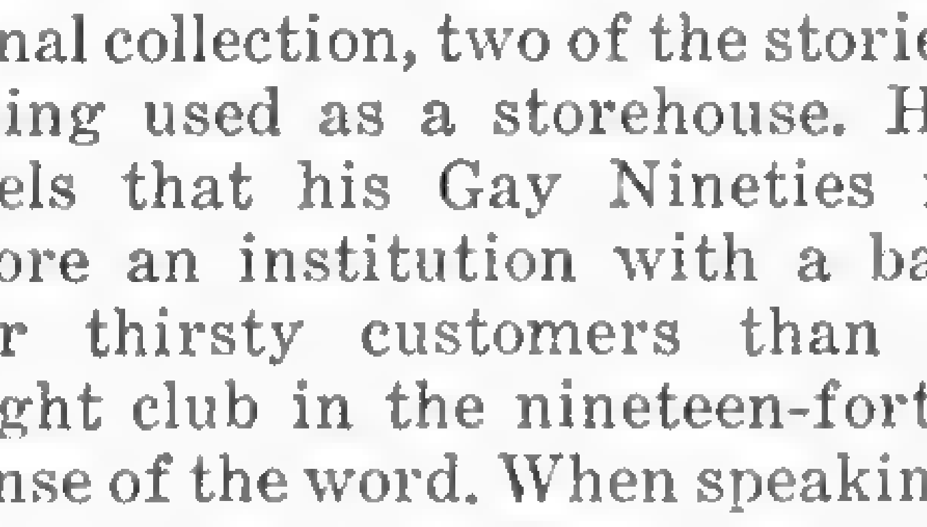
The place is versatile but it pays off on atmosphere. Sentimentalists are persuaded to cry in their beer. Theatreophiles can stalk through the maze of stairways and corridors and browse about among historic bill-posts and three-sheets of the vanished long-ago when the theatre was bloody and thunderous. James O'Neill as old Rip Winkle displays a patriarchal beard from one wall. Lily Langtry clutches a bouquet of calla lilies directly opposite. There's the Booth of infamous memory. Also the glorious Booth. Ellen Terry, John Drew, the small-typed name of an unknown Irish ex-hack leaps into the eye, G. B. Shaw. "This place isn't a night club," John Garfield observed recently. "It's a shrine of the theatre."

Scattered throughout the building are relics that would warm the heart of an Eskimo—providing he had an interest in Americana. A spitoon, once owned by Chauncey Depew, occupies a prominent position at the bar. A glass cupboard holds a collection of ornate mustache cups, including the left-handed variety. Brewery art is present from the studios of Anheuser Busch, Schlitz and Jacob Ruppert. The bar itself was the one that formerly saw sudsy service at the old-time Holland House. A case of precious curiosities holds Anna Held's riding-boots, Lew Dockstader's jewelled cane, a feather boa which once belonged to Lillian Russell, and a newspaper clipping announcing the birth of Ethel Barrymore.

The entertainment itself is in the old music hall style—continuous, brisky and efficiently entertaining, mostly masculine, and the epitome of hired sentimentality. Songs that well tears in the eyes of the old-timers are offered in surroundings that simulate those that first brought forth the tunes. "A Bicycle Built For Two," "On a Sunday Afternoon," "Down Went McGinty," "Curse of An Aching Heart," "Captain Jinks," "While Strolling Through the Park One Day," "K-K-K-Katy," and "Darling Nellie Gray" are among the favorites. Incidentally, most of the entertainers have been with Bill for at least five years.

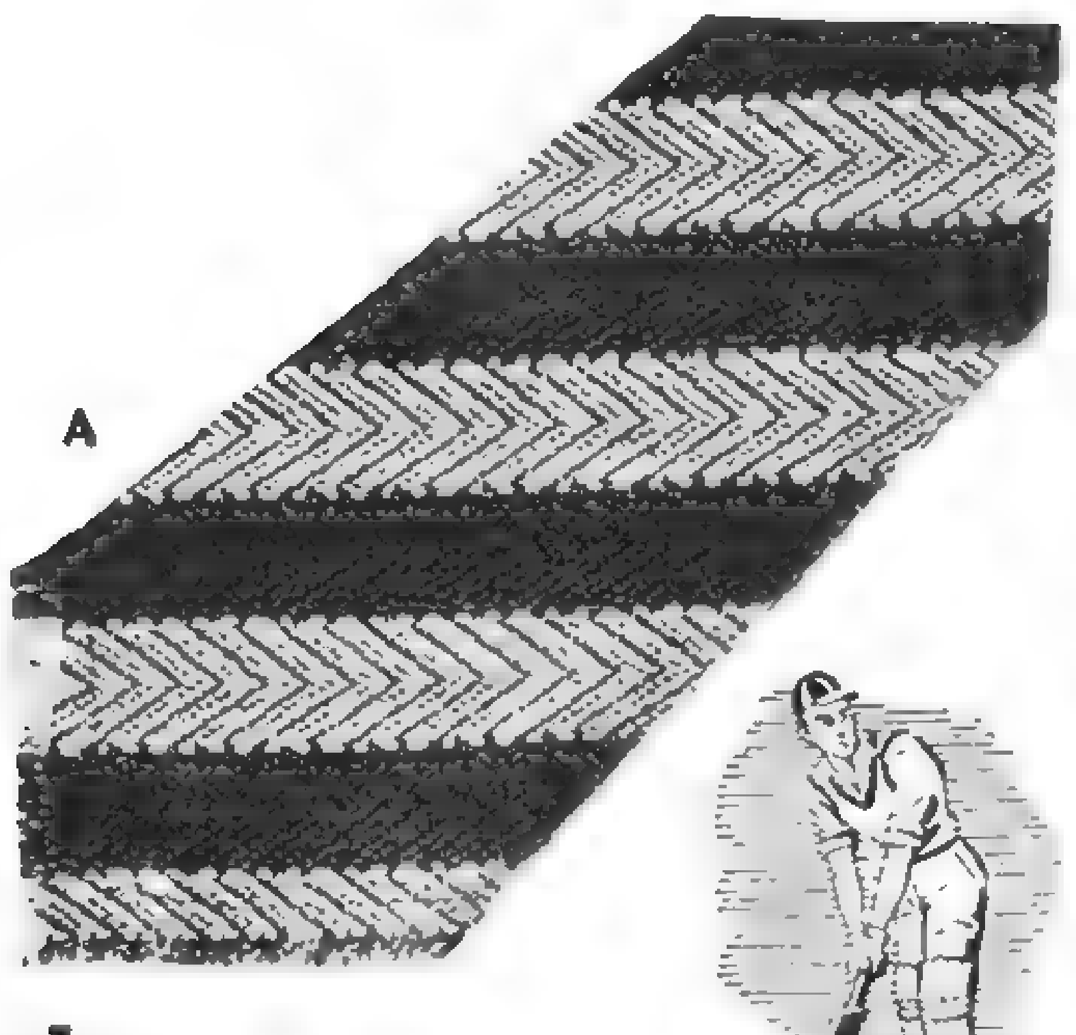


Bill Hardy, the proprietor of all this splendour, started the venture as a hobby. He leased the place on East 54th Street ten years ago, principally as a storehouse for his collection of Americana which, beginning with cigarette cards, theatre programs and the like, developed into the store of antiquary which he now possesses. At that time he was a partner of Jack and Charlie, both before and after they moved to Twenty-One. His friends and customers, knowing his predilection for the good old days, convinced him that they would like nothing better than a reproduction of a substantial, old-fashioned barroom in which they could sit around and conjure up the days when Diamond Jim Brady and Lillian Russell were backbones of contemporary repartee.



The building that houses his memorabilia isn't in the true sense of the word a night club, Bill says. Every niche of the five-story edifice is filled with his personal collection, two of the stories being used as a storehouse. He feels that his Gay Nineties is more an institution with a bar for thirsty customers than a night club in the nineteen-forty sense of the word. When speaking to this genial proprietor and collector of memories, it is easy to see that though Bill Hardy left the gay nineties at the age of seven, he never quite got over it.

Ranger



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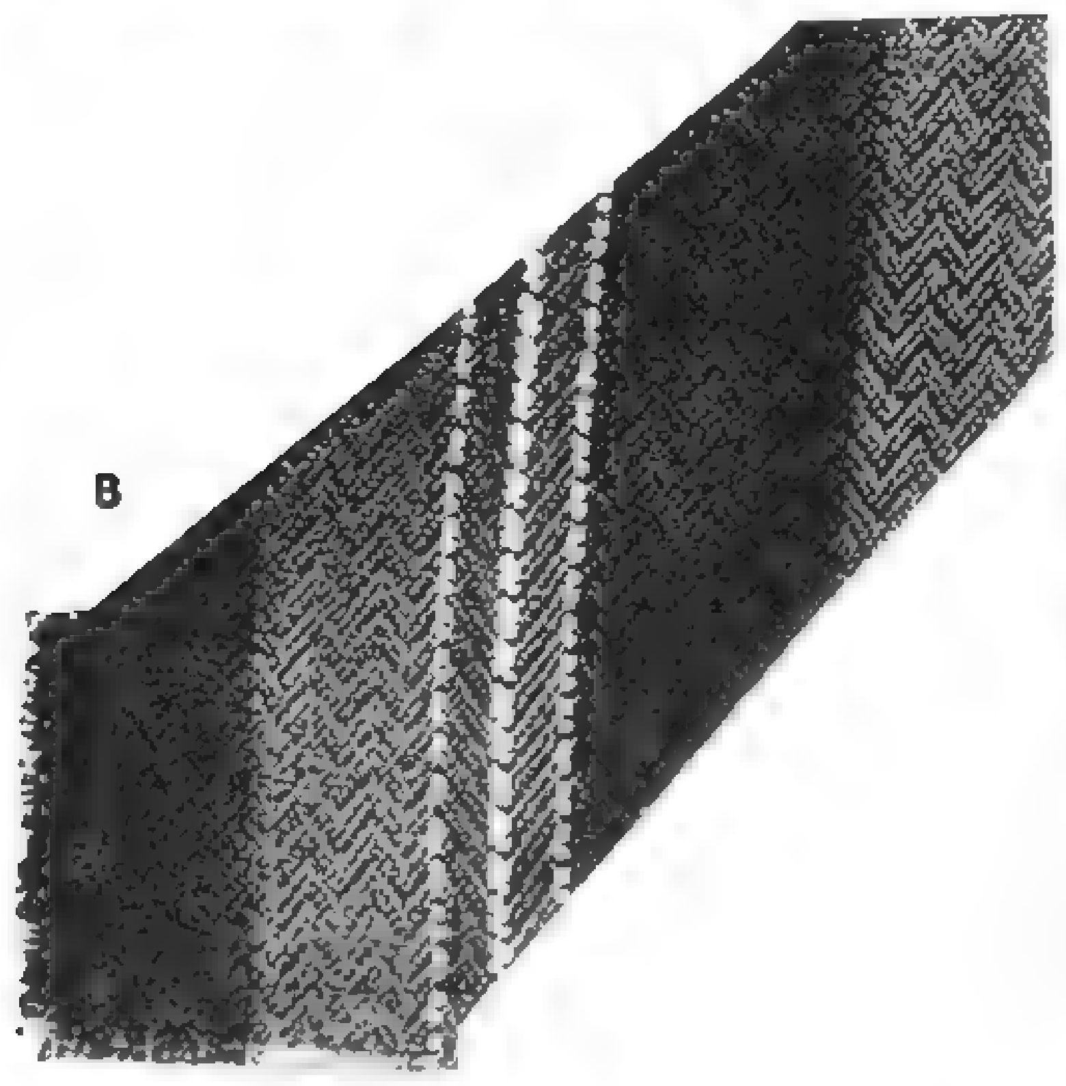

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Something Over the Odds

Continued from page 82

dinner, it did occur again.

Seated happily by the fire in the small smoking room, Lord Orpington was discoursing to a friend who seemed to be carved out of solid walnut.

"My dear feller," Charley Chetwynde overheard him saying, "Don't tell me about Mary Wimpole—known her for years—an' you can take it from me—jolly good sport an' all that—but nothin' but a trollop. Let me tell you a dashed funny thing that happened in '98 . . . What's that? —Oh—must you be goin'? Well, so long, ol' top—be seein' you."

Walnut having retired, Charley slipped into the vacant chair while his lordship was busily instructing a waiter as to the exact proportions of rum—lemon—sugar and hot water required by his system. Having completed the chemistry lecture Lord Orpington turned and beheld his boyhood friend. His ruddy countenance registered complete satisfaction.

"Charley! What you goin' t' have, Charley?"

"Nothin' just now, old thing."

"Not on the wagon?" inquired his lordship anxiously.

"No-no—just goin' slow for a bit."

"Be careful, Charley, never let the fire go out. Sure you won't change your mind?"

"No thanks."

The waiter returned with the prescription. Lord Orpington tasted it and found it good. "Just what the doctor ordered," he beamed. "Charley, me boy, before you turned up I was tellin' ol' George Amey a funny thing that happened to Mary Wimpole in '98 . . ."

"I know—I heard you."

"You know Mary, of course."

"I do—that's just the point."

"What's just the point?"

His lordship stared—round-eyed —like a puzzled child.

"Now, look here, young Squiffy," said Charley earnestly, hitching his chair closer to his friend, "I want you to remember we were kids together at a private school."

"Of course we were—but . . ."

"And afterwards at Eton."

"Of course—"

"Don't interrupt. I'm givin' you a pie-jaw."

"Pie-jaw—what for?"

"For talkin' rot."

"What rot?"

"About Mary Wimpole, sayin' she's nothin' but a so-and-so. You know quite well what I mean."

"But so she is, my dear feller."

"Never mind whether she is or she isn't—that's not the point."

"What *is* the point?"

"The point is, young blighted Squiffy, that you've no call to go blabbin' it all over the club—"

"All over the club?" Lord Orpington now looked like a hurt child. "You've got it all wrong, Charley, ol' top. I was only tellin' ol' George . . ."

"Yes, I know—I know . . ." Charley Chetwynde was not finding the role of mentor so simple, "but you were tellin' him in that dashed quarter-deck voice of yours and everyone in the place could hear you. Think of the club servants—"

"Why should I think of the club servants?" his lordship was bewildered by this instruction. He gulped his rum and water—then all became clear to him.

"I know what it is!" he cried. "You don't believe me about young Mary—but it's true, my dear feller, let me tell you how I know—" He leaned forward eagerly. Charley rose and pushed him back firmly into his chair.

"Shut up," he said, "and listen to me. What I'm tryin' to drive into your silly fat head, and what you don't seem able to grasp is that talkin' about a woman in this club is *not* done. The shot simply is *not* on the board."

"But I only—"

"Shut up! Now you'll agree with me that even at prep school your woollen-headedness was a by-word and a scandal?"

"Oh! That—absolutely, my dear feller." Lord Orpington's brow cleared—he found himself, at last, in complete accord with his friend.

"And you'll agree with me, too, that at this precise moment of our lives, you are tanked to the eyebrows and I'm as sober as a judge?"

"Oh! Quite—quite, my dear old thing." His lordship was delighted at the pleasant turn the conversation was taking.

"Very well, then—if it's not askin' too much of you, try to imagine our positions are reversed."

"Reversed? I don't get you."

"I mean—try and suppose I'm bottled and you're sober."

"Wait a minute—let me get that straight: you, Charley—lushed? and me—Squiffy—stone cold?"

"Correct—and I'm sittin' in that chair and you come into the room and overhear me talkin' about a woman."

"Now hold on ol' lad—half a jiffy . . ." Lord Orpington delighted in all parlor games and was anxious to make no mistakes. "*Now*— There's me comin' in, still sober, right?"

"Right!"

"An' here's you sittin' here— pie-eyed—talkin' about a woman —right?"

"Right!"

"What woman?"

"Ah! Now, that's just the point I want to drive home into your wooden skull with a mallet . . . Squiffy—you're comin' in and overhearin' me talkin' about your sister."

"Which sister?"

"Lady Ermyntrude."

"Ol' Ermy?—I see . . ."

"And if you overheard me tellin, ol' George Amey that your sister Ermyntrude was nothin' but a trollop, what would you say?"

"So she is!—my dear feller—So she is!" cried Lord Orpington, triumphantly hailing a passing waiter for refreshments. ⌗

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 93

is not good in characterization. His book should have been called *Mice and Other Animals*, for there are no men in it, only animals. And the best scene in *The Grapes of Wrath* is where the turtle appears.

The author has great ability in describing large expanses of landscape. But human beings are more complex than those found in his pages. And to show that I am not merely theorizing, I advise my readers, in connection with these two stories, to consider two others, *The Yearling*, by Marjorie Rawlings, and *How Green Was My Valley*, by Richard Llewellyn. In both these novels the people are "primitive," as close to the soil as in the books by Mr. Steinbeck. But how complex they are, how varied their emotions, what men and what women!

How to Read a Book, by Mortimer J. Adler, has aroused nation-wide discussion about reading in general. The merits of the book need little comment; but the chief objection to it is that it makes what should be a delight an oppressive task. Furthermore, when Dr. Adler said solitary reading was comparable to solitary drinking, Mr. Adams (F.P.A.) rose vertically in his column in the *New York Post* to object. On questions of this kind F.P.A. is almost infallible. He says:

"He advised the booksellers to try to develop reading groups to read and discuss the same books. We advise them to do no such thing. And don't tell us, Professor, that 'solitary reading is not as much fun as bookish conviviality.' If we have to vote for one, we say that the only kind of reading that is any fun is solitary reading . . . Our feeling is that pleasure is the only guide for adult reading."

Well, F.P.A. has the tremendous support of Dr. Johnson. The other night I was reading in *The Private Papers of James Boswell from Malahide Castle* (that astounding collection in the possession of Col. Ralph Isham, prepared for publication by Geoffrey Scott and Frederick Pottle). In the sixth volume I found:

"Dr. Johnson advised me today to have as many books about me as I could; that I might read upon any subject upon which I had a desire for instruction at the time. 'What you read *then*,' said he, 'you will remember. But if you have not a book immediately ready, and the subject moulds in your mind, it is a chance if you again have a desire to study it.' 'You talk to me, Sir,' said I, 'as if I had keen desires for reading; but unluckily that is not the case.' He said, 'If a Man has not such desires he should prescribe a task to himself. But it is better when a man reads from immediate desire.' "

I have always believed that it is better for a boy to read worthless books than not to read at all. Here again Johnson: "I would let him at first read *any* book which happens to engage his attention; because you have done a great deal when you have brought him to have entertainment from a book. He'll get better books afterwards." On another occasion: "I would put a child into a library (where no unfit books are), and let him read at his choice. A child should not be discouraged from reading anything that he takes a liking to, from a notion that it is above his reach. If that be the case, the child will soon find it out and desist; if not, he of course gains the instruction; which is so much the more likely to come, from the inclination with which he takes up the study."

Dr. Johnson, as usual, is right. The best reason for reading a book is because one wants to. It is the same way with learning. I should not advise anyone in college to study Latin because he thinks it is more useful for the average man than mathematics, though it is; the best reason for studying Latin is the same reason for mastering the art of tennis, because one wants to; one likes Latin, would like to learn it. No excuse or explanation is needed for learning anything.

As for the remark that solitary reading is comparable to solitary drinking, even the latter is often more profitable than drinking in company. With the exception of dipsomaniacs, it is often better for one's health and pocketbook to drink in solitude. One escapes the abominable and brainless habit of *treating*, which has caused more drunkenness than any other method of absorbing liquid assets.

Solitary reading is preferable to reading in a crowd; if a group of people wish to discuss a book, let them read it individually and discuss it collectively. But one should read in solitude, which gives room for reflection. Who was it who defended himself against a charge that his books lacked thought by saying that he could not do two things at the same time—write and think?

I have devoted a good deal of space to this general subject because reading is one of the main sources of happiness. I found that out early. When I was twenty-four, and in radiant health in every other way, my eyes gave out, and it was the unhappiest year of my life. I found out then that although I am inordinately fond of playing games and of agreeable conversation, I had rather be a cripple or be in prison with good eyes, than have everything else without that blessing.

Coming back for the last time at present to Dr. Johnson, I hope it is not an impertinence to my readers to suggest that they provide themselves with a good copy of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. And for two reasons. It is the best bed

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book I know. I believe one could read it through three times a year with unflagging interest. Second, this book, unlike books designed for children, and books that may be read with delight by children although never intended for them (in this second class are *Gulliver's Travels, Robinson Crusoe, Pilgrim's Progress*, and the *Old Testament*) Boswell's *Life of Johnson* is intended *exclusively for adult readers.* In times when so much is done by publishers, motion picture directors, and radio for infants and for men and women with infantile minds, it is refreshing to have at least one great classic that can be appreciated only by men and women who are mentally mature.

The choice of bed books is important and for this reason. Macbeth heard a voice calling "Macbeth doth murder sleep!" but his destructive ability was slight compared to disasters in the twentieth century. Three agents have been sleep killers: the World War of 1914, the Depression of 1929, and the War of 1940. It is only within a very few years that every hotel bed has been fitted with light, and every properly equipped guestroom in a house. I can remember when bed lights were so rare that some people on their travels carried an electric bulb with a long cord, so that they could attach it to the fixture in the room. All this means that a vast number of persons now go to bed to read rather than to sleep. I am naturally an early riser and often on dining cars I used to be the first person at breakfast; now many get up early. The effect on the general health of chronic inability to sleep I can only surmise.

Let me recommend only to those whose literary taste is fortified with cash, the *Private Papers* of Boswell, 18 volumes, price nine hundred dollars; they have never been printed before. They are enchanting; I have not seen any modern set of volumes more beautiful in appearance and typography. They are designed by a great architect, Bruce Rogers, and are something to leave to your children and grandchildren.

The type is enormous. I will repeat what I have often said about type. Books for children are usually printed in large type; yet children have the eyes of eagles; they can read the smallest print without effort; whereas older persons, many of whom cannot tell a "3" from an "8" in the telephone book, seldom get books in large type.

Among young novelists, English and American, I regard R. C. Hutchinson, the Englishman, as most significant. He is not yet widely known; though one of his novels was chosen by the Book of the Month Club, and another I believe received the Hawthornden Prize in Great Britain. My attention was first attracted to him in 1928, by his novel, *The Answering Glory*.

Most novelists give their hero or heroine what I call a good deal; they deal them trumps—beauty, charm, and wealth—in order to make them attractive not only to other characters, but to the reader. Young Mr. Hutchinson gave his heroine the worst deal possible. She was elderly, but even in youth she could not have been beautiful, because as George Ade used to say, her features lacked team play. She was not clever, could not converse with ease or brilliance, and was devoid of what Barrie called "charm"; she was poor as a rat, but even if she had been rich, she would not have known how to dress. Yet, with everything against her, Mr. Hutchinson gave her a certain quality that made me feel toward her as soldiers feel toward a great captain. It is a triumph.

Since then he has published *The Unforgotten Prisoner, One Light Burning, Shining Scabbard, Testament*, and now appears *The Fire in the Wood.* This novel, like its predecessors, cannot be read rapidly; as in listening to great music, the reader must be active, not passive; Mr. Hutchinson treats his readers with intellectual respect; he assumes that they are intelligent, capable of appreciating subtle comparisons and penumbras of emotion. He shows absolute competence in dealing with every situation in nature and in human nature. The man is a born novelist, because in addition to the analysis of mental complexities, there will be fifty or eighty pages of continuous thrilling excitement. And without any religious or moral propaganda, which repels so many mature readers, and without sentimentality, there is a core of spiritual truth that gives life to the whole work. His values are the "eternal verities." He can make a good fellow contemptible, for we are all familiar with the man who is the life of the party everywhere except at home. There is nothing in Mr. Hutchinson that can be called slick; the familiar bag of tricks is never open. In this particular instance, the British Government allowed him to finish his novel before joining up. He has a wife and four children and is now in the infantry. God have mercy on him for we cannot spare him.

Associated with him in its climax is the latest novel by "Elizabeth," called *Mr. Skeffington.* Here is a trained expert whose previous novels have delighted many thousands. In this book after many pages (a little too many) that are brilliantly clever and filled with surface wit and humor, the sudden apparition at the end is like a blow in the face. Apart from the artistic value of the running narrative, the underlying purpose is the same as in Mr. Hutchinson's book. But where she is diverting, he is interesting; where she is serious, he is profound. Yet when her light, sparkling comedy turns at the end into terror, we see that the two writers have the same views.

Even as *Uncle Tom's Cabin* did more to end slavery than any

Continued on page 172

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 93-171

treatise on the subject, so these two novelists, by concrete examples, are more impressive in revealing the abominations of cruelty under Hitlerism than any number of formal polemics.

I like Hugh Walpole's *Roman Fountain* better than anything he has written for a long time. Every page is interesting and while we feel hanging over the scenes of happiness the shadow of approaching doom, we feel that he, like most English men and women, will meet the worst possible fate without flinching and without asking mercy from his tormentors. Here again there is "one light burning," the light that never was on sea or land.

The most important single fact in Dr. Claude M. Fuess's *Calvin Coolidge, The Man from Vermont*, is that when Mr. Coolidge said, "I do not choose to run," he meant definitely and finally that nothing on earth would induce him to run or to reconsider his statement. In Vermont the word "choose" is like the word "aim" in the South. When a Southern Negro says, "I ain't aimin' to do it," he means nothing will induce him to do it. Mr. Coolidge could not have been drafted and could not have been persuaded. A Vermont virgin of middle years surprised her friends by returning from a vacation with a husband; and when someone asked her if she were really married, she replied, "Yes, I chose to get married; but ain't it tejous!" Coolidge has become a legendary figure and the stories about him increase with the years. When he first entered the Massachusetts legislature, he looked as if he had come out of the sticks; one day a member rose to a point of order, and when the Speaker asked him to state it, he said, "I wish to ask the gentleman from Northampton about a question of good usage in English. Do the people in his district say, 'a hen lays or a hen lies'?" Whereupon Mr. Coolidge replied, "The people in my district lift her up to see." I never had the opportunity to talk with Mr. Coolidge but once and then I got only five words out of him. It was when he was Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts. I was about to address in Boston a convention of school teachers and he was to preside. Just before going on the platform I sat with him on a sofa in a little room off-stage. He said nothing. Finally I remarked, "Governor, what do you think of Congressman ———?" "Don't think much of him." The rest was silence.

Like many other serious writers, Edgar Lee Masters feels no incongruity between intense excitement over athletics and intense excitement over poetry. I have spoken of his interest in prizefighting. Let me now recommend his little book *The Living Thoughts of Emerson*. He regards Emerson as the greatest of American men of letters. I remember the late George Woodberry called him the only great mind in American literature. Time, which has been cruel to so many shining reputations, has only increased the splendor of Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau. These three lived in Concord; which village resembles the little town of Weimar in Germany. Concord contributed more to American literature than New York; Weimar contributed more to German literature than Berlin. Mr. Masters' introduction to Emerson is illuminating and challenging; I don't agree with every opinion, but everything he says is worth serious consideration. It is a cardinal error to think of Emerson as a quiet, smiling, gentle optimist. He was dynamic—a tremendous force.

The best murder stories I have read lately are *Where There's a Will*, by Rex Stout; *And Then There Were None*, by Agatha Christie, and *Blue Mask Strikes Again*, by Anthony Morton. Rex Stout is always fine when he has Nero Wolfe and the milk-drinking Mr. Goodwin; just as E. S. Gardner is always good when he has Perry Mason and Della Street; but when these two men leave those respective pairs, the life departs. Yet Agatha Christie can get along even without Poirot. Every Blue Mask Story, by Anthony Morton, of which the latest I mentioned, is to me wildly exciting. I like stories written for excitement to be exciting. A dull murder story—and nine out of ten are dull—is duller than any sermon or treatise. The Blue Mask books have action every minute. Let me also remind my readers that the complete Bulldog Drummond series are now published in America; I read them over and over again.

Would you like to amuse yourselves with the following? See how many of these titles of recent books or plays you can "spot," that is, give the names either of their authors or of the books from which they were taken.

1. One Fight More
2. Tumbling in the Hay
3. A Goodly Fellowship
4. The Grapes of Wrath
5. The Little Foxes
6. War in Heaven
7. The Smiler with the Knife
8. More Stately Mansions
9. Getting and Spending
10. False to Any Man
11. Morning's at Seven
12. I Was in Prison
13. Some Fell Among Thorns
14. Sufferance is the Badge
15. Some Buried Caesar
16. What's a Heaven For?
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21. The Power and the Glory
22. The Keepers of the House
23. There Shall Be No Night

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Art Comes to Hollywood

Continued from page 64

better artists would not have recoiled from the more than faint circus stench that clings to the transaction, there are as many capable artists in this group of nine as you could hope to receive in any shipment of nine artists coming from any one gallery. If all other persons involved in the production do a good job and *The Long Voyage Home* is a successful picture, Mr. Wanger will have no cause to regret his bargain. The paintings may be bad, but the picture has to be good. Then, even if the paintings are really first-rate they will shine only in the reflected light of the exploitation.

Sometime between August 5th and 20th the paintings are being exhibited in New York, in the galleries of the Associated American Artists. For this occasion and for the world première of the moving picture, Mr. Wanger and most of the cast will come to New York. Thereafter the paintings are scheduled to go on tour throughout the United States, playing probably the cities in which the movie is to be particularly exploited. Furthermore, Mr. Wanger will have the paintings reproduced in color as an educational portfolio to be exhibited in those cities in which the paintings themselves may not be available. As part of the portfolio, a brochure describing the techniques used by the artists will be prepared and copies will be sent to such public institutions throughout the United States as libraries, art schools and colleges. There will be of course a kow-tow in the direction of the art of the moving picture. Mr. Wanger's color reproductions will appear also in a projected de luxe edition of the four O'Neill one-acters, or of the picture scenario. If Mr. Wanger's plans and hopes go into effect, a generation yet unborn may be persuaded to believe that the nine artists who went to Hollywood summed up all that was good and fair in American art in 1940. That is the price of publicity over-emphasis.

Whatever the net result may be in the final assay of art, the project, as project, was something in the nature of an Arabian Night's adventure. Raphael Soyer, for example, came back from the Coast feeling like Aladdin, for any time he wanted anything he did little more than rub the lamp and the thing appeared. For example, the artists thought they ought to have at least a look at the beautiful stars and presto! they arrived practically en masse at a luncheon from which reporters were barred. Soyer even kissed one of them and blushed to his ears to find himself pronounced a glamour boy. Neither Soyer, from Union Square in New York, nor Grant Wood, from the heart of Iowa, had ever seen Hollywood, but after they had seen and experienced it, and while the taste of it was still fresh on their tongues, they returned to their homes, not staying the full period during which the Wanger studio would have paid for their board, lodging and gasoline. Soyer returned to his studio to paint pictures, while the first thing Wood did upon his arrival at three in the morning was to go out and dig in his garden. Other artists, on the contrary, extended their stay in the expectation of making an extra quantity of hay (through picture sales, portrait commissions and commercial jobs) in this almost legendary place where the sun hardly ever sets.

There were hot times in the old town. Hollywood met these artists practically seven-eighths of the way. Hollywood was so nice to the artists that they became kind and helpful to each other, substituting the purr for the claw. Maybe some of them wiped away a furtive tear or two at parting, from Hollywood and from each other, expressing the hope that this would be au revoir, and not good-bye. Some of the painters had never before met their gallery colleagues. They discussed their problems, helped each other, collaborated with each other. They left with memories tangible and tender. Benton brought to his son in Kansas City, a portrait sketch he had made of Edward G. Robinson, which the actor autographed and inscribed, a gift which would make him, T. P., the most envied youngster in the state of Missouri, and George Biddle brought to his son, Michael John, the biggest Teddy bear you ever saw, as a gift from Fredric March.

At the luncheon arranged by Mr. Wanger and his wife, Joan Bennett, there was more feminine beauty than the artists knew what to do with. Among the actresses who made personal appearances were—count them—Marlene Dietrich, Loretta Young, Constance Bennett, Kay Francis, Carole Lombard, Margaret Sullavan, Norma Shearer and Mrs. Morton Downey. At the reception which opened the exhibition of the paintings at the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, about four hundred persons came, and there were collectors among them. Before, during and after the reception paintings by the nine were sold to Edward Robinson, Henry Fonda, Mervyn LeRoy, Mark Sandrich, Ernest Lubitsch, Margaret Sullavan and Leland Hayward.

Robinson entertained a group of the artists at his ranch house and showed them his pictures. On their first Saturday morning in Hollywood most of the artists visited the new Walt Disney studios, Mr. Disney himself conducting the tour and then serving as host at the luncheon which followed. That evening Raymond Griffith, the director, and his wife, entertained the artists with a barbecue supper at their new house, and after supper Benton took off his shoes and fell asleep to the recorded music of Sibelius. Subsequently, in the company of Mark Sandrich, Benton took a flying

Continued at top of page 174

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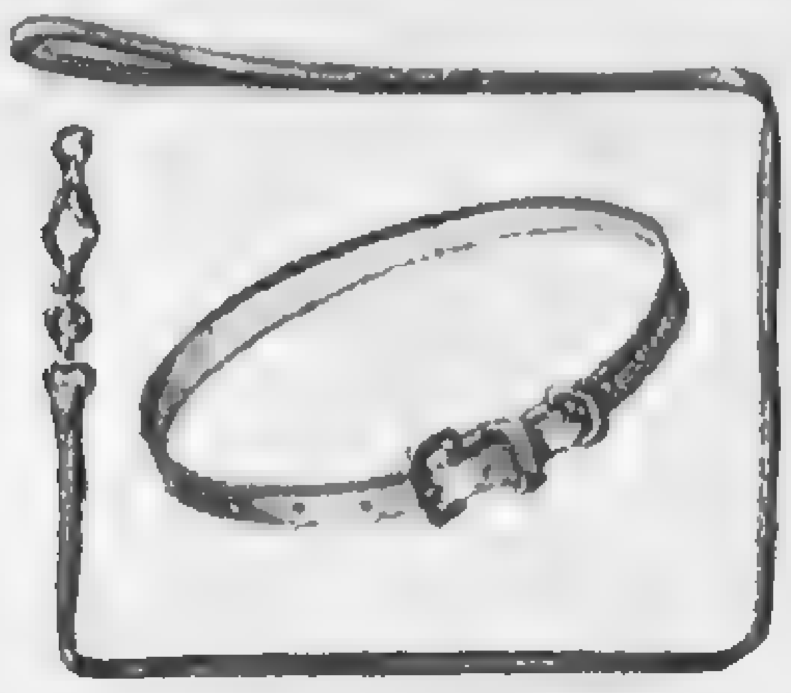

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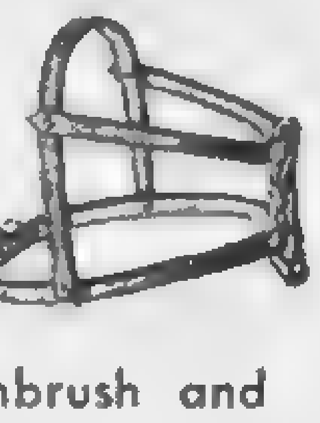

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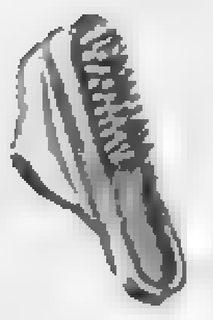

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Art Comes to Hollywood

Continued from pages 64-173

trip to Bakersfield to investigate the camps of the migrant workers, the Okies of *The Grapes of Wrath.*

The play gave savor to the work, and the work to the play. Much work was accomplished and a lot of elbow grease went into it. After a day or two on the sets, the painters realized that, in spite of its reputation for play and glamour, Hollywood knows how to work. They were particularly excited by the manner in which John Ford directed the players. It was, said one of the artists, like a conductor performing a symphony through an orchestra of actors. Among the nine the hardest worker was Benton, who arose at dawn and did not leave his studio until sundown. Except for Quintanilla, who locked his door, the artists worked publicly; that is, the actors and technicians walked through their studios, examined the works in progress and spoke their thoughts, without critical euphemism. It cannot be said that they always liked what they saw, but their informal attitude made for a friendly give and take which ventilated the atmosphere. The artists exercised the same liberty of movement through the stages while shooting was in progress, and soon it was hard to realize that they didn't belong on the sets. At any event they didn't meet Hollywood's preconceptions of artists. When John Ford first saw the line-up of the nine, he declared: "This is the greatest piece of miscasting I ever saw." Which only goes to show that artists also are people, eager to please, eager to find a place in the sun, eager to adjust their talents to the fluctuating requirements of our civilization. Lorenzo the Magnificent is dead; long live Walter Wanger! ╫

Lord and Ladies

Continued from page 35

Mademoiselle Dulcie and Mademoiselle Ettie. From their eternal admirer."

"Eternal," said Ettie wistfully, "that means forever, doesn't it?"

* * *

The Vicomte de Maufrigneuse was a poet. If Dulcie and Ettie had not suspected it from the moment they first saw his pale handsome face in the semi-obscurity of the theatre, they received tangible proof of the fact when he presented each of them with a copy of his works, printed in beautiful clear type on beautiful alfalfa paper and bound in Japanese vellum. To their astonishment and delight, they found at the beginning of the work a poem to themselves, which began:

"*De quel pays lointain, peuplé de races antiques . . .*"

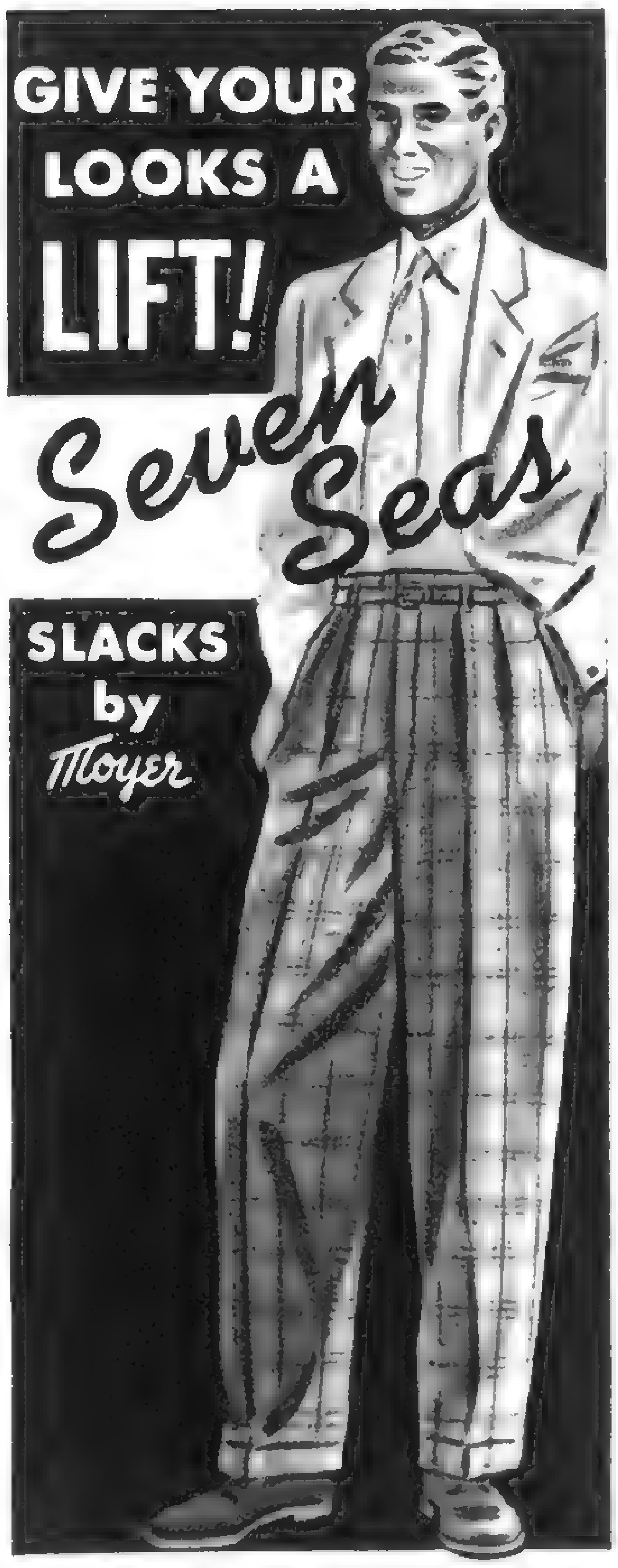
And the poem ended:

"*Jeunes filles fatales et belles, unies à tout jamais.*"

Young, rich, handsome and unmarried, the Vicomte had for some years past been the despair of the mothers of marriageable daughters in the Faubourg St. Germain. He declined all invitations to dances, dinners and the Opera. He did not ride in the Bois de Boulogne, or play squash in the Jockey Club, or hunt with the ancient Duchesse d'Uzès, or shoot over coverts in the Sologne. He did not play bridge or poker, roulette or chemin de fer or baccarat. He was never seen in the fashionable seasons at Deauville or Cannes, Vichy or Biarritz. He had been given by his father, the old Comte de Maufrigneuse, a large house near the Bois which he never used, but chose rather to live in a dark little apartment of two rooms under the roof of an old building on the quays of the Seine.

It was whispered in Paris that he had queer habits. He was known to frequent the fairs and circuses which flourished on the outskirts of the city. Once one of his father's old friends, returning at night from a shooting party in the country, had passed on the road a long procession of gaily painted caravans, drawn by horses or by ancient and dilapidated automobiles, and among the crowd of gypsy-looking circus people had been horrified to recognize the pale distinguished features of the young Vicomte. The Vicomte was sitting with his feet dangling over the tail of one of the caravans and was smoking a short clay pipe. At the Cirque Médrano in Montmartre he had, it was said, performed an equestrian act under an assumed name. And some of his contemporaries at the College Stanislas, entering rather shamefacedly in the small hours one of the smaller and dingier Montmartre cabarets in the days when one still frequented the cabarets in Montmartre, had run into the young Vicomte surrounded by clowns and équestriennes from the neighboring circus, eating Frankfurter sausages and sour cabbage and drinking beer.

But for some time now the Vicomte had not been seen in his old haunts in Paris, nor had whispers of his latest erratic conduct augmented the already considerable legend of his queerness. He had disappeared from the social chronicles. His parents hinted that he had gone on a mysterious expedition to a far country, perhaps into the heart of Africa on a search for big game, but since he was said to detest shooting this explanation was received only with polite incredulity, and it was suggested in the card room of the Jockey Club that if young Sylvestre de Maufrigneuse had really gone to Africa it was to hobnob with witchdoctors and Arab dancers rather than to shoot big game. "The nearest he'll ever get to a lion will be in the sawdust ring," said one old colonel who had commanded the regiment of cavalry



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in which the errant Vicomte had been a recalcitrant lieutenant.

That Sylvestre's departure had coincided with the first appearance of *Les Soeurs Siamoises* in a Paris theatre, and that his subsequent movements had followed their successive appearances in other European capitals, was not a conjecture permitted to the limited imaginations of the members of the Jockey Club, whose knowledge of the world and of the vagaries of the human heart had not been extended beyond the narrow confines of the Faubourg St. Germain since their marriage. If they had learned, therefore, that the descendant of one of the knights of the Crusader Saint Louis was to be seen every afternoon driving a pair of Siamese twins in the spring sunshine of Central Park, in a small black sedan with the arms of the Maufrigneuse family painted on the door panel, they would not have believed it possible except that to the young Vicomte de Maufrigneuse anything might happen in these days. If any other young man had been concerned, the cold and rational French logic which in the country of Descartes is a taste acquired early in life like that for garlic with mutton, would have come to their rescue.

The Vicomte's happiness in the company of the twins, and the happiness of Dulcie and Ettie in the company of the Vicomte, were undisturbed therefore by any of those powerful and jealous influences—envy, spite, malice, social prestige, fear of one's friends, fear of one's family—that so often and so successfully intervene in human affairs. The three—or really were there but two of them?—drove in the park, and fed cakes to the bears, and the sisters sang their little songs of the Carpathians so sweetly that they brought tears to the eyes of the Vicomte and often he narrowly avoided a collision with the other cars in the park.

Sometimes they went to the circus and the sisters practiced their equestrian act on one of the beautiful long-tailed white horses. They did not have to hold hands as they stood on the horse. They could smile and bow and hold out their arms to the audience as they careered 'round the ring on the back of the white horse and then it seemed to Sylvestre that all three were one unique and beautiful creation, the sisters and the horse, even more unique and beautiful than the sisters themselves. And he sat down in the middle of the sawdust ring and wrote his poem, the poem that afterwards became famous, under the title of *L'Arbre de l'Amour*. The trunk of the tree was the white horse, the sisters were its branches, and the roof of the circus was the roof of the world, blue and spangled with stars. He had never written better poetry in his life, he had never felt so happy, he had never known the meaning of life until now, and the sisters had shown it to him.

There was a radiance in his pale face as he looked at them, and Dulcie and Ettie knew what it meant. There was a radiance in their own faces, too, and they knew what that meant. And then suddenly, in the middle of this happiness which was too exquisite to last, came the cablegram which the sisters knew would come, which Sylvestre knew would come, and which even the stupid, red-faced Herr Hatvany, who was only interested in money, knew would come.

It said simply: "Your father is dying. Sail at once." And the Vicomte sailed.

Before he left he sat with the twins once again in front of the fire of logs in the white-walled sitting room of their suite, and the twins sat on the white fur-covered canapé and stared into the flames and this time the Vicomte drank tea and the sisters drank champagne, for which they had by now acquired a taste. And when it was time for him to go he took the right hand of Dulcie and the left hand of Ettie and he said gravely:

"When I come back I shall be the Comte de Maufrigneuse."

"Monsieur le Comte!" said Dulcie and Ettie together in one breath.

"And you," he said smilingly, "will be Madame la Comtesse."

"I?" exclaimed Dulcie.

"I?" asked Ettie.

"Both of you," said the Vicomte.

"But that would be bigamy," objected Dulcie.

"No," said the Vicomte.

"Perhaps," suggested Ettie, "we could be Mesdames la Comtesse?"

"I only have to marry one of you," said the Vicomte.

"But which one?" asked Dulcie.

"Yes, which?" echoed Ettie.

"I don't think it matters very much, does it?"

"No," said Ettie doubtfully.

"I am not sure," said Dulcie.

"But I am sure," insisted the Vicomte.

And after kissing them each on both cheeks he bowed solemnly and went away.

* * *

The doctor was a little man with a short clipped grey beard. He sat behind a big clean glass-topped desk. Behind him, on the grey wall, was a signed photograph of the late Albert, King of the Belgians, and next to it was the diploma of the Legion of Honour, signed by the President of the French Republic. The doctor picked up one of the large radiographs from a pile in front of him and held it against the light from the high window. He held up another, and another. Then he threw them down on the table, and they made a sound like wet rubber.

"No," he said at last, taking off his glasses and looking at Dulcie and Ettie with his pale, penetrating blue eyes. "I cannot recommend it."

"Why not?" asked Dulcie boldly.

"Are you quite sure?" murmured Ettie.

"The operation has never been successful," said the doctor, shrug-

Continued on page 176

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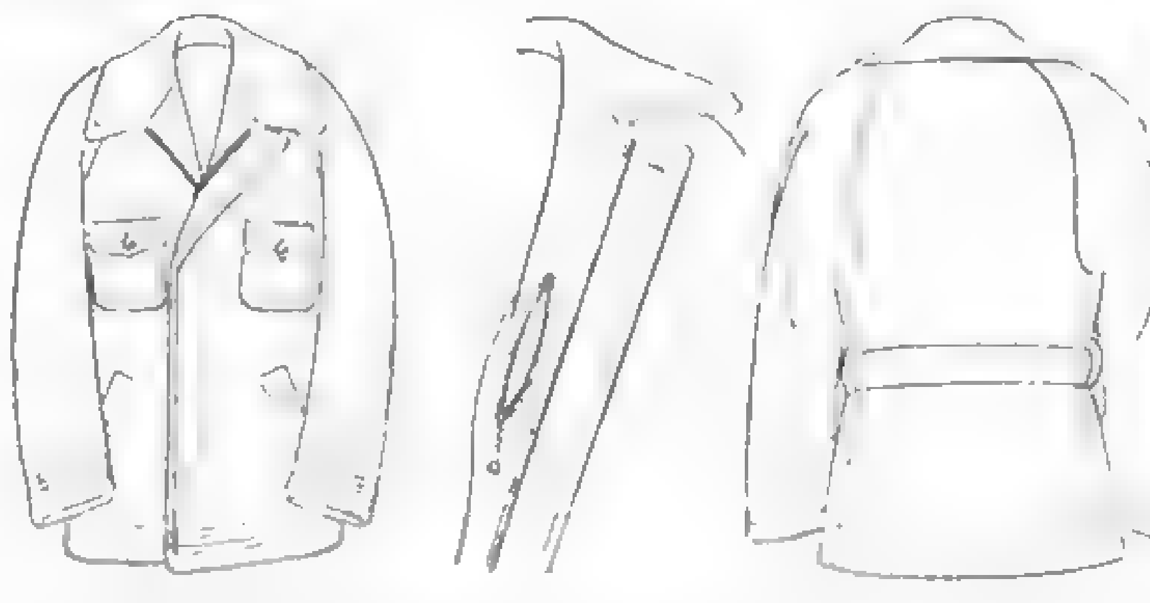

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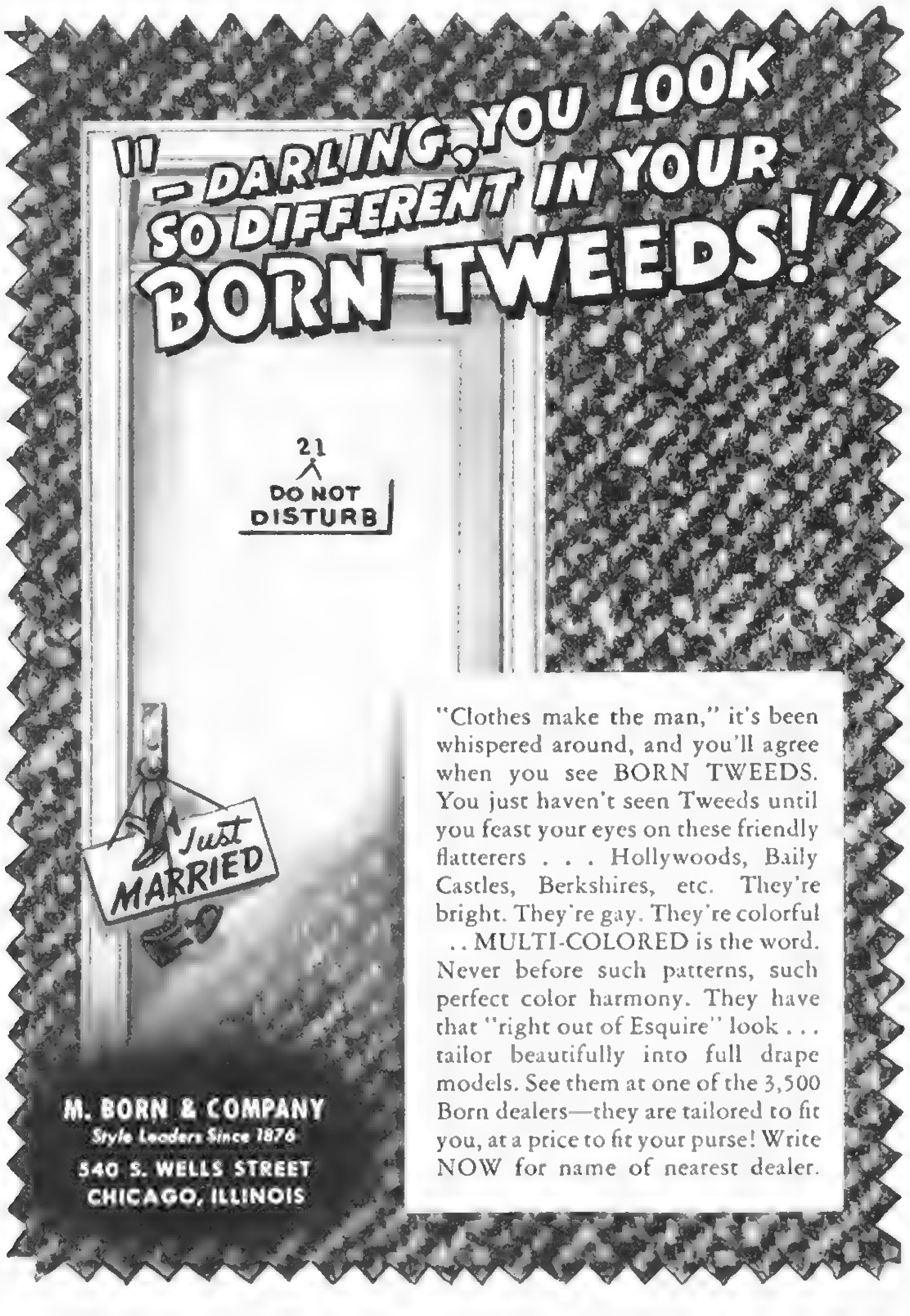

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Lord and Ladies

Continued from pages 35-175

ging his shoulders at the words.

"What is the worst that could happen?" asked Dulcie.

"You would not recover."

"Neither of us?" asked Ettie.

"At the worst," said the doctor gravely, "neither."

"And at the best . . .?" murmured Dulcie.

"You might both live . . . for a time."

"Ah!" said Dulcie and Ettie triumphantly.

"The more likely thing is, that only one of you would live."

"We must take our chance," said Dulcie.

"Of course," agreed Ettie.

* * *

The young Comte de Maufrigneuse was met at the pier by Herr Hatvany. The stout little man was redder in the face than ever, and he nervously put on and took off again the gloves which he always wore a size too small for his plump little hands, the backs of which were covered with red hairs.

"Come quickly, please!" he asked.

The Comte got into Herr Hatvany's car and was driven at top speed to the clinic where the twins lay. For the first time in their lives, Dulcie and Ettie had separate beds. Between the beds was a small table with the orchids which the Comte had ordered to be delivered every day during his absence, and next to the orchids was a photograph of the twins as he had always known them.

The Comte went first to greet Ettie, for time pressed. It was only a matter of hours, the grey-bearded doctor had told him before he entered the room. Ettie was dying.

Sylvestre knelt at the side of the bed and took both Ettie's hands between his own.

"My darling," he cried, "why did you do it?"

"You see," she smiled at him, "there could not be two Comtesses de Maufrigneuse. It had to be either Dulcie or I. And now it will be Dulcie who will be Madame la Comtesse."

The Comte looked at her with his eyes blinded with tears. When he had blinked them away, he turned to look at Dulcie, but Dulcie was sleeping peacefully and he did not dare wake her. Suddenly an idea came to him, and for the first time since he entered the room he smiled.

"You are wrong, my darling," he said to Ettie. "You will be Madame la Comtesse after all." And without saying another word he rushed out of the room and out of the clinic, forgetting his new green felt hat and gloves.

An hour later he returned to the clinic with a notary from the French Consulate and a tall, plump Irish priest, and at the bedside of Ettie he knelt with his hand in Ettie's while the priest married them and Dulcie and the doctor and Herr Hatvany signed the book of the notary as witnesses.

When the ceremony was over the notary bowed very low and took his leave of Ettie, saying to her: "Au revoir, Madame la Comtesse," and Ettie smiled at Sylvestre, and Dulcie smiled at Ettie.

Ettie turned the thin new ring 'round her finger.

"Soon," she murmured to Dulcie, "you too will be Comtesse de Maufrigneuse. You see I was right in saying *Mesdames la Comtesse!*"

* * *

Three months after Ettie's death Sylvestre and Dulcie returned to France together. They were married in the private chapel of the Château de Maufrigneuse, and the young Comte astonished his mother and the great families of the province by settling down to the quiet life of a country gentleman. There were great forests on his estates, and through the forests ran trout streams which had their source in the pine-covered hills. Dulcie could see the hills from her windows when she awoke in the morning in the big square baldaquin-covered bed in which Sylvestre had been born and before him many other Sylvestres and François and Louis de Maufrigneuse since their great ancestor had gone off to the war for the liberation of the Holy Sepulchre.

Monsieur le Comte rose early in the mornings and rode over his lands. He had, it was whispered proudly by the dowager countess to the old ladies who brought their tapestry to her boudoir every third Thursday of the month, quite changed in character since his marriage to the lovely young bride he had found in New York. He no longer went on mysterious journeys to far countries, or led so strange and eccentric a life in Paris, consorting with the queerest of people. He did not even write poetry any more, and like the other gentlemen of the province his interest in literature seemed now to be confined to the social columns of the *Figaro*. Instead he rode and hunted and fished, and even played bridge occasionally with his mother and Dulcie and the *curé* of the parish. He had become, it will be seen, another Sylvestre entirely.

Only when he was alone with Dulcie in the big room with the high tester bed did he resemble the pale handsome young Vicomte who had sent orchids daily to the sisters. And then no bridegroom could have been more loving and considerate, more ardent and romantic a lover. They made, the old dowager said fondly to her friends, a handsome couple, and no doubt they would breed as handsome sons and daughters to continue the ancient race of the Maufrigneuse. Their happiness could not be doubted. The Comte had lost his pale and dreaming look and had grown pink and slightly stout. And Dulcie seemed in the highest of spirits and her beauty had never been more delicate and rare.

Sometimes, it was true, Sylvestre caught his bride putting her

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hand to her hip, on which only a healed scar marked the place where Ettie had been, and then a vague and lost look would come into her eyes. And sometimes he came back from his hunting and found her sitting alone in the twilight by the log fire in her bedroom and singing to herself a sad little song of the Carpathians. But these moods only began when the event which had been so eagerly anticipated by the old dowager countess was nigh, and an heir was about to be born to the house of Maufrigneuse. And in such moments the young Comte would sigh in sympathy for his beloved Dulcie, and would take her tenderly in his arms, and they would sit together in the big chair before the fire of logs, and look into the fire and think wistfully of Ettie.

* * *

November came, and Sylvestre and Dulcie had been married for two years and three months. The days grew shorter and shorter. A pale blue mist like woodsmoke hung in the glades of the forest, and when Dulcie looked out of the windows of the big warm bedroom from which she scarcely stirred now, the hills were lost in the sky which drooped low and grey, over the autumn landscape. Sometimes there would come to her as she sat at the window the faint silver note of a horn and she would smile to herself, for somewhere out in the damp, green, mist-drenched woods Sylvestre was stalking the deer with his dogs and loaders, her beloved Sylvestre so tall and strong and handsome in his tan-colored shooting coat with the little green hat with the cock-pheasant's feather stuck in it and around his neck the green scarf she had knitted for him.

The days passed now as in a dream. She lay on a sofa near the fire and when she closed her eyes it seemed to her that Ettie sat with her on the white canapé in their old sitting room, and the air was full of the pungent odor of pine logs and as the winter sun set redly in the blue mist the door would open and in would come the delicate perfume of the tea singing in the silver pot. And again she was with Ettie on the back of the white horse and the lights streamed down from the roof of the great tent and she could feel the fierce blue eyes of the pale Vicomte on them as the horse galloped round the ring. And when she opened her eyes again they were wet with tears and she cried out loudly upon the name of Ettie. And then the red logs would fall with a crash in the fireplace and from the park beneath her window would rise to her the sharp barking of the hounds and then Sylvestre, pink and eager and smiling, and smelling of leather and woodsmoke and green fern, would run up the stairs and enter her room and take her in his arms.

In the last days of November the young Count left the house before Dulcie was awake. There was little light for shooting now, and he wished to make the most of it. The deer forest lay at the extreme end of his domain and he had to walk several miles in the misty dawn along the banks of the trout-streams and through forest paths overgrown with bramble and brake before he could reach the haunts of the deer. The mist was slow in rising and the Count and his old forester stood against a tree with their guns under their arms and their hands in their pockets. It was cold and damp and their breath came in clouds of steam and little drops of water hung from the ends of Sylvestre's clipped moustache and from the ends of the great red moustache and beard of the forester. Towards noon when they were both nearly frozen and half-starved with hunger and the Count had decided to return to the Château they heard a rustling in the fern and suddenly a handsome doe bounded into the clearing, moved her head once from side to side and began to sniff the air with her delicate white nose. Sylvestre shouldered his gun with stiff hands and fired. His first shot went wild and the deer started in affright. The second killed her outright.

"Monsieur le Comte," said the forester as he took the gun "it was a shrewd shot."

They ran to the doe and looked at her. She lay on her side in the fern, stretched delicately as all her movements had been in life. Then they heard a whimpering behind them, and turning saw the fawn.

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the old man and crossed himself.

The fawn was about six weeks old. It was almost pure white and it had two heads. It approached the men without fear, and one of the graceful little heads nuzzled at the Count's gloved hand.

Sylvestre was beside himself with joy. The fawn was so lovely: the eyes in its two heads were so soft and large and expressive; it stood so gracefully on its slender white legs. He knew Dulcie would be wild with happiness to possess so unique a pet. Tenderly he lifted the fawn on his shoulders. He could feel her warm heart beating against his head, and the nearest of the fawn's heads licked his cheek with a small rasping tongue. The forester followed with the body of the doe.

When the Comte de Maufrigneuse sighted the towers of the Château he quickened his step. He was in a fever of impatience to display his discovery to Dulcie. He ran up the broad stone steps of the terrace and into the chateau, with the lovely fawn lying impassively round his neck. He ran eagerly up the stairs and opened the door of his wife's room. "Dulcie!" he called, and stopped. There were strangers in the room. Then the old dowager came towards him.

Dulcie had awakened from her sleep, had cried "Ettie!" in a voice which brought her maids hurrying to the room, and then had gone to sleep again. She would never more be parted from Ettie now. ###

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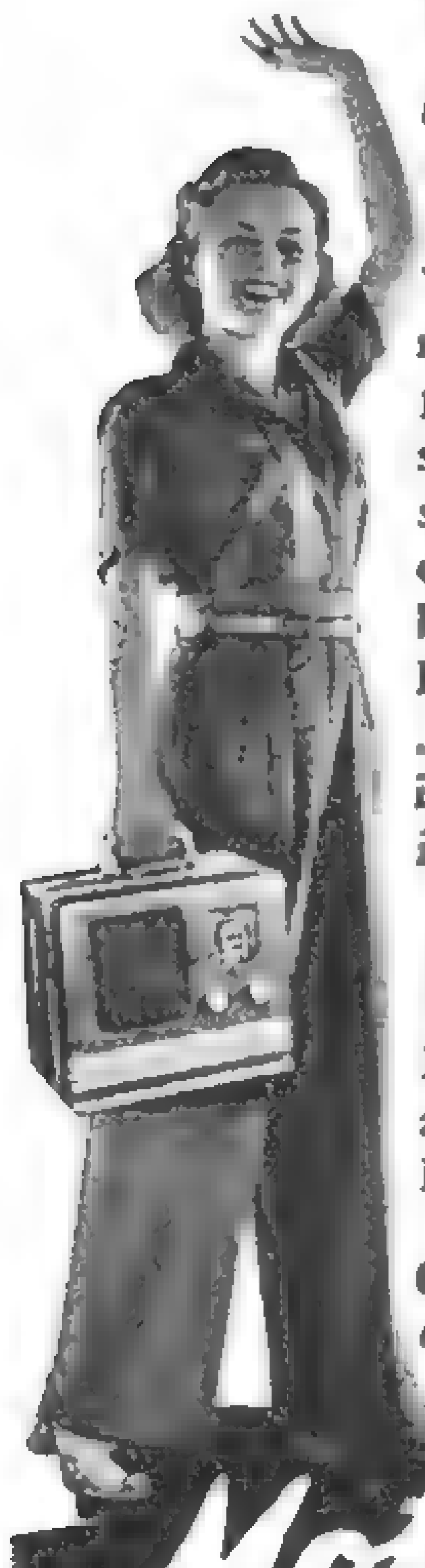

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Continued from page 89

wealth—and "wealth" it should be noted, is measured, in the engineer's mind, in terms of unit production. Create more machines, they hold, and automatically you create more wealth; and sooner or later, and in one form or another, this wealth gets back to the people who created it.

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Style in the General Motors cars is chiefly dictated by towering, casual, drawling, blue-eyed Harley J. Earl; from his drafting boards come a third of the cars in America. And yet Earl's philosophy is directly the inverse of that of the Chrysler cotillion. Earl's method is the sociological method, based on a careful examination of the public, the public's needs, and the public's willingness to absorb innovations.

Earl's history goes back to the days when *Get Out and Get Under* was a popular song, and the phrase "Get a Horse" had led brother to take up arms against brother. His father had a carriage plant in California. Still in swaddling clothes, he was bounded to sleep on a spring instead of a knee.

When his father had a nervous breakdown, he came back from Leland Stanford, with his degree, and put better mousetraps on buggies. Came mergers and high water, and Earl traveled east to design the La Salle job for Cadillac. He redesigned the Cadillac, took over direction of coloring and styling for all General Motors progeny.

One day he was talking to Al Jolson. "You know," he said to Jolson, "I've always wondered whether you told audiences the same story every night."

"Hell, no," said Jolson, "I fit the story to the people—and I try to find out the kind of people I'm facing."

Earl turned this over in his mind. Some time later, he was shredding his cerebrum to decide whether the public would take to some designs he had in the offing. Suddenly Jolson's formula took fire. "Find out what kind of a public buys our cars," he said to himself. "Get the facts."

Earl turned to the finance organization, the so-called Acceptance Corporation, and asked for research. "Find out," he said, "who buys our cars—and how old he is; find out everything you can."

This marked a turning point in Earl's approach—a turning point that set him off from many of the other designers in the field. It put him at the other end of the pole from men like the colorful Bill Stout, for example, the Scarab-Master. Earl proceeded to carry research in popular psychology, to find out when and where a man eats a banana, how much of it he eats, and whether he likes to eat it, skin and all; or decked out as a Banana Split.

* * *

"There is no excuse," Earl argues, "for not using every possible way to get information. We want to find out exactly what people want in a car—and give it to them. If people wanted smokestacks on their cars—that's the way we'd make them."

Take the case of this first investigation. The Acceptance Corporation reported that the average age of men buying cars was thirty-three; but on top of this, they offered an important piece of unasked-for information: *to wit*—the average age of a used car buyer was twenty-nine. In other words, the whole car market was a young man's market. Immediately Earl took steps to put these facts to practical use: he put young men at his design boards, and met Greek with Greek.

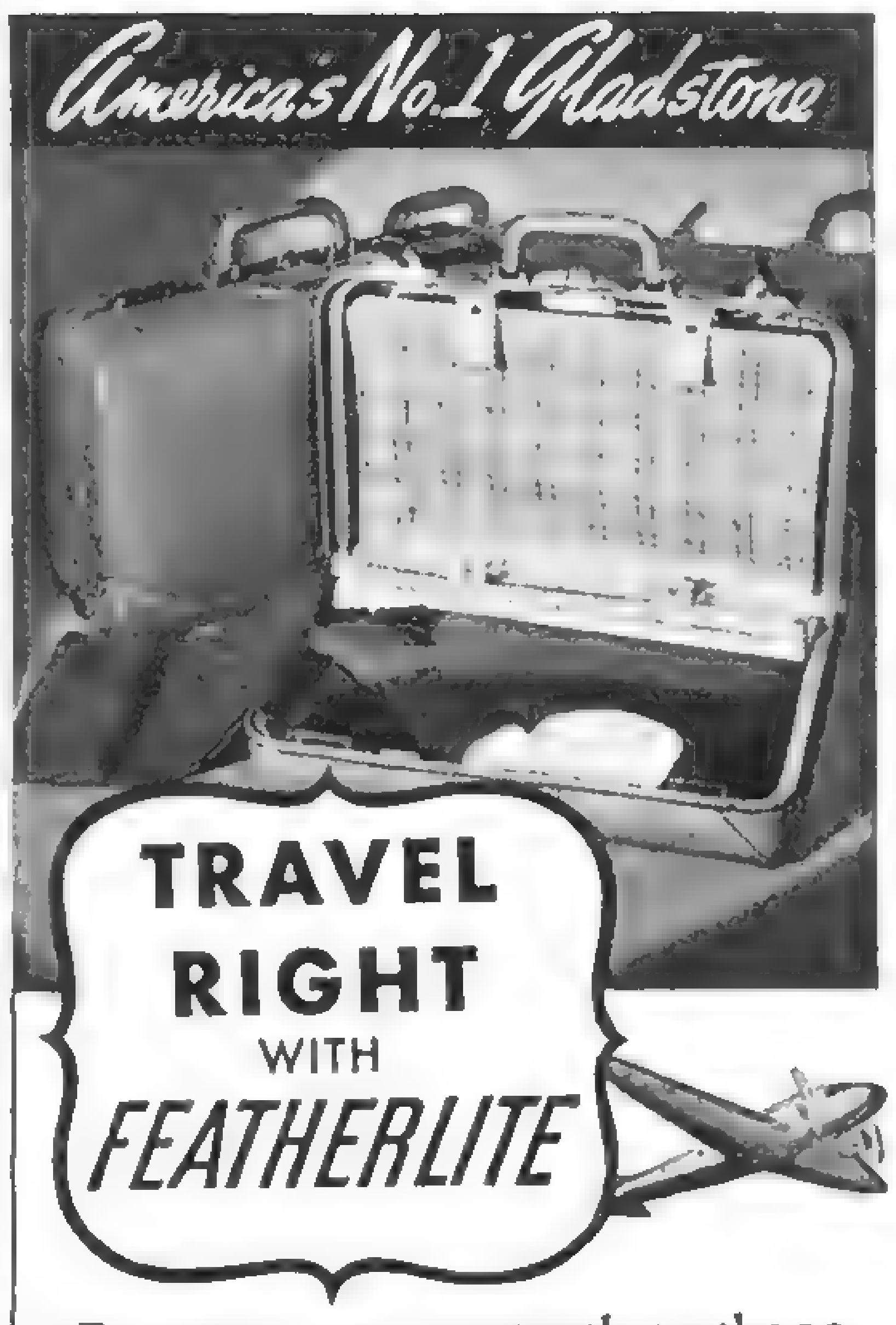
Then he carried the Pinkerton system a step farther. He sent scouts to cover the used car lots in a number of cities, to gather and sift the facts here; and again results justified the search. "Give us sport-looking cars," the used car dealers said. "We can put them up on stands and sell them like hot potatoes."

And so Earl turned to chromium trim and strong-looking gadgets. He discovered, in the process, that trimming preserved youth, and took the eye away from bumps and dents—just as earrings, and necklaces, and hairdos give dowagers' faces a buildup. He learned that just as engineering gives a sound basic value, good psychological styling bucked up re-sale values. A car that has a good re-sale value is always a sound investment, like diamonds, furs, and starlets who sing.

To keep up this fact-gathering service, Earl uses every device known to Conan Doyle and Federal Bureau of Taxation. He does everything but give the public a Wasserman. Sometimes, during the day, his liaison men slink in alleys and doorways making candid movies of innocent citizens sliding in and out of cars, at work and at play. In the dead of night, he and his engineers project these shots, analyze the motions a man makes in crawling out of a door or wedging himself under a steering wheel—and together they plot ways of improving designs for the health of man and the gaiety of nations.

* * *

But all of this is only one side of the picture. The public can never be a periscope. It can never really know what it wants until it gets it. For this reason, designers must work in the future, although they produce in the present. It is



For smart men constantly on the go, here's America's lightest solution to "luggage worries." A special alloy metal, exclusive with Warren, makes this Featherlite Gladstone stronger and amazingly lighter. The model shown comes in Sun Tan Smooth Cowhide with Tan Wales Plaid lining. And the ample interior includes double curtains to facilitate convenient packing. Be right, go light on that next trip with Warren's Featherlite Gladstone. Several models available.

Endorsed by United Air Lines

FREE... The toil has been taken out of travel today, thanks to smart, new improvements in Warren Luggage. Send postcard for "Booklet E."

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USE...
Postal Telegraph
"FIRST WHEN SECONDS COUNT!"

"And off he went to order roast beef!"

FEW days ago a man arrived in New York in a fix!

But a Postal Telegram to Boston sent a messenger speeding to his home and then to the Boston airport. At Newark airport another Postal messenger met the package and rushed to our man's hotel, where he found him dining on mushroom soup. He stepped behind a pillar, popped in the missing molars, and off he went to order roast beef!

Which just goes to show what friendly, helpful service Postal Telegraph gives. In sending regular telegrams, as well as in emergencies, we save folks time and money. May we serve you?

Sincerely,

YOUR NEAREST
Postal Telegraph
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interesting, in this connection, to see some of the devices that are used to keep the creative faculty at concert pitch—regardless of the interests and practical possibilities of the moment.

The GM models shown on page 88 are cases in point. They were developed by Earl's designers as exercises for the soul; to clear away the cobwebs, as he puts it, which accumulate in the long hours of bread and butter production. They are definitely cars of the speculative future—not of the present—and it is probable that they will never see the grind of a testing ground. Nevertheless, the thinking that went into them acted as hypodermics for the imagination; and even if the ideas they express lead only to minor improvements in tomorrow's cars, they will have served a useful purpose.

"Every once in a while," Earl said, "I run into an industrial designer, who thinks all he has to do is sit down and turn out cars like these. But he doesn't know the first thing about the problems we are up against." You can't go ahead of engineering, he holds, and you can't go ahead of public acceptance. All of which brings up the famous apologia of Solon. "I didn't give the Athenians the best laws I could make," he said—if you remember your Plutarch—"I gave them the best laws they would take."

* * *

At the other end of the automotive axis is one of the most interesting personalities in Detroit: the spectacular, mustached, ubiquitous Bill Stout, who is no more interested in "public acceptance" than Hitler is in the manufacture of English muffins.

I spent a day with Stout, riding about town in his various "Scarabs"—cars that drew armies of wild-eyed sightseers, wherever they stopped. In one model, I sat in a luxurious armchair, writing at a table, while Stout drove and spilled over idea after idea, covering every phase of life, liberty, and the pursuit of mechanical perfection. In another model, tired out after a morning of surprises and education, I walked casually to a rear room and lay down, leaving Stout to thread his Buck Rogers machine through the unhappy architecture of downtown Detroit.

This is a long story, and maybe it has no more place here than a plan to abduct Vivien Leigh to the moon; but it is too closely interwoven with the singular spirit and genius of Detroit design to overlook.

Stout, as might be surmised, is what is technically called "visionary." Yet out of his curious visions, a great deal of the fabric of modern production has been spun.

Stout developed the first all-metal airplane, the tri-motored Ford; he was the first man to put airplane engines on the leading edge of the wing; first to use thick wings in planes. He designed the first streamlined train; he built back in 1905, the first American cycle car, the Imp; later he designed the Scripps Booth. During the last war he designed for the Navy the first torpedo-carrying planes.

With the money he made on the Ford Tri-Motor planes, he established the first commercial airline—Stout Airlines, later taken over by United. He built the first high-speed gas-rail car, called the Railplane, and sold it to Pullman. He designed the first streamlined Diesel-Electric, and sold it to Union Pacific.

Stout has two cardinal points in his personal philosophy: (1) Design, don't manufacture; and (2) Don't invent rubber gloves for a leaking fountain pen.

The principles used in his Diesel-Electric train he transferred to the automotive field in his Stout Scarab, "the car of the future." Here are some of its strange features: Entering air is filtered, forced down from the top of the car, and sucked out through the rear window—eventually it will be refrigerated for summer driving. The chassis rests on air springs. Wheels are inside the body. The engine is mounted in the rear, allowing the body space to be expanded to the size of a small room. The body of the "simple" Scarab contains a couch, a table, and a movable armchair, in addition to the driver's seat; the "Club" Scarab features three rooms, the center of which is a living room, and contains the engine, which can be used as a table for cocktails, Smörgasbord, or a rousing game of 4-card Euchre.

The bodies of the Scarabs are sound-proofed and heat-proofed; doors have no handles, but are released electrically, either from the dashboard, or by secret outside push buttons.

If you care to buy a Scarab, you can, for some $2,000 or more, depending on the model; but Stout doesn't give much of a damn, one way or the other. Stout designs for pleasure, to cleanse his soul, to usher in the future. He doesn't need money any more; and he would just as leave design a toy—which he does, each year, anyway—as turn out a wind-clipping Diesel train, or a bus.

His latest enterprise—and one which will probably take him into the production field for the first time—is the Stout Sky Car, "the airplane of the future."

Soon to be on the market, the Sky Car is designed for mass production, and is planned eventually to sell for under $1,000, although the first models will probably have to cost twice that. Made entirely of stainless steel, both fuselage and wings will be spot-welded, a boon to speed, economy, and the assembly line.

Having four wheels, you can jam on all brakes, after landing, and stop it like an automobile. The propeller, located in the rear, will be enclosed—making it virtually impossible to walk into it, now that Houdini's dead.

The Sky Car has no struts on wings or landing gear, can't spin

Continued at top of page 180

Put This in a Pocket of Your New Fall Suit!

Easy to Get KEYS OFF — No Torn Fingernails!

A Push of the Thumb—and Out It Comes!

The New Key Case by PRINCE GARDNER

The handiest key case you've ever seen . . . won't scratch your dashboard or wear holes in your pocket . . . has handy place for auto licenses . . . plus the amazing new patented guard, which safely locks keys in, yet permits them to be attached or detached instantly and easily. Ask for a demonstration, at your favorite store.

Key Case above, in Buffalo Cowhide, $1.50. India Goatskin, with zipper, at right, $2.50. Others, 35¢ to $5.00. Matching Billfold sets, $2.50 up.

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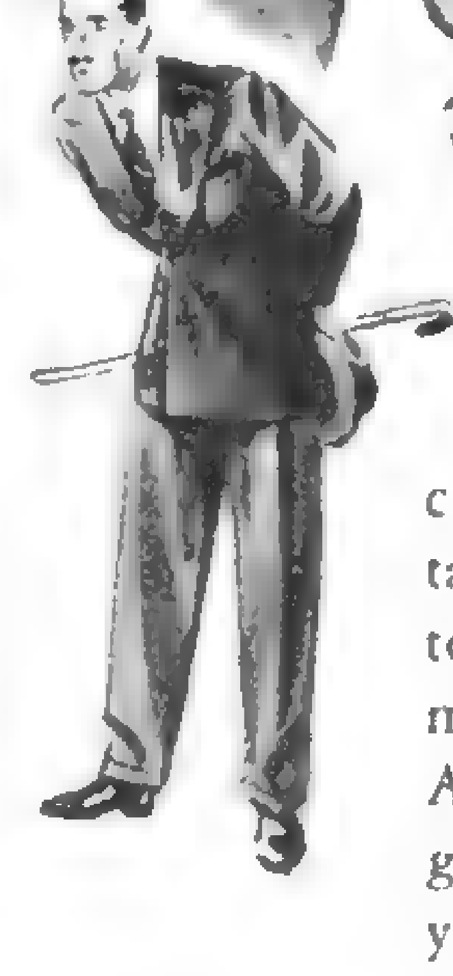
WINGS SHIRTS

WITH AEROPLANE FABRIC COLLARS AND CUFFS

$1.65



At last! A shirt that gives you all the style, the looks, the perfect fit you want . . . plus wearing qualities you never dared hope to find.

The collars and cuffs are made of genuine aeroplane fabric, *guaranteed to outlast the shirt itself*. The shirts are smartly tailored of fine, lustrous super-count broadcloth, cut to give you custom-tailored fit. The collars refuse to wrinkle no matter how much they're worn or washed. And every shirt carries this guarantee: A new shirt, if your Wings does not outwear any other shirt you've ever worn.

White, colors and smart new patterns. A variety of collar styles.

Wrinkle-Free collar made under Celanese patent.

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First choice for All American honors on every college campus are the smart new Beau Brummell Ties. Thrilling as a long kick-off; they're smooth as a perfect pass, exciting as winning touchdowns. You'll be glad you included Beau Brummell Ties in your back-to-school wardrobe. Made by hand. From one Dollar
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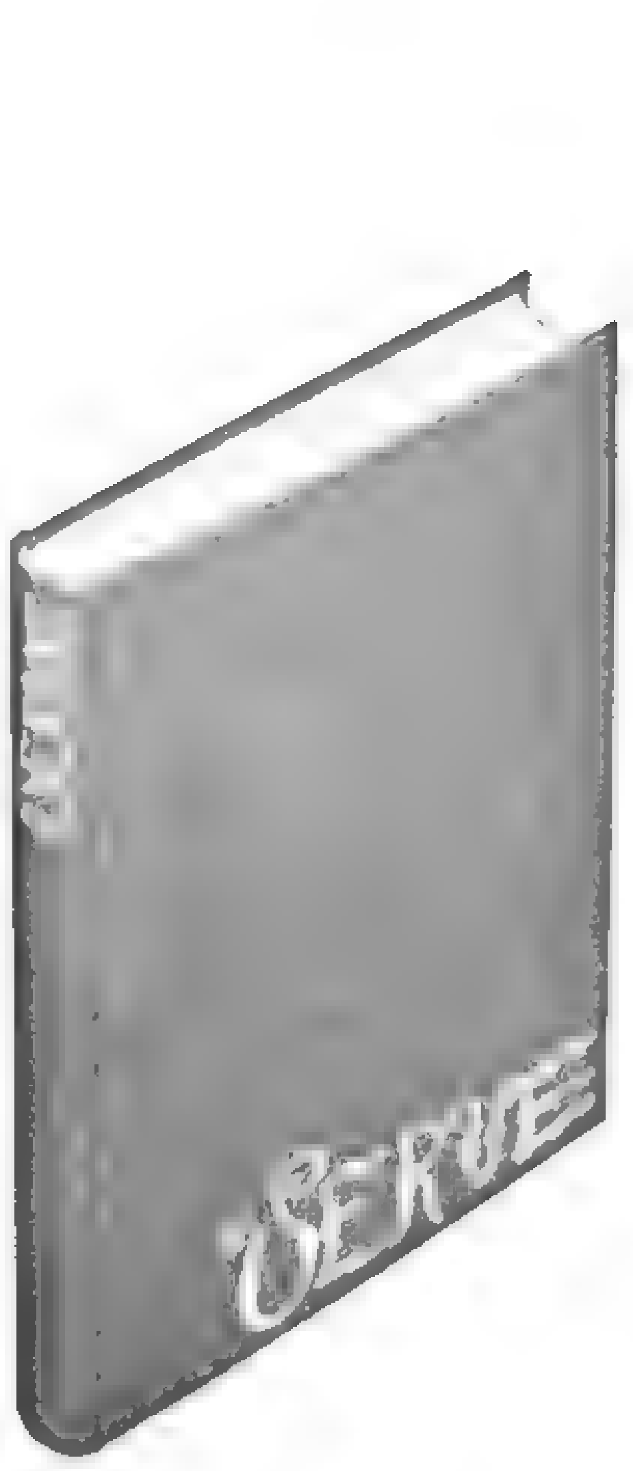

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Detroit—Motors Operandi

Continued from pages 89-179

or ground loop, will cruise at an estimated 115 miles per hour with an 80 h.p. motor; 120-130 m.p.h., with a forthcoming 100 h.p. motor.

Stout believes that Detroit will swing into airplane production, shortly, and that mass production and the assembly line will cut all plane price structures to the bone.

* * *

If this were a place for philosophy, a number of philosophical contributions could be drawn. We could draw up a weighty Latin motto, wherein the sober man, the man of vision, and the "visionary" combined to make a kind of masculine Three Graces signifying Health, Wealth, and Prosperity—or, as the Chinese put it, Good Luck.

But since this is *Esquire*, and not the *Theosophical Quarterly*, this restrained moral must follow: your habits, today—your sense of distance, your ways of entertaining *la jeune fille aux cheveux d'or*, your conquest of time and space, and your triumph over Victorian conventions, are a result of this collective Detroit mind.

Detroit thinking represents the *typically* American thinking at its best—and in its three phases. That there is more to civilized life than this, there is no question. But in Detroit, the engineering genius would say: "Certainly there are more problems in life than automotive problems—but wait a while . . . we haven't gotten around to them yet."

Whether or not the eternal verities can ever be handled by men never really made glad by any Venus fresh-risen from the sea, is a question to be weighed by pontiffs. This column will sit on the curve of a rose-leaf and watch. #

Ten Rules for Saving Tires

Continued from page 86

the hotter it gets. And the hotter it gets, the more buildup you have.

Some drivers worry about the possibility of blowouts from this pressure increase, but they needn't if their tires are in good condition. In normal passenger car operation tires rarely build up more than three to five pounds. Under unusually severe conditions, increases of eight to ten pounds have been reported. But since it takes around 200 pounds internal pressure to blow a good 30 pound tire, even these extreme increases are not critical unless your tires have been badly bruised or cut.

We'll come back to temperature later. Meanwhile, if you're curious to know just how much punishment your tires are taking under hard-driving conditions, work out this formula during a full day's drive some time this summer:

When you stop for gas during the afternoon, have your tires checked to see how much increased pressure has been built up. Multiply this figure by 8½, add the atmospheric temperature, and the result will be the temperature inside your tire.

Some drivers, of course, try to provide against "tire failure" from excessive heat by using 6-ply instead of 4-ply shoes. But the catch there is that the more plys, the more heat. Truck tires run up to 16-ply (for load) and, despite their lack of speed, develop temperatures up to 250° which is close to the vulcanizing point of rubber. Tire men would make 2-ply tires if they could. But since they aren't practical, the 4-ply is the coolest running tire that is feasible for long, hot, fast driving whereas 6-ply will give longer wear in slow driving under heavier loads.

The price of habitual underinflation is premature collapse. An excellent way to demonstrate this to yourself is to take a strand of wire in your hands and bend it rapidly back and forth about fifty times. When you feel it grow hot and finally snap, just remind yourself that that is precisely what you are doing to every cord in your tires when you run them "soft." And make a note that that isn't really *tire failure*.

The remedy is simple enough: check tire pressures frequently. On a new set of tires check them several times a week for the first 2,000 miles until they're really broken in. On tour, never fail to check them every morning before starting the day's run. Air is free at every gas station in the country, yet it is the one thing we motorists are most miserly about. So we continue to throw away the spare.

Bruises and misalignment constitute the second great trouble breeder, with underinflation again playing its part in the first. When a motorist goes over a curbstone and crumples a fender against a lamp post, he doesn't go to the dealer and holler about "fender failure," he admits it was a bit tactless to hit a rigid post with it. But weeks later when he finds himself with a slow leak or a flat in a relatively new tire, he's quite apt to curse the tire as a "lemon" and, perhaps, demand a replacement. What he forgets is that the same incident which crumpled his fender also "crumpled" his tire, grinding the fabric between a steel rim and a stone curbing. In time the fabric gives way; the rupture chafes the tube; the tube goes down slowly or blows out suddenly—and another driver bemoans his hard luck if he's still alive.

If you want to see what happens in a rim bruise, take two pieces of inner tubing and put a handkerchief between them. Lay this sandwich on a rock and bang the thing a number of times with a hammer. Eventually you'll find that the fabric of the handkerchief is broken down even though the thin rubber shows no signs of damage.

We commit this sin constantly

in parking; in mounting curbs; in forcing the rear wheels into curbs; in crossing railroad tracks at high speed; in banging over ruts and pavement holes; striking rocks, etc. When the air pressure is below the recommended level, there isn't sufficient resistance to prevent the tire's being jammed against the rim and crushed. And these careless acts are the parents of the blowout that's to come.

Many of these faults, especially curb mounting, result in wheel misalignment, and that leads us to another common motoring hazard. Wheels that do not track or run parallel with each other scrape off the tread rubber. A tire only one-half inch out of line is literally being dragged sideways 87 feet in every mile. And if you won't let your little boy scuff his feet when he walks, why should you let your car do it?

Unfortunately, it's much more serious with the car because here you are filing off your non-skid protection at an inordinate rate and are dangerously unequalizing your tires. We've heard much about the virtue of hydraulic systems in equalizing braking power. Granting all this, we must never forget that it is still the *tires that stop the car* after the brakes are applied. And if you have one tread worn smoother than the rest from misalignment, you're certainly going into a spin if you have to slam on the brakes suddenly on a slippery pavement.

Obviously, then, blowouts and skids are rarely sudden calamities but merely the gradual development of earlier abuses. The logical remedy, therefore, is periodic inspection of your tires—at least every 3,000 to 5,000 miles. This doesn't mean walking around the car and kicking each tire; it means taking it in to the tire manufacturer's service station where trained men will inspect them inside and out. They will look for uneven tread wear, rim bruises, cuts and all the other symptoms they know so well. They will check wheel alignment; criss-cross your tires; rebalance them, a vital measure which few of us ever think about. The fact is, however, that a wheel assembly one ounce out of balance at the tread will develop a 12-pound vibrating force at 60 miles per hour—and it is common for them to find wheels that are 6 to 12 ounces out of balance. And this vibration is a great fatigue factor even when you are not conscious of its presence.

Wheels and spares should also be balanced when putting on new tires or when criss-crossing the wheels, being tuned up at intervals just as your engine is, to eliminate every possible cause of abnormal wear.

Wheel positions should be changed every 5,000 miles to equalize tire wear which varies in about the following ratio:

Left front: 14% Right front: 19%
Left rear: 29% Right rear: 38%

The procedure recommended by the Rubber Manufacturers Association is to move the two front tires straight back to the rear wheels and to criss-cross the rear tires to the opposite sides in front. The new rear tires will then rotate in the same direction while the new front ones will rotate in the opposite direction. This is considered more desirable than the old clockwise tire change.

The value of these periodic inspections and checkups is obvious in increasing tire life and both non-skid and blow-out immunity, yet most of us are prone to have it done when we happen to think of it—if we think of it. The best evidence of the economy of such precautions, however, is the experience of one large fleet operator who has reduced his road stops for tire trouble to one in every 400,000 vehicle miles by simply drilling his men in the importance of regular inspections for under-inflation, rim bruises, misalignment, etc.

In this connection the subject of retreading comes up and is worthy of attention. Truck tires in good condition often give 75 per cent of the original mileage after retreading, and it is common to retread taxicab tires two or three times. The point to remember, however, is that neither trucks nor taxis do much mileage at sustained high speeds whereas passenger cars generally do. Therefore, the sum and substance of retreading is clear; never have a tire retreaded if expert examination shows loose or broken cords, ply separation, bead trouble or evidence of excessive flexing. Never have a second or third line tire retreaded. And never drive fast on a retreaded tire.

This matter of sustained speed is a monumental factor in tire life which deserves wider recognition if we are to appreciate what we really get for our money in modern tires. As recently as 1926 the average driver was getting about 9,000 miles out of a set of tires; today the figure is around 20,000. The tires on my previous car had run 28,000 miles without a flat—and still had a good 4,000 miles of tread left when I traded it. Yet making such comparisons with experiences of ten or twenty years ago gives only a fraction of the story unless you also consider the change in driving conditions. Our roads are better, of course—so much better that we take curves today twice as fast as we used to drive on the straight-away. And that's tough on tires.

Forgetting the curves, however, speed itself is punishing. At 30 m.p.h. your rear tires are exerting a 5 h.p. push against the pavement—at 50 m.p.h. the push is up to 16 h.p.—at 70 m.p.h. it rises to 38 h.p. Summing it all up, if you drove a tire steadily to destruction, you'd get 15,000 miles out of it at a speed of 30 miles an hour—and about 7,500 miles at a sustained speed of 50 m.p.h.

You get a picture of this from another angle when you consider that tests on rolling tires show that a car can build up as much as 5,000 volts of static electricity on a long run. That is why gasoline trucks

Continued on page 182

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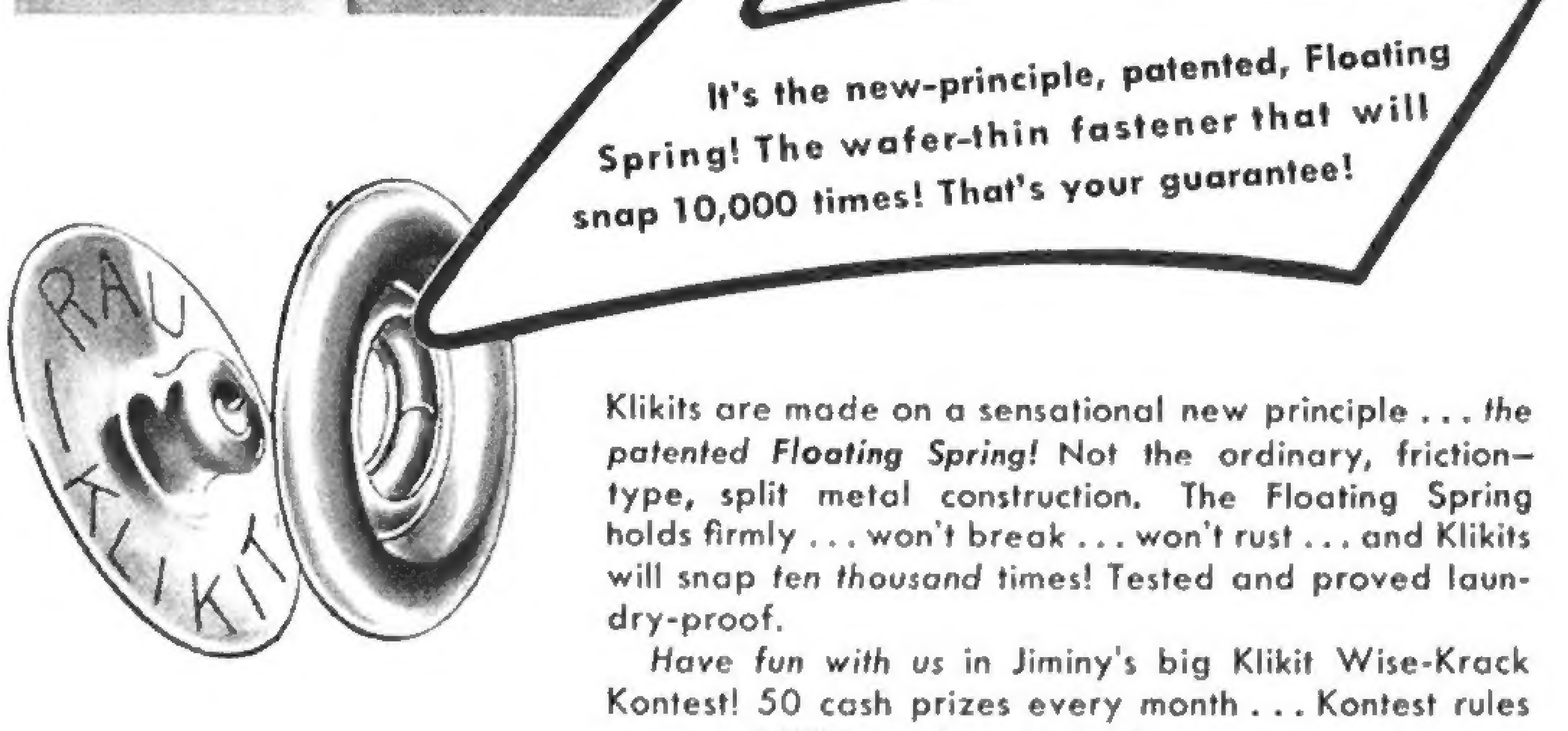
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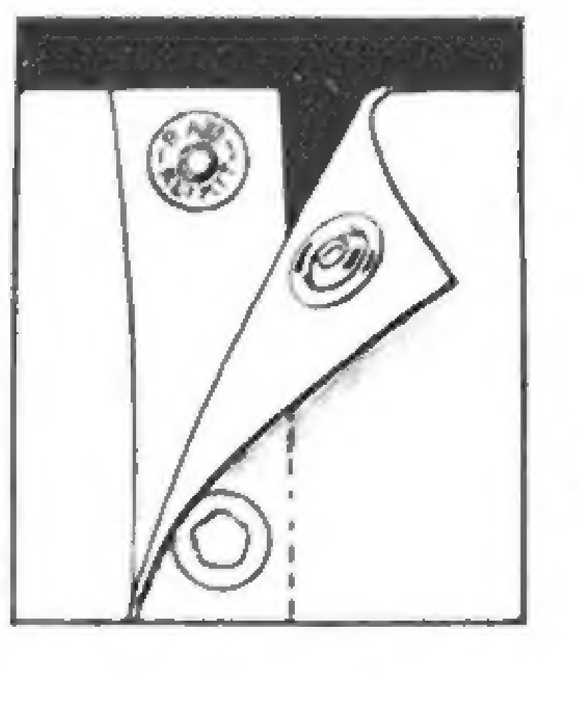
Have fun with us in Jiminy's big Klikit Wise-Krack Kontest! 50 cash prizes every month . . . Kontest rules are on all Klikit-ized shorts, shirts, pajamas, sportswear, and children's garments.



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ZERO KING

Sportster

with the lambskin lining that ZIPS out!

Smart as a custom topcoat, warm as a football blanket. Has a Talon zipped lambskin lining, removed at a moment's notice . . . attached cloth sleeve lining zips out with it.

In soft but sturdy Kodiak Cloth, stitch trimmed, Zelan processed . . . water runs off, spots sponge off, resists perspiration (these features *not* affected by dry cleaning).

With the lining, it's a lightweight, cold-weather coat—without the lining, a rain or topcoat.

Sizes 36 to 44. Color: Mode tan. **$25**

Also in women's style, sizes 12 to 22.

ZERO KING

Sportop

Shorter coat, Talon closing —same fine Kodiak Cloth, Zelan finish—same detachable lining feature.

Sizes 36 to 46. Colors: Natural, Mode tan. **$15**

Also in women's style, sizes 12 to 22.

AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE, OR MAIL COUPON IF YOUR DEALER CANNOT SUPPLY YOU.

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Please send me a Zero King Sportster. $25
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Size & color:________Men's ☐ Women's ☐
I enclose check ☐ Money Order ☐
Name__________
St. Address__________
City & State__________

Ten Rules for Saving Tires

Continued from pages 86-181

carry those dangling chains or other forms of grounding devices. It is also why you see that wire protruding from the pavement just in front of the toll booth on modern pay bridges. Its function is to ground the charge before you hand your money to the toll taker, otherwise he'd get a neat little shock with each dime or quarter.

In conjunction with speed, atmospheric temperature is another important factor in tire life. Theoretically, you'll get the normal life from your tires if you always drive at 30 miles an hour in a temperature of 70°. A lower temperature will give more mileage; a higher one, less at the same speed. Naturally, however, most of us drive faster and farther in the summer; slower and less in the winter. Consequently, although August has 65 per cent more driving than February, it has 140 per cent more tire trouble. Tests show that the mere change from a mild winter temperature of 41° to a warm summer temperature of 95° increases tire wear 400 per cent under conditions otherwise equal. All of which means that you should be doubly careful about the humane treatment and regular inspections of your tires if the bulk of your driving is done in summer.

Directly related to fast driving is the matter of "fast stopping," for nothing is more gruelling to a tire than severe braking. Stepping hard on the brakes at a mere 35 m.p.h. will scuff off enough tread to carry the car one road mile, and when you get into the realm of hard braking at high speeds, you're getting into something! One test was made on a light car with brand new tires, one wheel being fixed so that it alone would lock. At a speed of 80 miles an hour the brakes were applied and held until the car came to a standstill. And when they examined the tire, they found that the tread on the locked wheel was worn right down to the breaker strip in this single braking operation. This is a good thing to remember when you "open her up."

Another braking practice which ruins tires—and this needlessly—is riding the brakes down a long hill. In the mountains where we summer there is a winding, concrete road that drops nearly 2,000 feet in four miles, and on week ends the pungent odor of hot rubber and sizzling brake bands just permeates the air. It is strange how many drivers seem too proud to drop into second gear on such a hill. Instead they nag the brakes all the way down, raising the temperature of the assembly to 500° or higher and transmitting that excessive heat right through to the inner tubes. In addition to burning up their brake linings, they are literally melting their tires.

Such foibles account for the almost unbelievable fact that one driver will get 25,000 miles out of a set of tires while another won't get more than 6,000 or 8,000 out of the same make and quality tire in the same locality. That enormous range is not due to manufacturing variations but to different driving and maintenance habits. And that single fact should tell volumes to motorists who think they're not getting their money's worth out of their "rubber."

Unfortunately, our tires don't get any more credit for their performance than Paul Revere's horse. Yet the fact remains that in spite of all the abuse and neglect we accord them; in spite of driving speeds and distances unthought of twenty years ago, our tires today are costing us about 38 cents per hundred miles as against $2.14 in 1916. And most of us are still throwing away a spare every year through neglect!

We could save that spare—and more—by living up to the ten rules for the prevention of cruelty to tires:

1. Don't tolerate underinflation, the most costly and common form of tire abuse.
2. Don't mount curbs and plough through pavement breaks at high speed, especially on soft tires.
3. Don't forget to have your wheels lined up regularly.
4. Have a tire inspection and wheel tune-up every 3,000 to 5,000 miles.
5. Criss-cross your tires at this same interval.
6. Cut out the bronco-buster starts and the nose-dive stops; they kill tires.
7. Don't ride with dragging brakes or over-heated brakes.
8. Don't ignore cuts which will allow water and dirt to work in between the body and the tread.
9. Don't drive at sustained high speeds on blistering pavements. Stop every hour and give your tires a chance to cool.
10. Keep your garage floor clean of oil and gas drippings. It's hard to think of anything worse for a tire than standing in a solvent all night.

It is easier to take these precautions when you remind yourself that tires are not merely cushions but integral parts of both the transmission and the braking systems.

It seems easier to do it, too, when you remember that as you hurtle along in a ton-and-a-half projectile at the rate of 88 feet per second, your margin between security and disaster rests upon a bag of fluff from the cotton plant, a bowl of milk from the rubber tree, and a puff of air from a compressor! ⌗

Don't miss the October issue, featuring the first appearance of one of Esquire's brightest rising stars, the Varga Girl.

U. S. A.

In Action!

What does our government mean to us as individuals? What does it cost us to be Americans? What do we get for it? Don't miss this brilliant appraisal and assessment of such special dividends of United States citizenship as our weather, food, safety, security and liberty!

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LUCKY STRIKE
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CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
With men who know tobacco best–it's LUCKIES 2 TO 1

Actual color photograph—H. L. Kersey, 14 years an independent buyer, inspects a crop of fine, golden tobacco.

LUCKIES' FINER TOBACCOS MEAN LESS NICOTINE

Authoritative tests reveal that Luckies' finer tobaccos contain less nicotine than any other leading brand!

Here's the natural result of buying finer, selected cigarette tobacco for Lucky Strike. The average nicotine content of Luckies, for over two years, has been 12% less than the average of the four other leading brands★ —less than any one of them. This fact is proven by authoritative tests which have been confirmed from time to time by independent laboratories.

You see, each year we exhaustively analyze tobaccos before purchase. Thus our buyers can select the leaf that is ripe and mellow, yet mild and low in nicotine content—then buy it up.

The result—a cigarette of finer tobaccos—mild and mellow, with a naturally lower nicotine content. Have you tried a Lucky lately?

★ **NICOTINE CONTENT OF LEADING BRANDS.** From January 1938 through March 1940, Lucky Strike has had an average nicotine content of 2.02 parts per hundred—averaging 9.82% less nicotine content than Brand A; 21.09% less than Brand B; 15.48% less than Brand C; 3.81% less than Brand D.

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